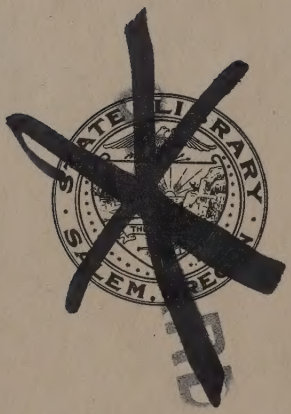
MODERN LYRIC POETRY

BATES



Modern Lyric Poetry

Selected and Edited
by
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For this excellent anthology the compiler has selected poems of reflection and experience, imagination and aspiration, that will appeal to young readers of high school age. One hundred and thirty-four poets are represented and the arrangement is alphabetic by author, with title and first line indexes. A chapter on modern poetry is included, and there are notes on the poems and biographical notes. Durable format, excellent paper and type.

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To

RUSSELL L. RAY

IN APPRECIATION OF

HIS LOYAL FRIENDSHIP

Preface

The poems collected here have been chosen for a certain quality, a mingling of thought and music and word-color and individuality, characteristic of the time in which we live. Those for whose pleasure this book is especially intended are young readers of high school age, who may be led to explore the great world of poetry through appreciation of these poems of their own day.

Some poems of today have little to offer young readers. Some are brutal, or bitter, or hopeless—even despairing. These, if they are to be read, may wait until later. And some poems of great worth are too difficult for most young readers. This book aims to bring together poems which high school boys and girls will understand without laborious study, poems of reflection and experience and imagination and aspiration that will appeal to young readers.

Every poem chosen is sincerely poetical. Each has been written to express some bit of truth deeply felt. Each embodies in singing form some thought or experience or fancy that pressed upon the poet for utterance.

This book is, therefore, in the derivative sense, an "anthology"—not a collection of ordered specimens classified by time or place, but an armful of flowers, gathered and brought home to give pleasure to those who find truth and beauty in them.

HERBERT BATES

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To the Reader

Here is a book for your pleasure. Between its covers, in the magic world of rhythm and words, you will find the adventure, the beauty and the significance of life expressed in your own spirit at its best, by poets of your own time.

You will not want to read all of the poems in order, for not all of them will appeal to you. Turn the pages leisurely, passing lightly over the poems which do not attract you, and pausing to read those that take your fancy. Just as in a crowd you see the faces of people whom you would like to call your friends, so you will find poems here that you will want to read and make your own.

At your first reading, you will not want to stop often to look at the notes, to analyze the form, or to examine figures of speech. The poets did not write these verses as exercises in composition. They had moments of thrilling exaltation or deep sorrow, flashes of imagination, or feelings of wistful tenderness, which they wanted to express and to share. Poetry, they felt, would transfer these emotions better than prose.

Often, after you have read a poem, you will wish to read it again, to consider its meaning, or to look up a reference you do not understand. The poet has tried to express his emotion so that you may feel as he did when he wrote. If study helps you to appreciate the poem more fully, then it is worth while.

It is in such study that discussion may help you, for in the reactions of many minds you have the most complete understanding of the poet's feelings. You may find that one of your favorite poems has meant even more to a friend or classmate than it has to you; thus your own appreciation of the poem may be increased. You may learn that a poem which you have passed over without notice has a beauty for you, when some other person has pointed out what he likes in it. Give each poem its chance to make known its message. Read intelligently and thoughtfully.

Poetry is the most impatient of all writing. It can pack into a few lines what prose might take a page to tell. Poetry touches moments in life which are exciting, joyful, sorrowful, or tender; if it touches the commonplace, the commonplace is transformed.

Poetry helps us to find the beauty that lies at hand unnoticed. A man on his way home from business may cross a bridge daily at sunset, and never glance up from his paper. One morning he reads a poem written by one who has watched the sunset from that bridge; after that, he is eager to enjoy, with the poet's help, what he never really saw before. Instead of lessening your power to see beauty for yourself, poetry makes you more sharply aware of beauty.

To read poetry is to wander through a land where at every turn you may be startled by unexpected beauty. You must travel with eyes alert lest you miss one possible new adventure. The delight that you get from poetry makes you richer in experience, finer in perception, nobler in aims. To form a lasting love of poetry is to set your life to music.

HERBERT BATES

Modern Lyric Poetry

Continuity[1]

No sign is made while empires pass.
The flowers and stars are still His care,
The constellations hid in grass,
The golden miracles in air.

Life in an instant will be rent
Where death is glittering blind and wild—
The Heavenly Brooding is intent
To that last instant on Its child.

It breathes the glow in brain and heart.
Life is made magical. Until
Body and spirit are apart,
The Everlasting works Its will.

In that wild orchid that your feet
In their next falling shall destroy,
Minute and passionate and sweet
The Mighty Master holds His joy.

Though the crushed jewels droop and fade,
The Artist's labours will not cease,
And of the ruins shall be made
Some yet more lovely masterpiece.

"A. E."
(*George William Russell*)

[1]From *Collected Poems* by "A. E." Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Carrowmore[1]

It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the shore;
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled,
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters of the world.

There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with his hair:
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a faery red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world is weary now;
'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit the plough.
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,
And its gold is changed and faded before it falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near.
What's the starlight in her glances when the stars are shining clear?
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower-face glows above?
'Tis the beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the great gates of the mountain have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men,
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed with rainbow light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey-heart of earth.

"A. E."
(*George William Russell*)

[1]From *Collected Poems* by "A. E." Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Music I Heard

Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than bread.
Now that I am without you, all is desolate,
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.
These things do not remember you, beloved:
And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them,
And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes.
And in my heart they will remember always:
They knew you once, O beautiful and wise!

Conrad Aiken

The Cornet

When she came out, that white little Russian dancer,
With her bright hair, and her eyes so young, so young,
He suddenly lost his leader, and all the players,
And only heard an immortal music sung,—

Of dryads flashing in the green woods of April,
On cobwebs trembling over the deep wet grass:
Fleeing their shadows with laughter, with hands uplifted,
Through the whirled sinister sun he saw them pass,—

Lovely immortals gone, yet existing somewhere,
Still somewhere laughing in woods of immortal green,
Youth he had lived among fires, or dreamed of living,
Lovers in youth once seen, or dreamed he had seen . . .

And watching her knees flash up, and her young hands beckon,
And the hair that streamed behind, and the taunting eyes,
He felt this place dissolving in living darkness,
And through the darkness he felt his childhood rise,

Soft, and shining, and sweet, hands filled with petals . . .
And watching her dance, he was grateful to forget
These fiddlers, leaning and drawing their bows together,
And the tired fingers on the stops of his cornet.

Conrad Aiken

A Portrait by Hiroshigi[1]

You read—What is it, then, that you are reading?
What music moves so silently in your mind?
Your bright hand turns the page.
I watch you from my window, unsuspected:
You move in an alien age, a silent age . . .

The poet—what was his name—? Tokkei—Tokkei—
The poet walked alone in a cold late rain,
And thought his grief was like the crying of sea-birds;
For his love was dead, he never would love again.

Rain in the dreams of the mind—rain forever—
Rain in the sky and the heart—rain in the willows—
But then he saw this face, this face like flame,
This quiet lady, this portrait by Hiroshigi;
And took it home with him; and with it came

What unexpected changes, subtle as weather!
The dark room, cold as rain,
Grew faintly fragrant, stirred with a stir of April,
Warmed its corners with light again,

[1]From *House of Dust* by Conrad Aiken.

And smoke of incense whirled about this picture,
And the quiet lady there
So young, so quietly smiling, with calm hands,
Seemed ready to loose her hair,

And smile, and lean from the picture, and say one word,
The word already clear,
Which seemed to rise as light between her eyelids . . .
He held his breath to hear,

And smiled for shame, and drank a cup of wine,
And held a candle, and searched her face
Through all the little shadows, to see what secret
Must go with so warm a grace . . .

Was it the quiet mouth, restrained a little?
The eyes, half-turned aside?
The jade ring on her wrist, still almost swinging . . .
The secret was denied.

He chose his favorite pen and drew these verses,
And slept; and as he slept
A dream came into his heart, his lover entered,
And chided him, and wept.

And in the morning, waking, he remembered,
And thought the dream was strange.
Why did his darkened lover rise from the garden?
He turned, and felt a change,

As if a someone hidden smiled and watched him . . .
Yet there was only sunlight there.
Until he saw those young eyes gently smiling,
And held his breath to stare,

And could have sworn her cheek had turned—a little—
Had slightly turned away . . .
Sunlight dozed on the floor . . . He stood and wondered,
Nor left his room that day.

And that day, and for many days thereafter,
He sat alone, and thought
No lady had ever lived so beautiful
As Hiroshigi wrought . . .

Or if she lived, no matter in what country,
By what far river or hill or lonely sea,
He would look in every face until he found her . . .
There was no other as fair as she.

And before her quiet face he burned soft incense,
And brought her every day
Boughs of peach, or almond, or snow-white cherry,
And somehow she seemed to say,

The silent lady, young, and quietly smiling,
That she was happy there;
And sometimes, seeing this, he started to tremble,
And desired to touch her hair,

To lay his palm along her hand, touch faintly
With delicate finger tips
The ghostly smile that seemed to hover and vanish
Upon her lips . . . .

Until he knew he loved this quiet lady;
And night by night a dread
Leered at his dreams, for he knew that Hiroshigi
Was many centuries dead,—

And the lady, too, was dead, and all who knew her . . .
Dead, and long turned to dust . . .
The thin moon waxed and waned, and left him paler,
The pale leaves flew in a gust,

And he would surely have died, but there one day
A wise man, white with age,
Stared at the portrait, and said, "This Hiroshigi
Knew more than archimage,—

Cunningly drew the body, and called the spirit,
Till partly it entered there . . .
Sometimes, at death, it entered the portrait wholly . . .
Do all I say with care,

And she you love may come to you when you call her . . ."
So then this ghost, Tokkei,
Ran in the sun, bought wine of a hundred merchants,
And alone at the end of day

Entered the darkening room, and faced the portrait,
And saw the quiet eyes
Gleaming and young in the dusk, and held the wine-cup,
And knelt, and did not rise,

And said, aloud, "Lo-san, will you drink this wine?"
Said it three times aloud.
And at the third the faint blue smoke of incense
Rose to the walls in a cloud,

And the lips moved faintly, and the calm hands stirred;
And suddenly, with a sigh,
The quiet lady came slowly down from the portrait,
And stood, while worlds went by,

And lifted her young white hands to take the wine-cup;
And the poet trembled, and said,
"Lo-san, will you stay forever?"—"Yes, I will stay."—
"But what when I am dead?"

"When you are dead your spirit will find my spirit,
And then we shall die no more."
Music came down upon them, and spring returning,
They remembered worlds before,

And years went over the earth and over the sea,
And lovers were born and spoke and died,
But forever in sunlight went these two immortal,
Tokkei and the quiet bride.

Conrad Aiken

The Monk Is Judas

You smoke with me: you do not think
That I have stood by Jordan's brink:
You talk with me, and do not guess
That I have power to curse or bless . . .
You think you know me, know my name,
Can tell me where and whence I came—
Is knowing to be so simple, then?
And am I one, or a million men?

Brother Peter walked up and down
The cloister shade in a corded gown.
The fountain splashed by the blue yew-trees,
And the sun was shot with glistening bees.
From hill to hill sang bell to bell,
The May sky dreamed; and softly fell,
Some in the shadow, and some in the sun,
Small Judas petals, one by one.

Brother Peter was sick with care,
His pulses beat slow tunes of prayer.
His heart was like a yellowing leaf,
From bell to bell he mused his grief.
He did not see the bright drops spatter,
Nor Judas blossoms blow and scatter,
He did not see the bees weave by,
Nor sombre yews in the soft May sky—
But up and down his sandalled feet
Soft on the dustless flagstones beat.
And up and down his musings went
Weaving a pattern of discontent.

At Fiesole, betwixt bell and bell,
It was there the hideous thing befell;
Working there with Brother Paul
Pruning the vine-leaves on a wall.
Among the ghostly olive-trees
That shook like silver in the breeze,
A peasant girl came singing by,
Golden of skin and quick of eye,
She turned her cheek and glanced at him,
And straight he forgot his seraphim . . .
"Fior de Ginestra"—so she sang,
And yellow bloom in his grey heart sprang,—
Yellow blossoms were on his tongue
And this was May, and she was young.

He looked along, but Brother Paul
Worked at the far end of the wall.
He looked again, and she had turned,
And smiled, and all his body burned.
Petals of pale fire whirled his brain,
His blood was a chorus of singing pain,
And—Holy Mary! who taught him this?

Sudden he blew the girl a kiss . . .
Her brown feet flashed along the grass,
And through the gate he saw them pass—
She waved one hand, the gate went clang,
And *"Fior de Ginestra"*—so she sang.

Brother Paul turned round to see
The source of all this levity.
Brother Peter snipped at a leaf,
But now his heart was sick with grief.
"Christ, Thy pardon!" he said and said.
He prayed; but still it swooned his head,
"Fior de Ginestra," sweet as sun;
And he saw her feet like laughter run.
He counted beads, he begged of Heaven
That such a sin might be forgiven;
But the thing that seemed so simple there
Turned, in the cloister, to despair.
He lit two candles of pointed flame
And sought to forget in work his shame:
Opened the marvellous manuscript
Embossed with azure and gold, and dipt
His brush in little cups of paint
For the wings and aureole of a saint.
But the bright hues swam beneath his eyes;
And he shrank with horror to see arise
Her clear face there, her singing smile . . .
He dropped his brushes. This was vile.

He prayed and fasted. All night long
He knelt and prayed; until the song
Of birds in the cloister pierced his cell
With drowsy beams; and the matin bell.
All day he fasted, all day prayed.
Up and down, in the cloister's shade,

Slowly he walked, and did not see
How late sun sprinkled the blue yew-tree.

Moonlight through the cell door came
And quivered its edges with pale blue flame.
But since the Christ had been betrayed
Was it enough that he fasted, prayed?
He took the thongs down from the shelf
And silent, in moonlight, scourged himself.

Said Brother Paul, "Now what can ail
Our Brother Peter, who looks so pale?"
Slant eyes peered askance at him;
And sudden the columns reeled to swim—
They tilted and ran before his eyes
Low and brown along blue skies,
A flash of green, a gleam of white,
Paths and fountain . . . . Then came night.

They laid his body beside the pool,
Where the yew-tree shade spread blue and cool;
Into the spring they dipped their hands
Above the wavering pebbles and sands,
Lifted their eyes for Heaven's grace,
And bathed with silver the dreaming face.
They spoke in whispers, round him kneeling.
Lay brothers through the garden stealing,
Dropping spade or pruning-hook,
Came to the fountain side, to look
With long and curious oxen-stare
At the body of Peter lying there.

An hour passed. And in the shade
Still he dreamed, while the Abbot prayed.
Bees in the Judas-blossoms clinging

Shook down petals, larks rose singing,
The noon was filled with bubbles of sound,
The pure sky dreamed, serene, profound,
And then at last his thin hands stirred,—
He raised his head, and spoke no word,
Looked round him with unknowing eyes,
And shrank beneath too brilliant skies.
"Shall I be pardoned, Christ, for this?
I have betrayed you with a kiss."
This, for the moment, was all he said,
And closed his eyes, and bent his head.

"I alone of the chosen few
Was not of Galilee, they knew.
And so they came at dusk to me,—
In the garden, by a purple tree.
Thirty pieces of silver there,
Thirty glints in the twilight air—
Thirty silver whispers spoken,—
Master, forgive! My vows were broken.
I did not clearly know, I swear,
What thing it was I was doing there;
Nor did I guess from such soft breath,
That men like these could purpose death . . .

"O Master! When we supped that night
On the bare board by candle-light,
I knew your great heart had divined
The venomous secret in my mind.
For when you drank, and broke the bread,
It was to me you turned your head
Saying, with grave eyes, quietly,
'When you do this, remember me.'
I was confused; I knew my sin;

The Pharisees and Sanhedrin
Cried in my veins. And so I rose
Too weak to tell you all, I chose
To do the thing I was bought to do;
I brought them, led them in to you,
I marked you with the unholy kiss.
And I was paid with coins for this.

"Staves shall blossom in scarlet flowers,
And all dumb mouths have singing powers;
There shall be wedding of dust and sea
Before my soul is given me . . . .
They come in the night with staff and sword,
They have wried his hands with hempen cord;
Through filthy streets they jostle him;
And all grows faint, and all grows dim . . .

"On Olivet we shrink. We see
The black procession to Calvary.
The soldiers sway with ripple of spears,
The trumpets cry, the rabble jeers.
Jesus is whipped for being slow,
The great cross pains his shoulder so.
Once he falls, though we hear no sound,
And lies unmoving on the ground;
And as he falls my soul falls too:
I am dazed, I know not what I do . . .
The little whip-lash flickers in sun,
My body feels the cool blood run,
The red welts ridge and scar my skin,
My eyes are blind with the blood of sin.
But a girl has lifted him a cup;
He drinks, and again he staggers up.
I am spent with watching. I have no breath.
My body is stretched to verge of death.

"They have climbed the hill they call the Skull.
The crowd packs close . . . Hollow and dull,
The ominous mallet-strokes resound.
He is stretched out silent on the ground.
Far off, we hear the brass nails driven;
The sullen echoes knock at heaven.
Far off, three crosses toss and rise
Black and little against the skies.
One faint voice wails agony—
It was a thief, it was not He.

"He writhes his head from side to side.
O holy Christ I have crucified!—
I twist there on the cross with you;
And what you suffer, I suffer too . . .

"Ravens gather: they blot the sun:
Out of the sky the light has run.
The orchards dim, the hill grows stark,
The earth rocks thrice in clamorous dark.
Great wheels rumble, and horses neigh;
Like mist the darkness rolls away . . .
The sun breaks forth. The birds again
Sing, as after a shower of rain.

.

"Blue in the gulf the clear stream flows
Through humid gardens of lily and rose.
Above the gardens, in terraces,
Are almond-trees, then olive-trees;
Above them all one tree, alone,
Stands in the sky. The blossom blown
Purples the ground, and purples the bough.
And there Death sings in the blossoms now.

"I turn my back on Golgotha,

Where all my sinister sorrows are, —
And seek this blossoming leafless tree.
It shall forever be named for me."

Conrad Aiken

Moments

Moments there are when heart and brain ring clear,
When the eyes see and when the apt ears hear
More in a second's tick than in a year —
Moments at evening when the stars lean near.

And once I thought
Quick instants such as these,
That my new senses caught,
Were promises of vivid days to be
When I should stand grown up,
And brave, and full of careless, flaming song,
And free.

Those days have never come.
And now I know
That in this world of ours
Such moments never grow
Into a day —
Not even into hours —
They are rare and brief as desert flowers.

There may be worlds where deathless shepherds lie,
Watching their starry flocks graze through the sky,
Pastures of lotus in the fields of space,
White with the tents of an eternal race.
Deep as the eye of a blue, land-locked sea
That timeless calm would seem to you and me;

Its aeons short with long felicity,
But strange, how strange!
Without the yeast of change.

Give me no changeless hours, for I know
Moments of earth are sweeter that they go;
Pluck me no deathless roses from the sky;
They bloom forever, but ours wilt and die.
Earth's joys are whetted on her stone of sorrow.
Tears are real tears while we can laugh to-morrow.

Hervey Allen

The Buzzards

When evening came, and the warm glow grew deeper,
And every tree that bordered the green meadows
And in the yellow corn-field every reaper
And every corn-shock stood above their shadows,
Flung eastward from their feet in longer measure,
Serenely far there swam in the sunny height
A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure
Swirling and poising idly in golden light.

On great pied, motionless, moth-wings borne along,
So effortless and so strong,
Cutting each other's path together they glided,
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
Two valley's width (as though it were delight
To part like this, being sure they could unite
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,
Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
Swung proudly to a curve, and from its height
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.

And we, so small on the swift immense hill side,

Stood tranced, until our souls arose uplifted
On those far-sweeping, wide,
Strong curves of flight—swayed up and hugely drifted,
Were washed, made strong and beautiful in the tide
Of sun-bathed air. But far beneath, beholden
Through shining deeps of air, the fields were golden,
And rosy burned the heather where corn-fields ended.

And still those buzzards wheeled, while light withdrew
Out of the vales, and to surging slopes ascended,
Till the loftiest-flaming summit died to blue.

Martin Armstrong

The Great Galleon

We left the Tagus banks behind and shores of pleasant Spain,
Our gallant great Armada, to sail across the main,
And never a one among us recked that we should lie to-day
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We saw the pennons flaunting, heard the loud bells ring
To celebrate the mightiness of our Most Christian King;
Our fleet it was invincible. But now our bones we lay
Down among the wreckage of Tobermory Bay.

Upon our silent culverins gross barnacles must feed:
For chains upon our necks hang tangled skeins of waterweed:
Through the sockets where our eyes once shone the cod and conger play
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

Above our heads the perilous Atlantic combers surge,
But here we lie unheeding their full tempestuous dirge:
We joy not in the sunset nor heed the break of day
Down amid the twilight of Tobermory Bay.

The noble and the base, we sit together, and we keep
All in the clammy ooze and slime a brotherhood of sleep,
Hidalgos of Valladolid and beggars of Biscay,
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We lie in powerless splendor, to lord it o'er our wreck,
And listen to the shuffling of the diver's feet on deck.
Our swords are rust-devoured, our armour riven to decay,
Down amid the shells and sand of Tobermory Bay.

We prized and hugged our honour that you hold to-day so cheap.
You pick and pry and fumble and you wound that honour deep.
Our everlasting curses shall the sacrilege repay,
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We shall hear the archangel's trumpet and the loud bells boom,
When we rise before the Judgment-seat to meet the Day of Doom.
But, till that day arises, let us slumber, let us stay
Down amid our comrades in Tobermory Bay.

Oh vex us not, oh leave us here to our ashamed repose,
And yield us not again unto the taunting of our foes.
Oh vex us not, but leave us in our solemn sea-array
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

John Aston

Three Things

Three things filled this day for me,
Three common things filled this day;
Each had, for me, a word to say;
Said it in beauty, and was done:
Cows on a hillside all one way,
A buttercup tilted seductively,
And a lark arguing with the sun.

These three things, merely these three,
Were enough to cry the world
Out of my heart: the buttercup curled
Where some gorgeous ruffian plundered;
The skylark's dizzy flag unfurled;
The placid cows pensively
Wondering why they wondered.

Joseph Auslander

A Blackbird Suddenly

Heaven is my hand, and I
Touch a heart-beat of the sky,
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,
Lone flute of God, how can you sing
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,
And given my spirit wings until it stirred
Like you—a bird!

Joseph Auslander

The Lost One

There are so many kinds of me
Indeed, I cannot say
Just which of many I shall be
Tomorrow, or today.

Whence are they—princess, witch or nun?
I know not; this I know:
The gravest, gentlest, simplest one
Was buried long ago.

Wrapped in the faded pride it wore,
It slumbers, as is fit,
And nothing tells the name it bore
Or marks the place of it.

But all the other kinds of me,
They know, and turn aside,
And check their laughter soberly
Above the one that died.

Karle Wilson Baker

Possessions

All day he goes about his quest,
No connoisseur so keen as he:—
A spool, a bug, a piece of string,
A shoe-horn, thing of mystery,

A button or a domino,
All wrought of wonder and delight!
And when at last he seeks my arms
He holds his latest treasure tight,—

From eager habit clutching still
Some relic of his miser's store;
Until, his busy day forgot,
He lets it clatter to the floor.

And I, who hold him to my breast,
Pearl of my crowded treasury,—
(Ah me, the hunger of the world
Hath bitten wiser folk than he!)

I, too,—they say,—from Her deep arms
(That last great mother of us all)
Shall drop my dearly-hoarded joys
Nor stir, nor miss them when they fall!

Karle Wilson Baker

The Rain-Pool

My life is like a little pool
Left by the passing rain
Beside the village thoroughfare
Where every path is plain;

A brown and useful little pool
For childhood's dimpled glee,
And thirty dogs, and paddling ducks
Who stir it mightily!

(But oh, it is so still and blue,
Beside the evening street,
When little, wary stars come down,
To cool their twinkling feet!)

Karle Wilson Baker

Pierce Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

Spring on the Prairie

Over the stubborn earth,
Over the sullen fields,
Spring bent her brooding wings
Of sombre thunder-cloud,
Whispering: "Wake from dearth;
Wake, and your answer yield!"
And the low clouds bent and bowed,
And the thunder muttered loud,
And the driving raindrops fell,
And the hail, and earth answered well.
The little grass that slept,
In tiny headlets crept
Up to the warmth and air.
And the trees, black-boughed and bare,
Drank a new life that flushed
To their tender tips, and blushed
In the ribbed soft youth of leaves.
And the warm earth flowered in scent
Bounteous, indolent,
All the black wealth of plain
Answering the pulsing rain.
And the meadow-lark called his keen
Flute-note of joy between.
Across the new-sown rows
Cawed the slow, lumbering crows,
Jag-winged and greedy-eyed.
And all that it seemed had died,
All that had cowered dumb,
Awoke and stirred and cried,
For over the prairies wide
The spirit of spring had come.

Herbert Bates

Sea-Gulls

Whence come the white gulls that sail,
That flutter and sink and sail?
Their red beaks flash and glitter,
Their wide wings droop and trail.

They follow the sea-tide's call,
They troop, at the sea-tide's call,
Over the wide sea-spaces
And along the dark sea-wall.

Along the dark sea-steep,
By the black cliffs, bare and steep,
They flutter and fall and scream,
They drift slow-winged in sleep.

They wander and brighten and gleam,
As the wind-clouds shift and gleam—
Souls of sea-winds that wander
In a sea-encircled dream.

Herbert Bates

Thine Eyes Are Mirrors of Strange Things

Thine eyes are mirrors of strange things
That thou canst never understand,
The secret and the hidden springs
Of spirit-land.

Thy heart is lighter than the breast
Of dawn's glad bird that cleaves the skies
To sunlight, — but the world's unrest
Lies in thine eyes.

The yearning of the years that weep
For all the bliss that shall not be,
Dwells in them, thoughts too sadly deep
To dwell with thee.

They are the shrine where sits thy soul,
Wise in the silence, being dumb,
With knowledge of the dread control
Of days to come.

Thine eyes are mirrors of strange things
That thou mayst never understand,
The secret ways, the hidden springs
Of spirit-land.

Herbert Bates

What Is the Spirit?

I

What is the spirit? Nay,
We know not — star in clay.

We know not, yet we trust
The dream within the dust.

We trust not, yet we hark
The song within the dark.

II

These few bewildered days
Ask little blame or praise.

All mortal deeds go by
As cloudlets down the sky.

We are our longing. Thus
Let Love remember us.

III

We know not whither beat
Its wings, nor what defeat

Death's mighty muffling glooms
May cast on fluttering plumes,

Or if it be success —
That folded quietness.

IV

When like a flaming scroll
Earth shrivels, if the soul

Should those fierce heats outwear,
What of ourselves were there?

A longing bruised and dim,
A seed of seraphim.

Katharine Lee Bates

The View at Gunderson's

Sitting in his rocker waiting for your tea,
Gazing from his window, this is what you see:

A cat that snaps at flies; a track leading down
By log-built shanties gray and brown;

The corner of a barn, and tangled lines of fence
Of rough-hewn pickets standing dense;

The ghost of a tree on a dull, wet day;
And the blanket fog where lies the bay.

But when he's seen the last of you,
Sitting in his rocker, what's *his* view?

(For there he sits, day in day out,
Nursing his leg—and his dreams, no doubt.)

The snow-slide up behind the *gaard;*
The farm beside old Trondjem *fjord;*

Daughters seven with their cold blue eyes,
And the great pine where his father lies;

The boat that brought him over the sea;
And the toothless woman who makes his tea.

(Their picture, framed on the rough log wall,
Proves she had teeth when he was tall.)

He sees the balsam thick on the hill,
And all he's cleared with a stubborn will.

And last he sees the full-grown son
For whom he hoards what he has won.

You saw little worth the strife:
What he sees is one man's life.

Joseph Warren Beach

Tarantella

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the Guitar!—
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.

No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:
But the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

Hilaire Belloc

The Rebel

There is a wall of which the stones
Are lies and bribes and dead men's bones.
And wrongfully this evil wall
Denies what all men made for all,
And shamelessly this wall surrounds
Our homesteads and our native grounds.

But I will gather and I will ride,
And I will summon a countryside,
And many a man shall hear my halloa
Who never had thought the horn to follow;
And many a man shall ride with me
Who never had thought on earth to see
High Justice in her armoury.

When we find them where they stand,
A mile of men on either hand,
I mean to charge from right away
And force the flanks of their array,
And press them inward from the plains,
And drive them clamouring down the lanes,
And gallop and harry and have them down,
And carry the gates and hold the town.
Then shall I rest me from my ride
With my great anger satisfied.

Only, before I eat and drink,
When I have killed them all, I think
That I shall batter their carven names,
And slit the pictures in their frames,
And burn for scent their cedar door,
And melt the gold their women wore,
And hack their horses at the knees,
And hew to death their timber trees,
And plough their gardens deep and through—
And all these things I mean to do
For fear perhaps my little son
Should break his hands, as I have done.

Hilaire Belloc

"She Wandered After Strange Gods . . ."[1]

O have you seen my fairy steed?
His eyes are wild, his mane is white,
He feeds upon an elfin weed
In cool of autumn night.

O have you heard my fairy steed,
Whose cry is like a wandering loon?
He mourns some cloudy star-strewn mead
On mountains of the moon.

O have you tamed my fairy horse,
To mount upon his back and ride?
He tears the great trees in his course,
Nor ever turns aside.

'Tis he who tames a fairy thing
Must suffer want and bitter fate!

[1]From *Fairy Bread* by Laura Benét. Publisher, Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1921.

Deftly the bridles did I fling
That brought him to my gate.

I soothed and fed and tendered him
Sweet herbs and honey in a cup,
And led him in the twilight dim
To where a spring welled up.

But there his wings they waved so bright
Before my eyes, I drooped and slept.
When I awoke, it seemed dark night.
I raised my voice and wept.

Alas, my lightsome fairy steed!
I saw my pastures trampled bare
Where I had sown the springtime seed
And planted flowers rare!

I saw my barns a mass of flame!
His fiery wings had glanced in flight.
And me—a prey to fear and shame—
He left, to seek the light!

Laura Benét

The Witch's House[1]

Its wicked little windows leer
Beneath a moldy thatch,
And village children come and peer
Before they lift the latch.

A one-eyed crow hops to the door,
Fat spiders crowd the pane,
And dark herbs scattered on the floor
Waft fragrance down the lane.

[1]From *Fairy Bread* by Laura Benét. Publisher, Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1921.

It sits so low, the little hutch,
So secret, shy, and squat,
As if in its mysterious clutch
It nursed one knew not what,

That beggars passing by the ditch
Are haunted with desire
To force the door, and see the witch
Vanish in flames of fire!

Laura Benét

Resurrection

(To J. W. A.)

The black sky scowled, abased and flat,
On streets gaunt as an alley-cat
And dry as misery or dirt—
I'd tramped them till my hot feet hurt.
Now—beaten as a beaten pup—
I hummed to keep my courage up
A stupid song I'd learned at school;
Though all the words ran back to "Fool" . . .
Still, spite of all my flesh could feel,
My mind kept on its burning wheel.
Its blazing wheel of great aims lost,
And how her face was white—almost—
The day she'd spoken, kind and kind,
And left me eating night and blind;
So I slouched on till town was past
And scrubby country came at last,
Pinched as ingratitude. Across
The sky clouds towered, boss on boss
Of a black shield thrust down on earth
And spanning planets in its girth;
While white fire flickered in the South
Like a dog's tongue about his mouth.

A few hot raindrops spat my cheek—
A cicada began to creak—
And slashing lightning like a sword
Unleashed the waters of the Lord!
Roaring and heavy, gushing clear
Through dirt and raggedness and fear,
They struck before I'd time to curse,
They soaked me like a leather purse!
Caught in the terrier mouth of rain
I had no time for thought or pain;
Dripping and running like a brook
With wetness everywhere I'd look,
Fresh-mated with the fierce keen scents
Where Spring had pitched her lilacked tents!
Almost alive I tramped the wold
Until a stick slid; and I rolled
Head over heels asprawl in wet,
. . . And something in me overset,
Snapped, went to pieces . . . and I laughed
And laughed till men had thought me daft!
I beat my sides until I'd cry
At the dull ape that had been I;
That solemn insult to the earth!
I shook the bushes with my mirth,
And rose—and reeled with mockeries
Of silly sky and idiot trees,
Weak as a straw—but heart and head
Arisen starry from the dead!

So, staggering with laughter still,
I crossed the run and climbed the hill,
Knocked at your door and called to you,
And made you shriek with laughter too.
You dried my clothes and gave me food
And wine, to show that God was good.

And, after speech that flapped like birds,
I said you these prophetic words,
"We shall ascend Olympus yet,
Though scorpions the way beset!
And plant our banner, *Deus vult,*
Over the Tower Difficult,
The lilied banner, badged with gold—
Oh, we shall live before we're old!
And drink the ale of Tartary
And eat the spice of Trebizond,
And battle with the serpent-sea
That roars round Alicant the fond!
And princesses with ivory crowns,
And girls in green, moon-spangled gowns
Shall aid our high assault till we
Have passed beyond the Topaz Sea;
And found the quests that made us meek,
Whose very names would burn the cheek
With worship and with ecstasy,
Those rippled names on which we cry—
Those eyes we saw a while agone—
But there's adventure to be won!
And slit-eyed men and ring-nosed men
Shall bar our glorious way again
That proud armadas' trampled shards
May make a new song for our bards!
For we are young—and youth is steel!
Hark! at our shattering trumpet-peal
The spaniel worlds slink in to heel!"

"Eh bien—the fire's gone out," you said
"And I'm tired, too . . . . Let's go to bed! . . ."

Stephen Vincent Benét

Merchants from Cathay

How that They came.

Their heels slapped their bumping mules; their fat chaps glowed.
Glory unto Mary, each seemed to wear a crown!
Like sunset their robes were on the wide, white road:
So we saw those mad merchants come dusting into town!

Of their Beasts,

Two paunchy beasts they rode on and two they drove before.
May the Saints all help us, the tiger-stripes they had!
And the panniers upon them swelled full of stuffs and ore!
The square buzzed and jostled at a sight so mad.

And their Boast,

They bawled in their beards, and their turbans they wried.
They stopped by the stalls with curveting and clatter.
As bronze as the bracken their necks and faces dyed—
And a stave they sat singing, to tell us of the matter.

With its Burthen

"For your silks, to Sugarmago! For your dyes, to Isfahan!
Weird fruits from the Isle o' Lamaree!
But for magic merchandise,
For treasure-trove and spice,
"Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan,
The King of all the Kings across the sea!

"Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan, *And*
For we won through the deserts to his sunset bar- *Chorus*
bican;
And the mountains of his palace no Titan's reach
may span
Where he wields his seignorie!

"Red-as-blood skins of Panthers, so bright against *A first*
the sun *Stave*
On the walls of the halls where his pillared state *Fearsome,*
is set
They daze with a blaze no man may look upon!
And with conduits of beverage those floors run
wet!

"His wives stiff with riches, they sit before him there, *And a second*
Bird and beast at his feast make song and *Right hard*
clapping cheer. *To stomach*
And jugglers and enchanters, all walking on the air,
Make fall eclipse and thunder—make moons
and suns appear!

"Once the Chan, by his enemies sore-prest, and sorely *And a third,*
spent, *Which is a*
Lay, so they say, in a thicket 'neath a tree *Laughable*
Where the howl of an owl vexed his foes from their *Thing.*
intent:
Then that fowl for a holy bird of reverence
made he!

"And when he will a-hunting go, four elephants of *Of the Chan's*
white *Hunting.*
Draw his wheeling daïs of lignum aloes made;
And marquises and admirals and barons of delight
All courier his chariot in orfrayes arrayed!

We gape to Hear them end,

"A catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan!
Pastmasters of disasters, our desert caravan
Won through all peril to his sunset barbican,
Where he wields his seignorie!
And crowns he gave us! We end where we began:
A catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan,
The King of all the Kings across the sea!"

And are in Terror,

Those mad, antic Merchants! . . . Their stripèd beasts did beat
The market-square suddenly with hooves of beaten gold!
The ground yawned gaping and flamed beneath our feet!
They plunged to Pits Abysmal with their wealth untold!

And dread it is Devil's Work!

And some say the Chan himself in anger dealt the stroke—
For sharing of his secrets with silly, common folk:
But Holy, Blessed Mary, preserve us as you may
Lest once more those mad Merchants come chanting from Cathay!

William Rose Benét

Mid-Ocean

Leaning on the rail, looking at the lead,
There was blue water under us, astern and ahead,
A million miles behind us and a million miles before
Water blue as indigo, that never knew a shore!

Where was the skyline, that shining silver thread?
Blue with blue was blended. Sea and sky were wed.
Pulsing through that blue abyss Time and Thought were dead.
Steam? We buzzed suspended in Infinity instead.

Throbbed the silly engines. Joked the silly crew,
"Sails," with palm and needle, swore—as sailors do.
"Chips" said, "Well, we've crossed it! We're coastin' down the hill!"
Liar! In that azure vault we hung stock-still.

Never was I so at peace, never so afraid.
Like the timeless time it was before the world was made.
Blue oblivion, largely lit, smiled and smiled at me. —
Atom in the void, on the Western Sea!

William Rose Benét

Mad Blake

Blake saw a treeful of angels at Peckham Rye,
And his hands could lay hold on the tiger's terrible heart.
Blake knew how deep is Hell, and Heaven how high,
And could build the universe from one tiny part.
Blake heard the asides of God, as with furrowed brow
He sifts the star-streams between the Then and the Now,
In vast infant sagacity brooding, an infant's grace
Shining serene on his simple, benignant face.

Blake was mad, they say,—and Space's Pandora-box
Loosed its wonders upon him—devils, but angels indeed.
I, they say, am sane, but no key of mine unlocks
One lock of one gate wherethrough Heaven's glory is freed.
And I stand and I hold my breath, daylong, yearlong,
Out of comfort and easy dreaming evermore starting awake,—
Yearning beyond all sanity for some echo of that Song
Of Songs that was sung to the soul of the madman, Blake!

William Rose Benét

John Winter

What ails John Winter, that so oft
Silent he sits apart?
The neighbours cast their looks on him;
But deep he hides his heart.

In Deptford streets the houses small
Huddle forlorn together.
Whether the wind blow or be still,
'Tis soiled and sorry weather.

But over these dim roofs arise
Tall masts of ocean ships.
Whenever John Winter looked on them,
The salt blew on his lips.

He cannot pace the street about,
But they stand before his eyes!
The more he shuns them, the more proud
And beautiful they rise.

He turns his head, but in his ear
The steady Trade-winds run,
And in his eye the endless waves
Ride on into the sun.

His little child at evening said,
Now tell us, Dad, a tale
Of naked men that shoot with bows,
Tell of the spouting whale!

He told old tales, his eyes were bright;
His wife looked up to see
And smiled on him; but in the midst
He ended suddenly.

He bade them each good-night, and kissed
And held them to his breast.
They wondered and were still, to feel
Their lips so fondly pressed.

He sat absorbed in silent gloom.
His wife lifted her head
From sewing, and stole up to him.
What ails you, John? she said.

He spoke no word. A silent tear
Fell softly down her cheek.
She knelt beside him, and his hand
Was on her forehead meek.

But even as his tender touch
Her dumb distress consoled,
The mighty waves danced in his eyes
And through the silence rolled.

There fell a soft November night,
Restless with gusts that shook
The chimneys, and beat wildly down
The flames in the chimney nook.

John Winter lay beside his wife.
'Twas past the mid of night.
Softly he rose, and in dead hush
Stood stealthily upright.

Softly he came where slept his boys,
And kissed them in their bed.
One stretched his arms out in his sleep:
At that he turned his head.

And now he bent above his wife.
  She slept a sleep serene.
Her patient soul was in the peace
  Of breathing slumber seen.

At last he kissed one aching kiss,
  Then shrank again in dread,
And from his own home guiltily
  And like a thief he fled.

But now with darkness and the wind
  He breathes a breath more free,
And walks with calmer step, like one
  Who goes with destiny.

And see, before him the great masts
  Tower with all their spars
Black on the dimness, soaring bold
  Among the mazy stars.

In stormy rushings through the air
  Wild scents the darkness filled,
And with a fierce forgetfulness
  His drinking nostril thrilled.

He hasted with quick feet, he hugged
  The wildness to his breast,
As one who goes the only way
  To set his heart at rest.

When morning glimmered, a great ship
  Dropt gliding down the shore.
John Winter coiled the anchor ropes
  Among his mates once more.

Laurence Binyon

A New Hampshire Boy

Under Monadnock,
  Fold on fold,
The world's fat kingdoms
  Lie unrolled.

Far in the blue south
  City-smoke, swirled,
Marks the dwellings
  Of the kings of the world.

Old kings and broken,
  Soon to die,
Once you had little,
  As little as I.

Smoke of the city,
  Blow in my eyes—
Blind me a little,
  Make me wise.

Dust of the city,
  Blow and gust—
Make me, like all men,
  Color of dust.

I stand on Monadnock,
  And seem to see
Brown and purple kingdoms
  Offered to me.

Morris Bishop

A Passer-By

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived, am inhaling the odorous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare;
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped grandest
Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

Robert Bridges

The Fair Brass

An effigy of brass
Trodden by careless feet
Of worshippers that pass,
Beautiful and complete,

Lieth in the sombre aisle
Of this old church unwreckt,
And still from modern style
Shielded by kind neglect.

It shows a warrior arm'd:
Across his iron breast
His hands by death are charm'd
To leave his sword at rest,

Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen,
Nor doubted he did well.

Would we could teach our sons
His trust in face of doom,
Or give our bravest ones
A comparable tomb:

Such as to look on shrives
The heart of half its care;
So in each line survives
The spirit that made it fair;

So fair the characters,
With which the dusty scroll,
That tells his title, stirs
A requiem for his soul.

Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he are they,
Who fight by land and sea
For England at this day;

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls
By growing glory built:

Heirs of our antique shrines,
Sires of our future fame,
Whose starry honour shines
In many a noble name

Across the deathful days,
Link'd in the brotherhood
That loves our country's praise,
And lives for heavenly good.

Robert Bridges

The Snow

The snow lies sprinkled on the beach,
And whitens all the marshy lea:
The sad gulls wail adown the gale,
The day is dark and black the sea.
Shorn of their crests the blighted waves
With driven foam the offing fleck:
The ebb is low and barely laves
The red rust of the giant wreck.

On such a stony, breaking beach
My childhood chanced and chose to be:
'Twas here I played, and musing made
My friend the melancholy sea.
He from his dim enchanted caves
With shuddering roar and onrush wild
Fell down in sacrificial waves
At feet of his exulting child.

Unto a spirit too light for fear
His wrath was mirth, his wail was glee:—
My heart is now too fixed to bow
Tho' all his tempests howl at me:
For to the gain life's summer saves,
My solemn joy's increasing store,
The tossing of his mournful waves
Makes sweetest music evermore.

Robert Bridges

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke

Oh! Death Will Find Me, Long Before I Tire

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you; and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
Of the last land! There, waiting patiently,

One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind blowing,
  See a slow light across the Stygian tide,
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,
  And tremble. And *I* shall know that you have died,

And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,
  Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—
  Most individual and bewildering ghost!—

And turn, and toss your brown delightful head
Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.

Rupert Brooke

The Old Vicarage, Grantchester

(Café des Westens, Berlin, May 1912)

Just now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink;
And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow . . .
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.
—Oh, damn! I know it! and I know
How the May fields all golden show,
And when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe . . . *Du lieber Gott!*

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
Temperamentvoll German Jews
Drink beer around;—and *there* the dews
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten.*

εἴθε γενοίμην * . . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester!—
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low: . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester . . . .
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,

**eithe genoiman* (ī'the genoi'mān). Greek phrase for "Would I were."

And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;
Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.

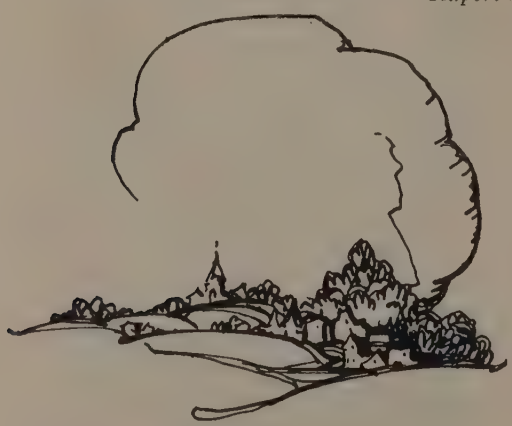
God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;
And Royston men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,

And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles,
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
Rather than send them to St. Ives;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Grantchester their skins are white;
They bathe by day, they bathe by night;
The women there do all they ought;
The men observe the Rules of Thought.
They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) . . .

Ah, God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.

Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land?
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn?
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

Rupert Brooke



A Song of Living

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the sky.
I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the wind to my breast.
My cheek like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have pressed.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

I have kissed young Love on the lips, I have heard his song to the end.
I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.
I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of hell.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

I give a share of my soul to the world where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I must leave undone.
I know that no flower, no flint was in vain on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have looked on God.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

Amelia Josephine Burr

Night Is the Time!

Night is the time! Look out and see;
Out of your window is mystery.

Lean far out, and leaning far,
Look down at the earth and up at a star.

There is no earth, for in between
Sways a shadow deep and green;

And this makes all the odder still,
The bark of a dog on a neighboring hill;

The sound of footsteps coming near;
The talk of two lovers, soft and clear:

Someone whistles; someone calls;
Somehow utter silence falls:

Until, far off, a voice once more,
And unseen laughter passes your door.

That is the lovely thing about night,
You see without hearing, and hear without sight.

For if you turn your head to the sky,
Quite unheard the crowd goes by:

Never a sound from the rustling wind;
And the close warm mystery leaves your mind;

Quiet and far and very bright,
The unheard star fills all the night.

Struthers Burt

Fishing

The days when I went fishing
I would wake before the dawn,
The moon a little lip of gold
Above a silver lawn,
Where, in a velvet pool of trees,
A gray mist hung unstirred by breeze,
Or any sound, so patiently
The world bore night, it seemed to me.

The house was silent to my feet,
Beneath a tip-toe tread;
And I could see behind each door,
Calm in a white-paned bed,
An aunt, with high patrician nose,
An uncle carmined; there arose
A smell of matting on the air,
Sober and cooling everywhere.

Beside the kitchen stove the cat
Blinked twice with eyes of gold,
And yawned with infinite contempt,
For sleep is new, and old
Is fishing; on the Nile,
Once with mysterious feline guile,
In moonlit, temple-shadowed bays,
Were caught bright fins, in other days.

The cat, the stove, the open door,
Upon a miracle of sun!
O for the dew upon the grass:
O for the feet that dance and run!
And in the maples' tip-top spires
The swaying song of passionate choirs!
I think that morning's finest joys
Are saved for little fishing boys.

Where trout lie there are white, white stones,
With running water over;
And half the air is made of mint,
And half is made of clover;
And slow clouds come and go and sail
Like giant fish with lazy tail.

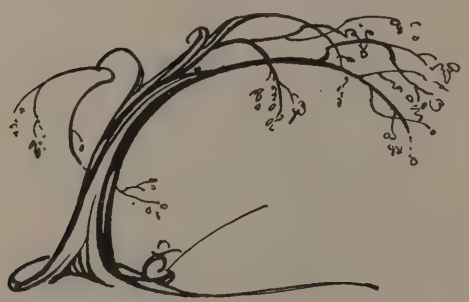
A stream runs out a fine spun song
From shadowy pools to laughter;

A wood song, with a chorus clear,
And a lilt and a chuckle after;
For little pools with sunlight in
Are like plucked notes of a violin,
While through the mist of melodies
Stirs ever the motif of the breeze:

Some find bird carolling sweet at dawn,
And some more sweet at noon;
But fishing boys like dusk, I think,
For there's a hush that soon,
When evening sends them homeward bound,
Turns every field to tremulous sound,
Where thrush and owl and meadow-lark
Chant to the coming of the dark.

The nights when I'd been fishing
Were always very still,
Save for a rustling of the leaves;
A distant whippoorwill;
And in a sky of velvet-blue,
The stars were golden fishes too;
Swam slowly, swam into a dream
Of white stones and a running stream.

Struthers Burt



There Is Not Anything

There is not anything
I would not do,
Just to be journeying
Again with you.

There is not anything
I would not be,
To have you journeying
Again with me.

But nothing I can do
Or be will bring
A word or sign from you,
Not anything.

Witter Bynner

Honeycomb

"I'm goin' back a-lookin' for the honeycomb,
Back to the jungle, 'way back home—

"The honeycomb that's growin' in the holes o' the trees
An' you reach it by a-scrabblin' up wi' both your knees
While you whistle 'bout yo' baby to keep away the bees.

"I'm goin' where the honey crackles in the mouth,
Back to the jungle, 'way back south—

"For southern comb is sweeter'n northern chewin'-gum
An' when you call the yaller-birds, they always come,
An' if they see the honey, they ask you for some.

"Back there in the jungle, 'way back home,
I'm goin' to spend my old age eatin' honey-comb—

"Bananas an' watermelons, pineapples an' fruit
An' all the birds o' paradise a livin' man can shoot,
An' I'll eat 'em while a-leanin' on a mangrove-root.

"An' when I've had a plenty, 'way back south,
There's goin' to come a angel an' kiss me on the mouth—

"A angel with a big wing both sides her head,
The front feathers white an' the hind feathers red,
It'll be the kiss o' heaven that'll make me glad I'm dead.

"An' I won't have to hunt no mo' back home,
With a angel every side o' me—bringin' honeycomb."

Witter Bynner

The Ships of Yule

When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail,
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing boats
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,
For though I had to stay on shore
My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port of call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;

With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,
And squatty ginger-jars,
And scented silver amulets
From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

Bliss Carman

The Joys of the Road

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;

The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,

A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold, and never afraid,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick)

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

Bliss Carman

A Vagabond Song

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Bliss Carman

Roadside Flowers

We are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds,—
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
He makes his sun to rise,
And his rain to fall like pardon
On our dusty paradise.

On us he has laid the duty,—
The task of the wandering breed, —
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.
The Lord of the Garden knows.

Bliss Carman

Magari

Be strange in what thou wilt, and try
Thy scorn of me;
More cunning and more strange am I
To follow thee.

Be thou the forest dark, and I
Will shift and be
The shadow-wingèd owl, and hie
Home unto thee.

Be thou the rocky shore, and I
Will shift and be
The mouth of ocean straining high
To cover thee.

Be thou the inland moor, and I
Will shift and be
The mist, the rain, the heavy sky
Flung over thee.

Be thou the cavern deep, and I
Will shift and be
The secret breath of earth, and sigh
My song through thee.

Be thou the rack of cloud, and I
Will shift and be
The night-hawk ocean-blown, and fly
Wide into thee.

Be thou the empty sky, and I
Will shift and be
The streaming of the dawn, and lie
Entwined in thee.

Be strange in what thou wilt, and I
Will shift and be
A form to clasp thee yet more nigh
Till Thou love Me.

Rhys Carpenter

Spanish Johnny

The old West, the old time,
The old wind singing through
The red, red grass a thousand miles,
And, Spanish Johnny, you.
He'd sit beside the water-ditch
When all his herd was in,
And never mind a child, but sing
To his mandolin.

The big stars, the blue night,
The moon-enchanted plain:
The olive man who never spoke,
But sang the songs of Spain.
His speech with men was wicked talk—
To hear it was a sin;
But those were golden things he sang
To his mandolin.

The gold songs, the gold stars,
The world so golden then:
And the hand so tender to a child
Had killed so many men.
He died a hard death long ago
Before the Road came in;
The night before he swung, he sang
To his mandolin.

Willa Cather

The Palatine

(In the "Dark Ages")

"Have you been with the King to Rome,
Brother, big brother?"
"I've been there and I've come home.
Back to your play, little brother."

"Oh, how high is Caesar's house,
Brother, big brother?"
"Goats about the doorways browse;
Night-hawks nest in the burnt roof-tree,
Home of the wild bird and home of the bee.
A thousand chambers of marble lie
Wide to the sun and the wind and the sky.
Poppies we find amongst our wheat
Grow on Caesar's banquet-seat.
Cattle crop and neat-herds drowse
On the floors of Caesar's house."

"But what has become of Caesar's gold,
Brother, big brother?"
"The times are bad and the world is old—
Who knows the where of the Caesars' gold?
Night comes black o'er the Caesars' hill;
The wells are deep and the tales are ill;
Fireflies gleam in the damp and mould—
All that is left of the Caesars' gold.
Back to your play, little brother."

"What has become of the Caesars' men,
Brother, big brother?"
"Dogs in the kennel and the wolf in the den
Howl for the fate of the Caesars' men.
Slain in Asia, slain in Gaul,
By Dacian border and Persian wall.

Rhineland orchard and Danube fen
Fatten their roots on Caesar's men."

"Why is the world so sad and wide,
Brother, big brother?"
"Saxon boys by their fields that bide
Need not know if the world is wide.
Climb no mountain but Shire-end Hill,
Cross no water but goes to mill.
Ox in the stable and cow in the byre,
Smell of the wood-smoke and sleep by the fire;
Sun-up in seed-time—a likely lad
Hurts not his head that the world is sad.
Back to your play, little brother."

Willa Cather

"Grandmither, Think Not I Forget"

Grandmither, think not I forget, when I come back to town,
An' wander the old ways again an' tread them up an' down.
I never smell the clover bloom, nor see the swallows pass,
Without I mind how good ye were unto a little lass.
I never hear the winter rain a-pelting all night through,
Without I think and mind me of how cold it falls on you.
And if I come not often to your bed beneath the thyme,
Mayhap 'tis that I'd change wi' ye, and gie my bed for thine,
Would like to sleep in thine.

I never hear the summer winds among the roses blow,
Without I wonder why it was ye loved the lassie so.
Ye gave me cakes and lollipops and pretty toys a score,—
I never thought I should come back and ask ye now for more.
Grandmither, gie me your still, white hands, that lie upon your breast,
For mine do beat the dark all night and never find me rest;
They grope among the shadows an' they beat the cold black air,

They go seekin' in the darkness, an' they never find him there,
An' they never find him there.

Grandmither, gie me your sightless eyes, that I may never see
His own a-burnin' full o' love that must not shine for me.
Grandmither, gie me your peaceful lips, white as the kirkyard snow,
For mine be red wi' burnin' thirst an' he must never know.
Grandmither, gie me your clay-stopped ears, that I may never hear
My lad a-singin' in the night when I am sick wi' fear;
A-singin' when the moonlight over a' the land is white—
Aw God! I'll up an' go to him a-singin' in the night,
A-callin' in the night.

Grandmither, gie me your clay-cold heart that has forgot to ache,
For mine be fire within my breast and yet it cannot break.
It beats an' throbs forever for the things that must not be,—
An' can ye not let me creep in an' rest awhile by ye?
A little lass afeard o' dark slept by ye years agone—
Ah, she has found what night can hold 'twixt sunset an' the dawn!
So when I plant the rose an' rue above your grave for ye,
Ye'll know it's under rue an' rose that I would like to be,
That I would like to be.

Willa Cather

The Gardener's Cat

The gardener's cat's called Mignonette,
She hates the cold, she hates the wet,
She sits among the hothouse flowers
And sleeps for hours and hours and hours.

She dreams she is a tiger fierce
With great majestic claws that pierce;
She sits by the hot-water pipes
And dreams about a coat of stripes;

And in her slumbers she will go
And stalk the sullen buffalo,
And when he roars across the brake
She does not wink, she does not wake.

It must be perfectly immense
To dream with such magnificence
And pass the most inclement day
In this indeed stupendous way.

She dreams of India's sunny clime,
And only wakes at dinner-time,
But even then she does not stir
But waits till milk is brought to her.

How nice to be the gardener's cat,
She troubles not for mouse or rat,
But when it's coming down in streams,
She sits among the flowers and dreams.

The gardener's cat would be the thing,
Her dreams are so encouraging;
She dreams that she's a tiger, yet
She's just a cat called Mignonette!

* * * *

The moral's this, my little man—
Sleep 'neath life's hailstones when you can,
And if you're humble in estate,
Dream splendidly, at any rate!

Patrick Chalmers

Lepanto

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.
Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!

Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,—
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermitfolk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago:

It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows not Fate;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
Sudden and still—hurrah!
Bolt from Iberia!
Don John of Austria
Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*)
Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
And the sea-folk labor and the red sails lift.
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;
The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes,
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face and doom,
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,—
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth *ha!*
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck,
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.*)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.
He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,
He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,

And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and gray
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,
And death is in the phial and the end of Noble work,
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.
Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—
Booms away past Italy the rumor of his raid.
Gun upon gun, ha! ha!
Gun upon gun, hurrah!
Don John of Austria
Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,
They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a laboring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that sweat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle line!*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,

Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.*)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade . . .
(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

Gilbert K. Chesterton

Saint R. L. S.

Sultry and brazen was the August day
When Sister Stanislaus went down to see
The little boy with the tuberculous knee.

And as she thought to find him, so he lay:
Still staring, through the dizzy waves of heat,
At the tall tenement across the street.

But did he see that dreary picture? Nay:
In his mind's eye a sunlit harbor showed,
Where a tall pirate ship at anchor rode.

Yes, he was full ten thousand miles away!
—The Sister, when she turned his pillow over,
Kissed "Treasure Island" on its well-worn cover.

Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn

A Cradle Song[1]

O, men from the fields!
Come softly within.
Tread softly, softly,
O! men coming in.

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
To Mary, the Mother,
Whose mantle is blue!

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

O, men from the fields!
Soft, softly come thro'.
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

Padraic Colum

The Rose

The little rose is dust, my dear;
The elfin wind is gone
That sang a song of silver words
And cooled our hearts with dawn.

And what is left to hope, my dear,
Or what is left to say?
The rose, the little wind and you
Have gone so far away.

Grace Hazard Conkling

[1]From *Wild Earth and Other Poems* by Padraic Colum. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

After Sunset

I have an understanding with the hills
At evening when the slanted radiance fills
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be,
And they are quiet and look down at me.
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes
Out of the centuries that made them wise.
They lend me hoarded memory and I learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,
And why a dream of forests must endure
Though every tree be slain; and how the pure
Invisible beauty has a word so brief,
A flower can say it or a shaken leaf,
But few may ever snare it in a song,
Though for the quest a life is not too long.
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,
And shadows are their garments, and the air
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,
Their arms are strong around me: and I know
That somehow I shall follow when you go
To the still land beyond the evening star,
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,
And silence may not hurt us any more,
And terror shall be past, and grief, and war.

Grace Hazard Conkling

To Francis Ledwidge

(Killed in action July 31, 1917)

Nevermore singing
Will you go now,
Wearing wild moonlight
On your brow.
The moon's white mood

In your silver mind
Is all forgotten
Words of wind
From off the hedgerow
After rain,
You do not hear them;
They are vain.
There is a linnet
Craves a song,
And you returning
Before long.
Now who will tell her,
Who can say
On what great errand
You are away?
You whose kindred
Were hills of Meath,
Who sang the lane-rose
From her sheath,
What voice will cry them
The grief at dawn
Or say to the blackbird
You are gone?

Grace Hazard Conkling

Three Thoughts of My Heart[1]

As I was straying by the forest brook
I heard my heart speak to me:
Listen; said my heart,
I have three thoughts for you . . .
A thought of clouds,
A thought of birds,
A thought of flowers.

[1]Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl* by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

I sat upon a cushion of moss,
Listening,
Where the light played, and the green shadows:
What would you do . . . I asked my heart . . .
If you were a floating ship of the sky . . .
If you were a peering bird . . .
If you were a wild geranium?

And my heart made answer:
That is what I wonder and wonder!
After all it is life I love,
After all I am a living thing,
After all I am the heart of you . . .
I am content!

Hilda Conkling

About My Dreams[1]

Now the flowers are all folded
And the dark is going by.
The evening is arising . . .
It is time to rest.
When I am sleeping
I find my pillow full of dreams.
They are all new dreams:
No one told them to me
Before I came through the cloud.
They remember the sky, my little dreams,
They have wings, they are quick, they are sweet.
Help me tell my dreams
To the other children,
So that their bread may taste whiter,
So that the milk they drink
May make them think of meadows

[1]Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl* by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

In the sky of stars.
Help me give bread to the other children
So that their dreams may come back:
So they will remember what they knew
Before they came through the cloud.
Let me hold their little hands in the dark,
The lonely children,
The babies that have no mothers any more.
Dear God, let me hold up my silver cup
For them to drink,
And tell them the sweetness
Of my dreams.

Hilda Conkling

Humming-Bird[1]

Why do you stand on the air
And no sun shining?
How can you hold yourself so still
On raindrops sliding?
They change and fall, they are not steady,
But you do not know they are gone.
Is there a silver wire
I cannot see?
Is the wind your perch?
Raindrops slide down your little shoulders . . .
They do not wet you:
I think you are not real
In your green feathers!
You are not a humming-bird at all
Standing on air above the garden!
I dreamed you the way I dream fairies,
Or the flower I lost yesterday!

Hilda Conkling

[1]Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl* by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Juan Quintana

The goat-herd follows his flock
Over the sandy plain,
And the goats nibble the rabbit-bush
Acrid with desert rain.

Old Juan Quintana's coat
Is a faded purple blue,
And his hat is a warm plum-brown,
And his trousers a tawny hue.

He is sunburnt like the hills,
And his eyes have a strange goat-look;
And when I came on him alone,
He suddenly quivered and shook.

Out in the hills all day
The trees do funny things—
And a horse shaped like a man
Rose up from the ground on wings.

And a burro came and stood
With a cross, and preached to the flock,
While old Quintana sat
As cold as ice on a rock.

And sometimes the mountains move,
And the mesa turns about;
And Juan Quintana thinks he's lost,
Till a neighbor hears him shout.

And they say with a little laugh
That he isn't quite right, up here;
And they'll have to get a *muchacho*
To help with the flock next year.

Alice Corbin

Babel

We loved your lime-stained lecturns—
The trestles leaping high,
The slogan of your derricks
To underpin the sky.

A planet held the plumb-line
And fooled us from afar,
But we went marching upward—
The perpendicular.

We still resent the moment
We heard a buttress gape,
The scaling ladders calling
To hasten our escape.

Your towers turned to torrents,
Your walls waved like a fan.
We threw away the sheepskins
And for the slide poles ran.

The moon is meditative,
Morose the Milky Way
To see the trestles crumpled,
The derricks in decay.

And yet the horizontal
Bequeatheth naught of shame,
For other campaniles
We chant the builders' fame.

With grace we give to Gizeh
Another thousand tiers;
Who tilts the Wall of China
May make up our arrears.

But we, the chastened, seek not
To overcrowd the skies;
We kneel beside the fires
And watch the halos rise.

Nathalia Crane

The Bon Homme Richard

We have raised the hulks of Perry
And laureled the Shannon's dead;
Have we no silver winches
For a hoist off Flamborough Head?

With a Captain used to hearing:
"Sir," and "the ship is clear,"
It is time we gave the Richard
The price of a salvage gear.

It is time we sent a runner
The route of the bos'n's lead—
John Paul Jones at Annapolis
And his ship off Flamborough Head.

With her battle lanterns swaying
To the roll of an old renown,
She is waiting the leaden sandal
That carries the diver down.

In the rotting arm-rack lingers
The flash of the cutlass blades,
And back of the broadside gun-ports
The souls of our carronades.

Oh, there are the deep sea stallions
That sentry the Dogger's floor.
Have we no djinns in armor
To open an ocean door?

Nathalia Crane

Ballad of a Wooing

O proudly shall my lady tread!
These golden shoes I'll give her,
My silver harp, my ruby red,
My castles by the river.

But when he met her on the hills,
Down coming like a lily's flame,
Her bare feet mid the daffodils,
His golden shoes he hid for shame.

How could he sing of castles drear,
Who with the wild bee found her?
His silver harp how could she hear,
With all God's birds around her?

And when he heard her heart beat high,
And knew how it could bleed,
He cast his ruby far to lie
Forgot with clod and weed.

Then sought with fasting eyes to share
The heaven in her own;
And as she passed, upon the air
There fell a beggar's moan.

Olive Tilford Dargan

The Happy Child

I saw this day sweet flowers grow thick—
But not one like the child did pick.

I heard the packhounds in green park—
But no dog like the child heard bark.

I heard this day bird after bird—
But not one like the child has heard.

A hundred butterflies saw I—
But not one like the child saw fly.

I saw the horses roll in grass—
But no horse like the child saw pass.

My world this day has lovely been—
But not like what the child has seen.

William H. Davies

Trees

They ask me where the Temple stands,
And is the Abbey far from there;
They ask the way to old St. Paul's,
And where they'll find Trafalgar Square.

As I pass on with my one thought
To find a quiet place with trees,
I answer him, I answer her,
I answer one and all of these.

When I sit under a green tree,
Silent, and breathing all the while
As easy as a sleeping child,
And smiling with as soft a smile—

Then, as my brains begin to work,
This is the thought that comes to me:
Were such a peace more often mine,
I'd live as long as this green tree.

William H. Davies

Strong Moments

Sometimes I hear fine ladies sing,
Sometimes I smoke and drink with men;
Sometimes I play at games of cards—
Judge me to be no strong man then.

The strongest moment of my life
Is when I think about the poor;
When, like a spring that rain has fed,
My pity rises more and more.

The flower that loves the warmth and light,
Has all its mornings bathed in dew;
My heart has moments wet with tears,
My weakness is they are so few.

William H. Davies

Sheep

When I was once in Baltimore,
A man came up to me and cried,
"Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep,
And we will sail on Tuesday's tide.

"If you will sail with me, young man,
I'll pay you fifty shillings down;
These eighteen hundred sheep I take
From Baltimore to Glasgow town."

He paid me fifty shillings down,
I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep;
We soon had cleared the harbour's mouth,
We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their mind;
The second night they cried with fear—
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,
They cried so loud I could not sleep:
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.

William H. Davies

Souls[1]

My Soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
Scarlet and gold and blue.
And at her shoulder sudden wings
Like long flames flicker through.

And she is swallow-fleet, and free
From mortal bonds and bars.
She laughs, because Eternity
Blossoms for her with stars!

—O folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,
My dull and foolish face,
Can ye not see my Soul flash down,
A singing flame through space?

[1]From *Myself and I* by Fannie Stearns Davis. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And folk, whose earth-stained looks I hate,
Why may I not divine
Your souls, that must be passionate,
Shining, and swift as mine?

Fannie Stearns Davis

Tartary

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal would summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps should shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
    Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
    Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
    In every purple vale!

Walter de la Mare

Sam

When Sam goes back in memory,
    It is to where the sea
Breaks on the shingle, emerald-green,
    In white foam, endlessly;
He says—with small brown eye on mine—
    "I used to keep awake,
And lean from my window in the moon,
    Watching those billows break.
And half a million tiny hands,
    And eyes, like sparks of frost,
Would dance and come tumbling into the moon,
    On every breaker tossed.
And all across from star to star,
    I've seen the watery sea,
With not a single ship in sight,
    Just ocean there, and me;
And heard my father snore. And once,
    As sure as I'm alive,
Out of those wallowing, moon-flecked waves
    I saw a mermaid dive;
Head and shoulders above the wave,
    Plain as I now see you,
Combing her hair, now back, now front,

Her two eyes peeping through;
Calling me, 'Sam!'—quietlike—'Sam!' . . .
But me . . . I never went,
Making believe I kind of thought
'Twas some one else she meant . . .
Wonderful lovely there she sat,
Singing the night away,
All in the solitudinous sea
Of that there lonely bay.

"P'raps," and he'd smooth his hairless mouth,
"P'raps, if 'twere now, my son,
P'raps, if I heard a voice say, 'Sam!' . . .
Morning would find me gone."

Walter de la Mare

Alone

A very old woman
Lives in yon house—
The squeak of the cricket,
The stir of the mouse,
Are all she knows
Of the earth and us.

Once she was young,
Would dance and play,
Like many another
Young popinjay;
And run to her mother
At dusk of day.

And colors bright
She delighted in;
The fiddle to hear,

And to lift her chin,
And sing as small
As a twittering wren.

But age apace
Comes at last to all;
And a lone house filled
With the cricket's call;
And the scampering mouse
In the hollow wall.

Walter de la Mare

Rachel

Rachel sings sweet—
    Oh yes, at night,
Her pale face bent
    In the candle-light,
Her slim hands touch
    The answering keys,
And she sings of hope
    And of memories:
Sings to the little
    Boy that stands
Watching those slim,
    Light, heedful hands.
He looks in her face;
    Her dark eyes seem
Dark with a beautiful
    Distant dream;
And still she plays,
    Sings tenderly
To him of hope,
    And of memory.

Walter de la Mare

The Three Cherry Trees

There were three cherry trees once,
Grew in a garden all shady;
And there for delight of so gladsome a sight,
Walked a most beautiful lady,
Dreamed a most beautiful lady.

Birds in those branches did sing,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet,
But she walking there was by far the most fair—
Lovelier than all else within it,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet.

But blossoms to berries do come,
All hanging on stalks light and slender,
And one long summer's day charmed that lady away,
With vows sweet and merry and tender;
A lover with voice low and tender.

Moss and lichen the green branches deck;
Weeds nod in its paths green and shady:
Yet a light footstep seems there to wander in dreams,
The ghost of that beautiful lady,
That happy and beautiful lady.

Walter de la Mare

The Listeners

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;

"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter de la Mare

Distance

Two pale old men
Sit by a squalid window playing chess.
The heavy air and the shrill cries
Beyond the sheltering pane are less
To them than roof-blockaded skies.
Life flowing past them:
Women with gay eyes,
Resurgent voices, and the noise
Of pedlars showing urgent wares,
Leaves their dark peace unchanged.
They are innocent
Of the street clamor as young children bent
Absorbed over their toys.
The old heads nod;
A parchment-colored hand
Hovers above the intricate dim board.
And patient schemes are woven, where they sit
So still,
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill.
And when a point is scored
A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.
Heedless as happy children, or maybe
Lovers creating their own solitude,
Or worn philosophers, content to brood
On an intangible reality.
Shut in an ideal universe,
Within their darkened window-frame
They ponder on their moves, rehearse
The old designs,
Two rusty skull-caps bowed
Above an endless game.

Babette Deutsch

There's a Sound of Drums and Trumpets

There's a sound of drums and trumpets
above the rumble of the street.
(Run run run to see the soldiers.)
All alike all abreast keeping time
to the regimented swirl
of the glittering brass band.

The café waiters are craning at the door
the girl in the gloveshop is nose against the glass.
O the glitter of the brass
and the flutter of the plumes
and the tramp of the uniform feet!
Run run run to see the soldiers.

The boy with a tray
of pastries on his head
is walking fast, keeping time;
his white and yellow cakes are trembling in the sun;
his cheeks are redder
and his bluestriped tunic streams
as he marches to the rum tum of the drums.
Run run run to see the soldiers.

The milkman with his pony
slung with silvery metal jars
schoolboys with their packs of books
clerks in stiff white collars
old men in cloaks
try to regiment their feet
to the glittering brass beat.
Run run run to see the soldiers.

Puerta del Sol — *John Dos Passos*

Rain Slants on an Empty Square

Rain slants on an empty square.
Across the expanse of cobbles
rides an old shawl-muffled woman
black on a donkey with pert ears
that places carefully
his tiny sharp hoofs
as if the cobbles were eggs.
The panniers are full
of bright green lettuces
and purple cabbages,
and shining red bellshaped peppers,
dripping, shining, a band in marchtime,
in the grey rain,
in the grey city.

Plaza Santa Ana *John Dos Passos*

The Song of the Bow

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love;
And so we will sing
Of the hempen string
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the grey goose-feather
And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the mark?
Ah, seek it not in England,
A bold mark, our old mark
Is waiting over-sea.
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark shall be.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England:

The bowmen—the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

Arthur Conan Doyle

Songs[1]

I

Dip your hand in the mountain water
To grasp a star—and what do you hold?
Fill your arms with bloom in upland pastures,
And still the hillside is blue and gold.

Cup your hand for the pool's deep blueness—
A cool touch answers, the blue eludes
The eager grasp of the clumsy fingers,
Each one grotesque where it intrudes.

So why should words reach down and capture
Within my heart the love that is there
Like the star in the brook, like bloom on the hillside,
Like blue in the pool that makes it fair!

II

I found in the arms of a valley
Blue sky taken root in the ground;
And I filled my arms with flowers,
And their stems with sweet grass bound.

As full as before was the valley,
And the rooted sky was as blue;

[1]From *Cliff Dwellings and Other Poems* by Glenn Ward Dresbach, published by Harold Vinal, Ltd., New York, 1927.

And I felt with a sudden wonder
How little I brought to you.

III

O thrush, in what deep glades
Do you with earth commune
So wisely that one song
Is never out of tune
With all the songs of leaves
And streams and stars and moon?

How can such rapture keep
Companionship with pain,
Each growing more complete
Because of one refrain?
Who else knows drops of dew
From drops of the chilled rain?

Glenn Ward Dresbach

And This Vast Shadow, Night[1]

Around me prowl at night
The things that sleep by day,
But come not near enough for me
To capture or to slay.

The sounds of padded feet
Are on the trails I pass,
And eyes look out like stars that fell
And flame from shadow-grass.

And for each thing that stirs
A greater shadow prowls —

[1]From *Cliff Dwellings and Other Poems* by Glenn Ward Dresbach, published by Harold Vinal, Ltd., New York, 1927.

For owl the fox, for fox the lynx.
For mice the taloned owls.

And this vast Shadow, Night,
Where wind in cedar stirs,
Looks down with brightly burning eyes
Upon this land—and purrs!

Glen Ward Dresbach

Nunc Dimittis

I have seen the plover's wing,
And the grey willow bough,
The sandy bubbling spring,
The hawk over the plough,
And now, instructed so,
I am content to go.

Songs of the lake and wood
Of water and wind I have heard,
And I have understood
According to Thy word.
What then is now to learn?
Seaward, O soul, return.

Though I shall walk again
Nor spring nor winter field,
Yet surely in my brain
Are spring and winter sealed.
Earth you have shown me all,
I am ready for the call.

John Drinkwater

Harbury

All the men of Harbury go down to sea in ships,
The wind upon their faces, the salt upon their lips.

The little boys of Harbury when they are laid to sleep
Dream of masts and cabins and the wonders of the deep.

The women folk of Harbury have eyes like the sea,
Wide with watching wonder, deep with mystery.

I met a woman; "Beyond the bar," she said,
"Beyond the shallow water where the green lines spread,

"Out beyond the sand-bar and the white spray,
My three sons wait for the Judgment Day."

I saw an old man who goes to sea no more
Watch from morn till evening down on the shore.

"The sea's a hard mistress," the old man said;
"The sea is always hungry and never full fed.

"The sea had my father and took my son from me—
Sometimes I think I see them walking on the sea!

"I'd like to be in Harbury on the Judgment Day,
When the word is spoken and the sea is wiped away,

"And all the drowned fisher boys, with seaweed in their hair,
Rise and walk to Harbury to greet the women there.

"I'd like to be in Harbury and see the souls arise,
Son and mother hand in hand, lovers with glad eyes,

"I think there would be many who would turn and look with me,
Hoping for another glimpse of the cruel sea!

"They tell me that in Paradise the fields are green and still,
With pleasant flowers everywhere, that all may take who will,

"And four great rivers flowing from out the Throne of God,
That no one ever drowns in but souls may cross dryshod.

"I think among those wonders there will be men like me,
Who miss the old, salt danger of the singing sea.

"And in my heart, like some old shell, inland, safe and dry,
Anyone who listens may still hear the sea cry."

Louise Driscoll

Lullaby

Bedtime's come fu' little boys.
Po' little lamb.
Too tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t'have to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.
My, but you's a-runnin' wil',
Look jes lak some po' folks chile;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now—sich a sight!
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white?
Stan' still twell I wash 'em right,
Po' little lamb.

Jes' cain't hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Hadn't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you;
You's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y'ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Night Noises[1]

Angela died to-day and went to Heaven;
We counted her summers up and they were seven.
But why does that trouble you, unloosened shutter,
That flap at my window in the wind's wild flutter!

Angela's eyes to-night are cold and dim,
Off in the land of song and Seraphim.
But what does that mean to you, O creaking stair,
And mice in the wall that gnaw the plaster there!

Angela's little hands are folded white,
Deep in the meadow, under the starry night.
But why should an ugly gnat keep finely whining
Around the candle-flame beside me shining!

And never again—and never again will she
Come running across the field to welcome me.
But, little sheep bells, out on the distant hill,
Why, at this hour, do you wake and tinkle still!

And not any more—alas!—and not any more,
Will she climb the stairs and knock at my lonely door.
But, moaning owl in the hayloft overhead,
How did *you* come to know that she was dead!

Leonard Feeney

The Teacher[1]

I drudge and toil—but I have my hour
As I sit in my high backed chair,
With the wide adoring eyes of youth
Upon me there.

[1]Reprinted from *In Towns and Little Towns* by courtesy of the America Press.

I tell them the tale of the mighty horse
That straddled the gates of Troy,
And it puts the wonder on Timothy,
The grocer's boy.

I tell them of fair Endymion
Who slept by the mountain stream;
And little Hubert, the tinsmith's lad,
Begins to dream.

And the tale of the winds and the Aulian maid
Who died on the golden sands
Makes David, the baker's son, look up
And wring his hands.

Oh, there is a dream that is lightly passed
And one that will vanish not!
But what will become of the dreaming lads
That I begot?

Who'll mend the kettles and pots and pans
Forever and ever more?
And what will become of the baker's shop
And the grocery store?

Leonard Feeney

Steamers

Maestoso.

Like black plunging dolphins with red bellies,
The steamers in herds
Swim through the choppy breakers
On this day of winds and clouds.
Wallowing and plunging,
They seek their path,

The smoke of their snorting
Hangs in the sky.

Like black plunging dolphins with red bellies,
The steamers pass,
Flapping their propellers
Salt with the spray.
Their iron sides glisten,
Their stays thrash:
Their funnels quiver
With the heat from beneath.

Like black plunging dolphins with red bellies,
The steamers together
Dive and roll through the tumult
Of green hissing water.
These are the avid of spoil,
Gleaners of the seas,
They loom on their adventure
Up purple and chrome horizons.

John Gould Fletcher

The Tide

Con moto ondeggiante.

The tide makes music
At the foot of the beach;
The waves sing together
Rumble of breakers.
Ships there are swaying,
Into the distance,
Thrum of the cordage,
Slap of the sails.

The tide makes music
At the foot of the beach;
Low notes of an organ
'Gainst the dull clang of bells.
The tide's tense purple
On the untrodden sand:
Its throat is blue,
Its hands are gold.

The tide makes music:
The tide all day
Catches light from the clouds
That float over the sky.
Ocean, old serpent,
Coils up and uncoils;
With sinuous motion,
With rustle of scales.

John Gould Fletcher

The King o' Spain's Daughter

When I leaned over a pool of black water,
I saw in the blackness the King o' Spain's daughter.

Her lips were a rose and the rose was bright red;
All the birds of the air, they flew round her head,

Her hair, it was streaming about me as light
As a boll of milkweed on soft airs of the night.

Her hands were as white as the coat of a moth,
And her gown was of gossamer spun into cloth.

There came down a wind-breath that ruffled the pool
And leaves were thrown down like the words of a fool.

I blew with my breath and cleared them away
And the wind climbed up-land to race and to play.

I looked in the pool to seek out her face
And saw but a tangle of marshweed like lace,

And never again in a pool of black water
Have I seen the blue eyes of the King o' Spain's daughter.

Jeanne Robert Foster

After Apple-Picking

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.

And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

Robert Frost

The Tuft of Flowers

I went to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
Before I came to view the levelled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
And I must be as he had been,—alone,

"As all must be," I said within my heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

But as I said it, swift there passed me by
On noiseless wing a 'wildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o'er night
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,
Finding them butterfly weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
By leaving them to flourish not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him.
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

Robert Frost

Mowing

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound—
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:
Anything more than truth would have seemed too weak
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.
The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

Robert Frost

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost

The Fairies Have Never a Penny to Spend

The fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by,
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies are,
And never as old.

Rose Fyleman

A Fairy Went A-Marketing

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a little fish;
She put it in a crystal bowl
Upon a golden dish.
An hour she sat in wonderment
And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a coloured bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.

She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.
She wore it all afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.

Rose Fyleman

The Skylark

Of all the birds the fairies love the skylark much the best;
They come with little fairy gifts to seek his hidden nest;
They praise his tiny slender feet and silken suit of brown,
And with their tiny gentle hands they smooth his feathers softly down.

They cluster round with glowing cheeks and bright expectant eyes,
Waiting the moment that shall bring the freedom of the skies;
Waiting the double-sweet delight that only he can give,
(Oh, Kings might surely spurn their crowns to live as fairies live).

To ride upon a skylark's back between his happy wings,
To float upon the edge of heaven and listen while he sings—
The dreams of mortals scarce can touch so perfected a bliss,
And even fairies cannot know a greater joy than this.

Rose Fyleman

Past

The clocks are chiming in my heart
Their cobweb chime;
Old murmurings of days that die,
The sob of things a-drifting by.
The clocks are chiming in my heart!

The stars have twinkled and died out—
Fair candles blown!
The hot desires burn low, and gone
To ash the fire that flamed anon.
The stars have twinkled, and died out!

Old journeys travel in my head!
My roaming time—
Forgotten smiles of stranger friends,
Sweet, weary miles, and sweeter ends.
Old journeys travel in my head!

The leaves are dropping from my tree!
Dead leaves and flown,
The vine-leaf ghosts are round my brow;
For ever frosts and winter now.
The leaves are dropping from my tree!

John Galsworthy

Magic

Within my hand I hold
A piece of lichen-spotted stone,
Each fleck red-gold;
And with closed eyes I hear the moan
Of solemn winds round naked crags
Of Colorado's mountains. The snow
Lies deep about me. Gray and old
Hags of cedars, gaunt and bare,
With streaming, tangled hair,
Snarl endlessly. White-winged and proud,
With stately step and queenly air,
A glittering, cool and silent cloud
Upon me sails.
The wind wails,
And from the cañon stern and steep
I hear the furious waters leap.

Hamlin Garland

Ploughing

A lonely task it is to plough!
All day the black and clinging soil
Rolls like a ribbon from the mould-board's
Glistening curve. All day the horses toil
Battling with the flies—and strain
Their creaking collars. All day
The crickets jeer from wind-blown shocks of grain.

October brings the frosty dawn,
The still, warm noon, the cold, clear night,
When torpid crickets make no sound,
And wild-fowl in their southward flight
Go by in hosts—and still the boy
And tired team gnaw round by round,

At weather-beaten stubble, band by band,
Until at last, to their great joy,
The winter's snow seals up the unploughed land.

Hamlin Garland

The Green Inn

I sicken of men's company,
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win,
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odour of the sea;
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,

Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,
And watched at night by that white light
High swung from coast to coast.

Oh you, who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn.

Theodosia Garrison

Home[1]

So long had I travelled the lonely road,
Though now and again a wayfaring friend
Walked shoulder to shoulder and lightened the load,
I often would think to myself as I strode—
No comrade will journey with you to the end.

And it seemed to me, as the days went past
And I gossiped with cronies or brooded alone
By wayfaring fires, that my fortune was cast
To sojourn by other men's hearths to the last
And never to come to my own hearthstone.

The lonely road no longer I roam:
We met, and were one in the heart's desire:
Together we came through the wintry gloam
To the little old house by the Greenway home
And crossed the threshold and kindled the fire.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

[1]From *Collected Poems* by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

To Arcady

Across the hills of Arcady
  Into the Land of Song—
Ah, dear, if you will go with me
  The way will not be long.

It does not lie through solitudes
  Of wind-blown woods or sea;
Dear, no! The city's weariest moods
  May scarce veil Arcady.

'Tis in no unfamiliar land
  Lit by some distant star;
See! Arcady is where you stand,
  And song is where you are.

Then go but hand in hand with me—
  No road can lead us wrong;
Here are the hills of Arcady—
  This is the Land of Song.

Charles Buxton Going

Ploughman at the Plough

He behind the straight plough stands
Stalwart, firm shafts in firm hands.

Naught he cares for wars and naught
For the fierce disease of thought.

Only for the winds, the sheer
Naked impulse of the year,

Only for the soil which stares
Clean into God's face he cares.

In the stark might of his deed
There is more than art or creed;

In his wrist more strength is hid
Than the monstrous Pyramid;

Stauncher than stern Everest
Be the muscles of his breast;

Not the Atlantic sweeps a flood
Potent as the ploughman's blood.

He, his horse, his ploughshare, these
Are the only verities.

Dawn to dusk with God he stands,
The Earth poised on his broad hands.

Louis Golding

The Little Waves of Breffny

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it; and terror on the wind:
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

Eva Gore-Booth

The Little White Cat

(*After the Gaelic*)

As the grey cat reached the old well-head,
Of a sudden she fell a-crying,
For down in the water, cold and dead,
Her snow-white son was lying.
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're gone from me—Och! Orro!
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're drownded—Oh, my sorrow!

Then she rose upright, poor lonesome one,
And to Brideen's bed she bore him,
And there she laid down her one little son,
And lifted her keen up before him.
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're gone from me—Och! Orro!
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're drownded—Oh, my sorrow!

You had soft brown eyes and smooth white fur,
And a queer little hump on your shoulder,
The prettiest walk and the pleasantest purr,
Yet none with the rats was bolder.
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're gone from me—Och! Orro!
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're drownded—Oh, my sorrow!

It was you that every bolt and lock
In the whole of the house respected;
You never made free with the cow's butter-crock,
And even the beetles corrected.
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,

You're gone from me—Och! Orro!
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're drownded—Oh, my sorrow!

It's Walter's Martin we'll have around
To be carving your deeshy coffin,
And to dig your wee grave in the daisy mound
Where Brideen made sport with you often.
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're gone from me—Och! Orro!
O Pusheen Bawn, Bawn, Bawn,
You're drownded—Oh, my sorrow!

Alfred Perceval Graves

Not Dead

Walking through trees to cool my heat and pain,
I know that David's with me here again.
All that is simple, happy, strong, he is.
Caressingly I stroke
Rough bark of the friendly oak.
A brook goes bubbling by: the voice is his.
Turf burns with pleasant smoke;
I laugh at chaffinch and at primroses.
All that is simple, happy, strong, he is.
Over the whole wood in a little while
Breaks his slow smile.

Robert Graves

The Kings

A Man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

Louise Imogen Guiney

Orisons

Orange and olive and glossed bay-tree,
And air of the evening out at sea,
And out at sea on the steep warm stone,
A little bare diver poising alone.

Flushed from the cool of Sicilian waves,
Flushed as the coral in clean sea-caves.
"I am!" he cries to his glorying heart,
And unto he knows not what: "Thou art!"

He leaps, he shines, he sinks and is gone:
He will climb to the golden ledge anon.
Perfecter rite can none employ,
When the god of the isle is good to a boy.

Louise Imogen Guiney

Hills

I never loved your plains!—
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleachèd alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow,

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder,

So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me,

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!

Arthur Guiterman

"I'll Build My House"

I'll build my house of sticks and stones,
Or lollypops and herring bones,

None other than myself to please—
Of fine, fresh straw or green sage cheese;

I'll build my house of this and that
To suit my pleasure and my cat—

(And keep a donkey and a sheep
And bring them in cool nights to sleep!)

I'll have a bean-stalk I can climb
And never get my meals on time,

But sup when stars are in the sky
On moonlight and a crust of rye,

And breakfast drowsily at noon
On heart's-ease and a macaroon . . .

I'll keep a swarm of bees at home
And live by selling honeycomb,

Or herbs to heal the old and sick,
Or anything that's ripe to pick!

I'll clothe myself in cast-off rags
In cobwebs or in barley bags,

In oak leaves or a rabbit's skin
Soft on my nakedness within . . .

The shabbier I am encased
The fruitier my joy will taste.

I'll set my two lips to the air
And carol to the birds' despair;

I'll tramp the lanes and sell my honey
For something more to me than money.

The housewife hiding at her blind
Will tilt the shutters of her mind,

Will call and with a furtive tear
Tell me that my wares are dear—
(But oh, the echo in her ear . . .)

Some musing morning as I sing
Perhaps I'll catch God listening,

From casement higher than renown
Above the little patchwork town,

In soft enchantment at His sill.
He'll tell His angels to be still,

He'll say to them in tones discreet
That there is singing in the street,

"I know not if the beggar sells
Shoestrings, thread, or asphodels,

"Or toy balloons, or what the choice
But Heaven itself is in his voice—"

. . . .

I'll snap my fingers at the earth,
And find out what my song is worth!

Amanda Benjamin Hall

In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"[1]

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy

The Man He Killed[1]

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

[1]From *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand-like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat, if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."

Thomas Hardy

Walking at Night

My face is wet with the rain
But my heart is warm to the core,
For I follow at will again
The road that I loved of yore;
And the dim trees beat the dark,
And the swelling ditches moan,
But my heart is a singing, soaring lark,
For I travel the road alone.

Alone in the living night,
Away from the babble of tongues;
Alone with the old delight
Of the night wind in my lungs;
And the wet air on my cheeks
And the warm blood in my veins,
Alone with the joy he knows who seeks
The thresh of the young spring rains,
With the smell of the pelted earth,
The tearful drip of the trees,
Making him dream of the sound of mirth
That comes with the clearing breeze.
'Tis a rare and wondrous sight
To tramp the wet awhile

And watch the slow delight
Of the sun's first pallid smile,
And hear the meadows breathe again
And see the far woods turn green,
Drunk with the glory of wind and rain
And the sun's warm smile between!

I have made me a vagrant song,
For my heart is warm to the core,
And I'm glad, oh, glad, that the night is long
For I travel the road once more,
And the dim trees beat the dark
And the swelling ditches moan,
With the joy of the singing, soaring lark
I travel the road, alone!

Amory Hare

What Can Wake the Little Cock

What can wake the little cock
Every midnight, by the clock?
Is it just coincidence,
Or some freak of Providence,
Tickling then the hidden ear
Of the lordly chanticleer?
Sometimes in the bitter dark
When the village mongrels bark,
And the wind seems wickedly
Torturing each shrub and tree,
Nosing all along the ground
Like some hunger-driven hound,
Till I wake and, eerily,
Hear him baying, drearily,
Gallantly my little cock
Crows to say it's twelve o'clock.
In the darkness, bleak and dim,

All his neighbors answer him.
And that small audacious sound
Seems to ease the aching ground,
Seems to make the worn trees sigh
"Soon the dawn will mount the sky,"
And so strangely comforts me
That I bless him, sleepily.

Amory Hare

Ducks

I

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled,
  Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool,
Or finding curious things
To eat in various mucks
Beneath the pool,
Tails uppermost, or waddling
Sailor-like on the shores
Of ponds, or paddling
—Left! right!—with fanlike feet
Which are for steady oars
When they (white galleys) float
Each bird a boat
Rippling at will the sweet
Wide waterway . . . .
When night is fallen *you* creep
Upstairs; but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies:
Fearful too much to sleep

Since they've no locks
To click against the teeth
Of weasel and fox.
And warm beneath
Are eggs of cloudy green
Whence hungry rats and lean
Would stealthily suck
New life, but for the mien,
The bold ferocious mien,
Of the mother-duck.

II

Yes, ducks are valiant things
On nests of twigs and straws,
And ducks are soothy things
And lovely on the lake
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colors cool.
And when beneath the pool
They dabble, and when they swim
And make their rippling rings,
O ducks are beautiful things!

But ducks are comical things:—
As comical as you.
Quack!
They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.

Triangular and clear
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer
Saying "Quack! quack!"

III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of colored suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones;
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humorless and glum:
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take themselves—*quite seriously.*
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns:
All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones!
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of
its bill!

Frederick W. Harvey

Circe

It was easy enough
to bend them to my wish,
it was easy enough
to alter them with a touch,
but you
adrift on the great sea,
how shall I call you back?

Cedar and white ash,
rock-cedar and sand plants

and tamarisk
red cedar and white cedar
and black cedar from the inmost forest,
fragrance upon fragrance
and all of my sea-magic is for nought.

It was easy enough—
a thought called them
from the sharp edges of the earth;
they prayed for a touch,
they cried for the sight of my face,
they entreated me
till in pity
I turned each to his own self.

Panther and panther,
then a black leopard
follows close—
black panther and red
and a great hound,
a god-like beast,
cut the sand in a clear ring
and shut me from the earth,
and cover the sea-sound
with their throats,
and the sea-roar with their own barks
and bellowing and snarls,
and the sea-stars
and the swirl of the sand,
and the rock-tamarisk
and the wind resonance—
but not your voice.

It is easy enough to call men
from the edges of the earth.

It is easy enough to summon them to my feet
with a thought—
it is beautiful to see the tall panther
and the sleek deer-hounds
circle in the dark.

It is easy enough
to make cedar and white ash fumes
into palaces
and to cover the sea-caves
with ivory and onyx.

But I would give up
rock-fringes of coral
and the inmost chamber
of my island palace
and my own gifts
and the whole region
of my power and magic
for your glance.

H. D.

The Old Magic

(*To G. W., who sped me*)

As I go down from Dalkey and by Killiney Strand
There's something queer about the world: it's all so clean and new!
As though this very minute God put it from His hand
And soft airs of Paradise blew.

So fresh it was and shining, the sapphire seas and skies,
The silver-misted mountains and the gorse newly gold.
The big brown lovely headland troubles my heart and eyes,
Till 'tis growing young I am, not old.

I wonder will it stay so, the years I have to live,
With fairy people spreading their spells on sea and hill,
Their webs as fine as gossamer that fairy spinners weave,
And the old enchantment work its will.

'Twas worth the twenty years away to see it as I see.
For them that sees it every day's too used to it to mind.
I wonder how I stayed so long and Ireland calling me,
And her breast so warm and kind.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

Eve[1]

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall . . . .
Now to get even and
Humble proud heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,

[1]From *Poems* by Ralph Hodgson. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low . . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren

Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain . . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—
"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

Ralph Hodgson

Love in the Winds

When I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
Ho, love, I laugh aloud for love of you,
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather,—
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

Richard Hovey

The Sea Gypsy

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

Richard Hovey

The Song the Oriole Sings

There is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal.

O oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cottonwood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep,
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From death and absence laugh and leap
My school-mates to their flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdee starts and stops
Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge—a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun—
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Far unto alien coasts unknown.

And on those alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the stream's
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams.

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath—
It is a song the oriole sings—
And all the rest belongs to death.

But oriole, my oriole,
Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul
From simple memories such as this,

What could he tell to tempt my ear
From you? What high thing could there be,
So tenderly and sweetly dear
As my lost boyhood is to me?

William Dean Howells

The Sense of Death

Since I have felt the sense of death,
Since I have borne its dread, its fear—
Oh, how my life has grown more dear
Since I have felt the sense of death!
Sorrows are good, and cares are small,
Since I have known the loss of all.

Since I have felt the sense of death,
And death forever at my side—
Oh, how the world has opened wide
Since I have felt the sense of death!
My hours are jewels that I spend,
For I have seen the hours end.

Since I have felt the sense of death,
Since I have looked on that black night—
My inmost brain is fierce with light
Since I have felt the sense of death.
O dark, that made my eyes to see!
O death, that gave my life to me!

Helen Hoyt

Reality

I am not what you think, not this clay thing,
With sodden feet and shoulders stooped to bear
The heavy weight of all imagined care;
These are not hands of mine that clutch and cling,

Too fearful of their final emptying,
And these dull-hanging locks are not my hair,
Not mine these somber eyes, that swim and stare,
Nor these pale lips, that tremble while they sing.

I am a fire from the flame of God,
Lambent, eternal, ringed with cosmic force;
At the direction of my thought's swift rod
The swinging planet falters in its course;
Into the deeps of life I reach, to find
I was a thought of the eternal mind.

Maude Alicia Hubbard

Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer

The Dykes

We have no heart for the fishing, we have no hand for the oar—
All that our fathers taught us of old pleases us now no more.
All that our own hearts bid us believe we doubt where we do not deny—
There is no proof in the bread we eat or rest in the toil we ply.

Look you, our foreshore stretches far through sea-gate, dyke, and groin—
Made land all, that our fathers made, where the flats and the fairway join.
They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died, and their work stood fast.
We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but the time of our peace is past.

Far off, the full tide clambers and slips, mouthing and testing all,
Nipping the flanks of the water-gates, baying along the wall;
Turning the shingle, returning the shingle, changing the set of the sand . . .
We are too far from the beach, men say, to know how the outworks stand.

So we come down, uneasy, to look; uneasily pacing the beach.
These are the dykes our fathers made: we have never known a breach.
Time and again has the gale blown by and we were not afraid;
Now we come only to look at the dykes—at the dykes our fathers made.

O'er the marsh where the homesteads cower apart the harried sunlight flies,
Shifts and considers, wanes and recovers, scatters and sickens and dies—
An evil ember bedded in ash—a spark blown west by the wind . . .

We are surrendered to night and the sea—the gale and the tide behind!

At the bridge of the lower saltings the cattle gather and blare.
Roused by the feet of running men, dazed by the lantern glare.
Unbar and let them away for their lives—the levels drown as they stand,
Where the flood-wash forces the sluices aback the ditches deliver inland.

Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the galloping breakers stride,
And their overcarried spray is a sea—a sea on the landward side.
Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves, going they snatch with their teeth,
Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged out, and the old-time hurdles beneath.

Bid men gather fuel for fire, the tar, the oil and the tow—
Flame we shall need, not smoke, in the dark if the riddled sea-banks go.
Bid the ringers watch in the tower (who knows how the dawn shall prove?)
Each with his rope between his feet and the trembling bells above.

Now we can only wait till the day, wait and apportion our shame.
These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would not look to the same.
Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time and again we delayed:
Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons, as our fathers we have betrayed.

. . . . . .

Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching the work of the seas!
These were the dykes our fathers made to our great profit and ease.

But the peace is gone and the profit is gone, with the old sure days withdrawn . . .
That our own houses show as strange when we come back in the dawn!

Rudyard Kipling

The Song of the Dead

Hear now the Song of the Dead—in the North by the torn berg-edges—
They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-stripped sledges.
Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by their skeleton horses,
Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust of the sere river-courses.

Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-rotted jungle-hollows,
Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the brake of the buffalo-wallows.
Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens, the pass that betrayed them,
Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the camp and the grave-mound they made them;
Hear now the Song of the Dead!

I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after—follow after! We have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!
Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!

When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby,
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed
Our Lodge—our Lodge was born
(*And England was crowned thereby!*)

Which never shall close again
By day nor yet by night,
While man shall take his life to stake
At risk of shoal or main
(*By day nor yet by night*)

But standeth even so
As now we witness here,
While men depart, of joyful heart,
Adventure for to know
(*As now bear witness here!*)

II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull.

If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind,*
Or the wreck that struck last tide—
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

Rudyard Kipling

The Miracles

I sent a message to my dear—
A thousand leagues and more to Her—
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,
And Lost Atlantis bore to Her!

Behind my message hard I came,
And nigh had found a grave for me;
But that I launched of steel and flame
Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, in gale on gale,
To bid me change my mind again—
He broke his teeth along my rail,
And, roaring, swung behind again.

I stayed the sun at noon to tell
My way across the waste of it;
I read the storm before it fell
And made the better haste of it.

Afar, I hailed the land at night—
The towers I built had heard of me—
And, ere my rocket reached its height,
Had flashed my Love the word of me.

Earth sold her chosen men of strength
(They lived and strove and died for me)
To drive my road a nation's length,
And toss the miles aside for me.

I snatched their toil to serve my needs—
Too slow their fleetest flew for me.
I tired twenty smoking steeds,
And bade them bait a new for me.

I sent Lightnings forth to see
Where hour by hour She waited me.
Among ten million one was She,
And surely all men hated me!

Dawn ran to meet me at my goal—
Ah, day no tongue shall tell again!
And little folk of little soul
Rose up to buy and sell again!

Rudyard Kipling

The Galley-Slave

Oh, gallant was our galley from her carven steering-wheel
To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel.
The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made the galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now and then—
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!
As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's bliss,
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lover's kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in the dark—
They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them to the shark—
We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley sped
We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit gang were we—
The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters of the sea!
By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged and yawed and sheered,
Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it and a wilder never blew.
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the galley struggle through.
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow, Parting, Death?

Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time for idle
breath.

But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my place;
There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand a little space.
I am free—to watch my messmates beating out to open main,
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of clinging steel,
By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars that never heal;
By eyes grown old with staring through the sunwash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service. Would that service still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe the years bring forth,
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of the North;
When the niggers break the hatches and the decks are gay with
gore,
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or rocket-flare.
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find her servants
there.
Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of years gone by,
To the bench that broke their manhood, they shall lash themselves
and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted, shipped away—
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale that day,
When the skies are black above them, and the decks ablaze beneath,
And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-knives in their
teeth.

It may be Fate will give me life and leave to row once more—
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?

God be thanked! Whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men!

Rudyard Kipling

The Ticket Agent

Like any merchant in a store
Who sells things by the pound or score,

He deals with scarce perfunctory glance
Small pass-keys to the world's Romance.

He takes dull money, turns and hands
The roadways to far distant lands.

Bright shining rail and fenceless sea
Are partners to his wizardry.

He calls off names as if they were
Just names to cause no heart to stir.

For listening you'll hear him say
" . . . and then to Aden and Bombay . . ."

Or " . . . 'Frisco first and then to Nome,
Across the Rocky Mountains—Home . . ."

And never catch of voice to tell
He knows the lure or feels the spell.

Like any salesman in a store,
He sells but tickets—nothing more.

As casual as any clerk
He deals in dreams, and calls it—work!

Edmund Leamy

The Sister

I saw the little quiet town,
And the whitewashed gables on the hill,
And laughing children coming down
The laneway to the mill.

Wind-blushes up their faces glowed,
And they were happy as could be,
The warbling water never flowed
So merry and so free.

One little maid withdrew aside
To pick a pebble from the sands.
Her golden hair was long and wide
And there were dimples on her hands.

And when I saw her large blue eyes,
What was the pain that went thro' me?
Why did I think on Southern skies
And ships upon the sea?

Francis Ledwidge

The Homecoming of the Sheep

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row

Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

Francis Ledwidge

Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn

Out of the cleansing night of stars and tides,
Building itself anew in the slow dawn,
The long sea-city rises: night is gone,
Day is not yet; still merciful, she hides
Her summoning brow, and still the night-car glides
Empty of faces; the night-watchmen yawn
One to the other, and shiver and pass on,
Nor yet a soul over the great bridge rides.

Frail as a gossamer, a thing of air,
A bow of shadow o'er the river flung,
Its sleepy masts and lonely lapping flood;
Who, seeing thus the bridge a-slumber there,
Would dream such softness, like a picture hung,
Is wrought of human thunder, iron and blood?

Richard Le Gallienne

"May Is Building Her House"

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of the winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

Richard Le Gallienne

The Poet

In the darkness he sings of the dawning.
In the desert he sings of a rose,
Or of limpid and laughing water
That through green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad
Out through his prison bars
And, deaf, he sings of nightingales
Or, blind, he sings of stars.

And hopeless and old and forsaken,
At last with failing breath
A song of faith and youth and love
He sings at the gates of death.

Mary Sinton Leitch

The Dawn[1]

(For C. F. S.)

Friend, you recall how we lingered above the bluffs of Wisconsin,
Talking of Roman and Greek there by the Indian stream,
Under a sun of September, apart from the camp in the dingle,
Once on a wonderful noon, nearly a decade ago?—
Minded of that, I am minded to give you a lyrical secret:
How in the breast of a lad love of the Muses began.

Fresh from a starry sleep, on a school-boy morning of April
(Over the meadows a mist, oriole out in the elm),
Fresh from my dreams of the Marvellous Book I had opened at bed-time
(Pictures of altar and urn, Sibyl, Silenus, and lyre),
There in the homestead at Hilton I sat by the window with Vergil:

[1]From *Tutankhamen and After* by William Ellery Leonard. New York: The Viking Press, Inc. Copyright, 1924, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Under the morning-star, words like woods to explore.
Tityre, tu patulae . . . . O eery quest in the silence!
Magic of dawn on the earth, magic of dawn in the boy!
Thrilling from letter to letter and every word an enchantment . . . .
Silvestrem tenui . . . even ere meaning was known!
Eager, how eager my fingers divided the glossary's pages,
Finding me key after key, golden tho printed in black!
Proudly, how proudly my spirit deployed its strength over grammar,
Linking the noun to its kin, binding the verb to its man.
Then, as the words became phrases and phrases grew into verses
(Change as subtle and vast, even as cell into flow'r),
O can I tell you the soul of the beautiful poignant Adventure
(Sun just over the hill, oriole out in the elm),
There in the quiet of morning, with sleepers three in the homestead
(Father who'd bought me the Book, mother and sister who knew),
Where, with the mist on the meadow, I sat by the window with Vergil:
Sat with the soul of the dead—living again in my own! —
Back by the Mantuan uplands, Mincius stream, and Cremona
(Far, how far from the mill, down by the Quarry and cave);
Seeing, as never before, tho often I'd wandered the hillsides
(After the dogwood in spring, after persimmons in fall),
Feeling, as never before, tho often I'd wandered the valleys
(Summer and winter away—off to the orchards and oaks),
Seeing, and feeling, and hearing the Tree as a Being of nature
(Tityrus under the beech, oriole out in the elm) . . .
Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi:
Tegmine fagi . . . the Tree! *Tegmine fagi* . . . the Bird!
Out of that tree, as I fancy, have budded all blossoms and creatures,
Flowed all rivers I know, whispered all winds I have heard.
Tityre, lentus in umbra . . . Man's mystical union with Nature,
Man in his sorrow and joy, came to me there "in the shade".
Dulcia linquimus arva . . . the love of the acres we've planted.

Love that is pain when we go, wanderers ever on earth.
Nos patriam fugimus . . . and home and country were dearer
(Tho we had carolled at school "Country, my country of thee") . . .
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas . . . .
(Bessie with ribbon and braid, oriole out in the elm) . . . .
Formosam resonare . . . and sylvan Muse and the reed-pipe! . . .
Magic of dawn on the earth, magic of dawn in the boy!

Friend, sometime on a walk in the willows west of Mendota
(Sunset Point if you will,—Wingra or Oregon Road),
Let us unravel, in sportive discourse and deft analytic,
Purport and cause of the spell, here recorded for you:
For, of a truth, you have guarded the Gift, have guarded and given,
Loving the Greek in man's soul—quickened to-day in how few.

William Ellery Leonard

In Service

Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
She wears a fine white apron,
She wears a new black gown,
An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the street,
A feathered hat upon her head,
And boots upon her feet.
"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and I should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;
"I'm lost without the bog-land,
I'm lost without the sea,
An' the harbour an' the fishing-boats that sail out fine and free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,
To see the big waves lepping,

To hear them splash and roar,
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking more.

"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,
The childher in the doorway,
Or round my mother's knee;
For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep them all,"
says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door—
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

Winifred M. Letts

The Harbour

I think if I lay dying in some land
Where Ireland is no more than just a name,
My soul would travel back to find that strand
From whence it came.

I'd see the harbour in the evening light,
The old men staring at some distant ship,
The fishing-boats they fasten left and right
Beside the slip.

The sea-wrack lying on the wind-swept shore,
The grey thorn bushes growing in the sand;
Our Wexford coast from Arklow to Cahore—
My native land.

The little houses climbing up the hill,
Sea daisies growing in the sandy grass,
The tethered goats that wait large-eyed and still
To watch you pass.

The women at the well with dripping pails,
Their men colloguing by the harbour wall,
The coils of rope, the nets, the old brown sails,
I'd know them all.

And then the Angelus—I'd surely see
The swaying bell against a golden sky,
So God, Who kept the love of home in me,
Would let me die.

Winifred M. Letts

To Tim

(An Irish Terrier)

O jewel of my heart, I sing your praise,
Though you who are alas! of middle age
Have never been to school and cannot read
The weary printed page.

I sing your eyes, two pools in shadowed streams
Where your soul shines in depths of sunny brown,
Alertly raised to read my every mood
Or thoughtfully cast down.

I sing the little nose, so glossy wet,
The well-trained sentry to your eager mind,
So swift to catch the delicate glad scent
Of rabbits on the wind.

Ah! fair to me your wheaton coloured coat,
And fair the darker velvet of your ear,
Ragged and scarred with old hostilities
That never taught you fear.

But oh! your heart, where my unworthiness
Is made perfection by love's alchemy,

How often does your doghood's faith cry shame
To my inconstancy.

At last I know the hunter Death will come
And whistle low the call you must obey.
So you will leave me, comrade of my heart,
To take a lonely way.

Some tell me, Tim, we shall not meet again,
But for their loveless logic need we care?
If I should win to Heaven's gate I know
You will be waiting there.

Winifred M. Letts

The Spires of Oxford

(Seen from a train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded—War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod.

They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

Winifred M. Letts

Spring, the Travelling Man

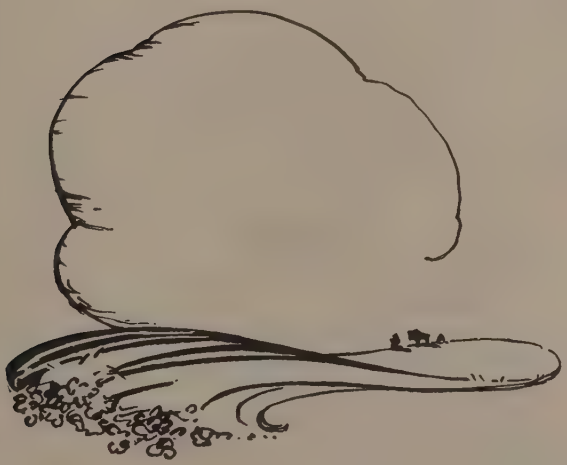
Spring, the Travelling Man, has been here,
Here in the glen;
He must have passed by in the grey of the dawn,
When only the robin and wren were awake,
Watching out with their bright little eyes
In the midst of the brake.
The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass,
Stepping light on the grass,
Whistling careless and gay at the break o' the day.
Then the blackthorn to give him delight
Put on raiment of white:
And all for his sake.
The gorse on the hill, where he rested an hour,
Grew bright with a splendour of flower.
My grief! that I was not aware
Of himself being there;
It is I would have given my dower
To have seen him set forth,
Whistling careless and gay in the grey of the morn,
By gorse bush and fraughan and thorn,
On his way to the north.

Winifred M. Letts

The Flower-Fed Buffaloes

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low:—
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us, long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:—
With the Blackfeet, lying low.
With the Pawnees, lying low,
Lying low.

Vachel Lindsay



Dead Men Tell No Tales

They say that *dead men tell no tales!*

Except of barges with red sails
And sailors mad for nightingales;

Except of jongleurs stretched at ease
Beside old highways through the trees;

Except of dying moons that break
The hearts of lads who lie awake;

Except of fortresses in shade
And heroes crumbled and betrayed.

But *dead men tell no tales,* they say!

Except old tales that burn away
The stifling tapestries of day;

Old tales of life, of love and hate,
Of time and space, and will and fate.

Haniel Long

Patterns

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whalebone and brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime-tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.

And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden-paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter.

I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt and the
buckles on his shoes.
I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover.
Till he caught me in the shade,
And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as he
clasped me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon—
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom,
Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the
Duke.
"Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se'nnight."
As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.
"Any answer, Madam?" said my footman.
"No," I told him.
"See that the messenger takes some refreshment.
No, no answer."
And I walked into the garden,
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.
The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,
Each one.
I stood upright too,
Held rigid to the pattern

By the stiffness of my gown.
Up and down I walked,
Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.
In a month, here, underneath this lime,
We would have broke the pattern;
He for me, and I for him,
He as Colonel, I as Lady,
On this shady seat.
He had a whim
That sunlight carried blessing.
And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."
Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
Up and down
The patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
The squills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.
I shall go
Up and down,
In my gown.
Gorgeously arrayed,
Boned and stayed.
And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace
By each button, hook, and lace.
For the man who should loose me is dead,
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called a war.
Christ! What are patterns for?

Amy Lowell

Apology

Be not angry with me that I bear
Your colors everywhere,
All through each crowded street,
And meet
The wonder-light in every eye,
As I go by.

Each plodding wayfarer looks up to gaze,
Blinded by rainbow haze
The stuff of happiness,
No less,
Which wraps me in its glad-hued folds
Of peacock golds.

Before my feet the dusty, rough-paved way
Flushes beneath its gray.
My steps fall ringed with light,
So bright
It seems a myriad suns are strown
About the town.

Around me is the sound of steepled bells,
And rich perfumèd smells
Hang like a wind-forgotten cloud,
And shroud
Me from close contact with the world.
I dwell, impearled.

You blazen me with jewelled insignia.
A flaming nebula
Rims in my life. And yet
You set
The word upon me, unconfessed,
To go unguessed.

Amy Lowell

Quod Semper

Child

"What wind is this across the roofs so softly makes his way,
That hardly makes the wires to sing, or soaring smoke to sway?"

Wind

"I am a weary southern wind that blows the livelong day
Over the stones of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
The ruined walls of Babylon, all fallen in decay.

Oh, I have blown o'er Babylon when royal was her state,
When fifty men in gold and steel kept watch at every gate,
When merchant-men and boys and maids thronged early by and late
Under the gates of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
The marble gates of Babylon, when Babylon was great."

Child

"Good weary wind, a little while pray let your course be stayed,
And tell me of the talk they held, and what the people said,
The funny folk of Babylon before that they were dead,
That walked abroad in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
Before the towers of Babylon along the ground were laid."

Wind

"The folk that walked in Babylon, they talked of wind and rain,
Of ladies' looks, of learned books, of merchants' loss and gain,
How such-an-one loved such-a-maid that loved him not again
(For maids were fair in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon;)
Also the poor in Babylon of hunger did complain."

Child

"But this is what the people say as on their way they go,
Under my window in the street, I heard them down below."

Wind

"What other should men talk about five thousand years ago?
For men they were in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
That now are dust in Babylon I scatter to and fro."

Lucy Lyttelton

Voices of the Air

But then there comes that moment rare
When, for no cause that I can find,
The little voices of the air
Sound above all the sea and wind.

The sea and wind do then obey
And sighing, sighing double notes
Of double basses, content to play
A droning chord for the little throats—

The little throats that sing and rise
Up into the light with lovely ease
And a kind of magical, sweet surprise
To hear and know themselves for these—

For these little voices: the bee, the fly,
The leaf that taps, the pod that breaks,
The breeze on the grass-tops bending by,
The shrill quick sound that the insect makes.

Katherine Mansfield

The Man with the Hoe

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

God made man in His own image,
in the image of God made He him.—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this——
More tongued with cries against the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham

The Wild Duck[1]

Twilight. Red in the West.
Dimness. A glow on the wood.
The teams plod home to rest.
The wild duck come to glean.

[1]From *Collected Poems* by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

O souls not understood,
What a wild cry in the pool;
What things have the farm ducks seen
That they cry so—huddle and cry?

Only the soul that goes.
Eager. Eager. Flying.
Over the globe of the moon,
Over the wood that glows.
Wings linked. Necks a-strain,
A rush and a wild crying.

* * *

A cry of the long pain
In the reeds of a steel lagoon.
In a land that no man knows.

John Masefield

Cargoes[1]

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the channel in the mad March days

[1]From *Story of a Round House* by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

With a cargo of Tyne coal
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield

Ah, Sweet Is Tipperary

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music plays—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Denis Aloysius McCarthy

City Trees[1]

The trees along this city street,
Save for the traffic and the trains,
Would make a sound as thin and sweet
As trees in country lanes.

And people standing in their shade
Out of a shower, undoubtedly
Would hear such music as is made
Upon a country tree.

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb
Against the shrieking city air
I watch you when the wind has come—
I know what sound is there.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Journey[1]

Ah, could I lay me down in this long grass
And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind
Blow over me,—I am so tired, so tired
Of passing pleasant places! All my life,
Following Care along the dusty road,
Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;
Yet at my hand an unrelenting hand
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my life long
Over my shoulder have I looked at peace;
And now I fain would lie in this long grass
And close my eyes,
Yet onward!
Catbirds call
Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk

[1]From *Second April*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, published by Harper and Brothers. Copyright, 1921, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,
Drawing the twilight close about their throats.
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines
Go up the rocks and wait; flushed apple-trees
Pause in their dance and break the ring for me;
Dim, shady wood-roads, redolent of fern
And bayberry, that through sweet bevies thread
Of round-faced roses, pink and petulant,
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.
Only my heart, only my heart responds,
Yet, ah, my path is sweet on either side
All through the dragging day,—sharp underfoot,
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs—
But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
The world is mine; blue hill, still silver lake,
Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road.
A gateless garden, and an open path;
My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

The Travel Bureau

All day she sits behind a bright brass rail
Planning proud journeyings in terms that bring
Far places near; high-colored words that sing,
"The Taj Mahal at Agra," "Kashmir's Vale,"
Spanning wide spaces with her clear detail,
"Sevilla or Fiesole in spring,
Through the fjords in June." Her words take wing.
She is the minstrel of the great out-trail.
At half past five she puts her maps away,
Pins on a gray, meek hat, and braves the sleet,
A timid eye on traffic. Dully gray
The house that harbors her in a gray street,
The close, sequestered, colorless retreat
Where she was born, where she will always stay.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

God and Apple Pies

He used to think that war was a bright and shining thing—
(Cross Miss McClish in English 8 could make the welkin ring!)
Charge, Chester, Charge! On, Stanley, on!
Forward, the Light Brigade!
There at his scarred old High School desk
He drew a flashing blade,
And his high heart leapt in his throat
In answer full and free—
Now who will stand at either hand
And keep the bridge with me?

He used to think "Salvation" meant a tambourine and drum,
The "Boom-boom-boom!"—and "Are you washed?" the crude and raucous tune,
The semi-weekly salvage of the town's historic bum
By Heaven-hunters kneeling near Cassidy's saloon, —

Gaunt, high-cheek-boned, earnest Swedes of hectic piety,
Stooped, red-wristed, shabby Swedes whose fervor made him grin,
Baring their pitiful small pasts for all the world to see,
Begging two loafers and three dogs to leave a life of sin!

He used to think religion was a thing his mother knew;
A decent, sober, well-bred thing, kept in the family pew.
He came to know that war was an endless aching night
Of breathless, fierce activity, drab idleness, and mud,
Of comradeship, and loneliness, red pluck, and livid fright,
And comedy and tragedy and filth and sudden blood;
And the Salvation Army wasn't funny any more;
It wasn't even pitiful, but somehow big, and bold—
The "Boom-boom-boom" repeated in the great guns' sullen roar,
Waging serene, undaunted war on homesickness, and cold.

He came to know religion for a sturdy thing that lives
In terms of homely comforting . . . hot coffee under fire . . .
That asks for nothing in return, but gives, and gives, and gives . . .
That stood beside him steadily in all the muck and mire.
Vague names came close; strange things were fused; it wasn't very clear . . .
A helmeted war-worker with deep peace in her eyes . . .
Stark danger, and that utter trust,—but it was warm and near—
Hot doughnuts and that greater love, and God and apple pies!

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

The Bride

Farewell to Himself
That I left in his sleep,
And God save him kindly
And let him sleep deep;

And more shame to me,
Creeping out like a mouse—

A seven-weeks' bride—
From my husband's house.

But I was born of the eastern world
And I'll never be knit to the western places,
And the hunger's on me, fierce and keen,
For the morning look of the eastern faces;
And oh, my grief, but Himself is queer,
With his cold, soft words and his cold, hard caring!
(It must have been I was daft itself
With the thought of the silks I would be wearing.)
Well, there'll be staring to see me home,
And there'll be clack and a nine-days' talking;
But for all the binding book and bell,
This is the road that I must be walking.

And when they will ask him—
"But where is your bride?"
Then he will be weeping
The slow tears of pride.

And when they are prying—
"But where was the blame?"
It's he will be blushing
The thin blush of shame.

But I'm destroyed with a homesick heart,
And the likes of me would best bide single!
I'll step it brisk till the evening damp,
And I'll sleep snug in a deep, soft dingle.
And I'll win back to the eastern world
By a way Himself could never follow;
And I'll be lepping the streams for joy
And lifting a tune by hedge and hollow.
And if they'll look on the morning's morn,

Rising up in the sweet young weather,
Then they'll see me and the darling day
Footing it over the Hill together!

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Dog[1]

O little friend, your nose is ready; you sniff,
Asking for that expected walk,
(Your nostrils full of the happy rabbit-whiff)
And almost talk.

And so the moment becomes a moving force;
Coats glide down from their pegs in the humble dark;
You scamper the stairs,
Your body informed with the scent and the track and the mark
Of stoats and weasels, moles and badgers and hares.

We are going *Out*. You know the pitch of the word,
Probing the tone of thought as it comes through fog
And reaches by devious means (half-smelt, half-heard)
The four-legged brain of a walk-ecstatic dog.

Out through the garden your head is already low.
You are going for your walk, you know,
And your limbs will draw
Joy from the earth through the touch of your padded paw.

Now, sending a little look to us behind,
Who follow slowly the track of your lovely play,
You fetch our bodies forward away from mind
Into the light and fun of your useless day.

* * * *

[1]From *Real Property* by Harold Monro. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Thus, for your walk, we took ourselves, and went
Out by the hedge, and tree, to the open ground.
You ran, in delightful strata of wafted scent,
Over the hill without seeing the view;
Beauty is hinted through primitive smells to you:
And that ultimate Beauty you track is but rarely found.

* * * *

Home . . . and further joy will be waiting there:
Supper full of the lovely taste of bone.
You lift up your nose again, and sniff, and stare
For the rapture known
Of the quick wild gorge of food, then the still lie-down;
While your people will talk above you in the light
Of candles, and your dreams will merge and drown
Into the bed-delicious hours of night.

Harold Monro

Milk for the Cat

When the tea is brought at five o'clock,
And all the neat curtains are drawn with care,
The little black cat with bright green eyes
Is suddenly purring there.

At first she pretends, having nothing to do,
She has come in merely to blink by the grate,
But, though tea may be late or the milk be sour,
She is never late.

And presently her agate eyes
Take a soft large milky haze,
And her independent casual glance
Becomes a stiff hard gaze.

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears
Or twists her tail and begins to stir,

Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes
One breathing trembling purr.

The children eat and wriggle and laugh;
The two old ladies stroke their silk:
But the cat is grown small and thin with desire,
Transformed to a creeping lust for milk.

The white saucer like some full moon descends
At last from the clouds of the table above;
She sighs and dreams and thrills and glows,
Transfigured with love.

She nestles over the shining rim,
Buries her chin in the creamy sea;
Her tail hangs loose; each drowsy paw
Is doubled under each bending knee.

A long dim ecstasy holds her life;
Her world is an infinite shapeless white,
Till her tongue has curled the last holy drop,
Then she sinks back into the night,

Draws and dips her body to heap
Her sleepy nerves in the great arm-chair,
Lies defeated and buried deep
Three or four hours unconscious there.

Harold Monro

Old Ships

There is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold,—
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
Of stormy midnights,—and a tale untold.
They have remembered islands in the dawn,
And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
And tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
And calm, blue nights of stillness and the stars.

Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,
Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise;
There is a dream upon them, evermore;—
And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
To seek familiar harbours in the night,
Blowing in mists, their spectral sails like light.

David Morton

Let Me Live Out My Years[1]

Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dusk—a vacant shrine!

Let me go quickly like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.

And grant me, when I face the grisly Thing,
One haughty cry to pierce the gray Perhaps!
Let me be as a tune-swept fiddlestring
That feels the Master Melody—and snaps!

John G. Neihardt

[1]From *The Quest* by John G. Neihardt. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"He Fell Among Thieves"

"Ye have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"
"Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed: "If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."
"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;
He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white:
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee." A sword swept.
Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

Henry Newbolt

Drake's Drum

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

Henry Newbolt

Messmates

He gave us all a good-bye cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles round;
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,

And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough,
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battleships' bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below;
If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by.

Henry Newbolt

The Barrel-Organ[1]

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
And now it's prattling softly to the moon,
And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
To remember and to recompense the music evermore
For what the cold machinery forgets . . . .

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Yes; as the music changes,
  Like a prismatic glass,
It takes the light and ranges
  Through all the moods that pass;
Dissects the common carnival
  Of passions and regrets,
And gives the world a glimpse of all
  The colours it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs
  Another sadder song;
And there *Il Trovatore* cries
  A tale of deeper wrong;
And bolder knights to battle go
  With sword and shield and lance,
Than ever here on earth below
  Have whirled into—*a dance!*—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
  Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
  Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,
  The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
  The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
  At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
  And the golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London:—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonder-land;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet,
Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream
Of the City when the sun sinks low,
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-coloured stream
On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem
To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam
As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme
And pulses with the sunset-glow.

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone
In the City as the sun sinks low;
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of soft reposeful tone.
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known:
They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jewelled hand
Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand
What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land,
For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a rowing man that listens and his heart is crying out
In the City as the sun sinks low;
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute-gun, the counting and the long dishevelled rout,
For the howl along the tow-path and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a labourer that listens to the voices of the dead
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And his hand begins to tremble and his face to smoulder red
As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his head
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,
For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet
Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
What have you to say
When you meet the garland girls
Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat
I wear a wreath of roses
(A long and lonely year it is
I've waited for the May!)

If any one should ask you,
The reason why I wear it is—
My own love, my true love
Is coming home to-day.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac-time in London!*)
Buy a bunch of violets for the lady
While the sky burns blue above:

On the other side the street you'll find it shady
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac-time in London!*)
And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet,
As it dies into the sunset-glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
The song runs round again.
Once more it turns and ranges
Through all its joy and pain,

Dissects the common carnival
  Of passions and regrets;
And the wheeling world remembers all
  The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
  Another sadder song:
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries
  A tale of deeper wrong;
Once more the knights to battle go
  With sword and shield and lance
Till once, once more, the shattered foe
  Has whirled into—*a dance!*

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
  Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
  Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

Alfred Noyes

The Companion of a Mile[1]

With Georgie Sprat, my overseer, and Thomas Slye, my tabourer,
  And William Bee, my courier, when dawn emblazed the skies,
I met a tall young butcher as I danced by little Sudbury,
  Head-master o' morrice-dancers all, high headborough of hyes.

By Sudbury, by Sudbury, by little red-roofed Sudbury,
  He wished to dance a mile with me! I made a courtly bow;
I fitted him with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and tenor bells.
  And *"Tickle your tabor, Tom,"* I cried, *"we're going to market now."*

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And rollicking down the lanes we dashed, and frolicking up the hills we clashed,
And like a sail behind me flapped his great white frock a-while,
Till, with a gasp, he sank and swore that he could dance with me no more;
And—over the hedge a milk-maid laughed, *Not dance with him a mile?*

"You lout!" she laughed, "I'll leave my pail, and dance with him for cakes and ale!
I'll dance a mile for love," she laughed, "and win my wager, too.
Your feet are shod and mine are bare; but when could leather dance on air?
A milk-maid's feet can fall as fair and light as falling dew."

I fitted her with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and tenor bells:
The fore-bells, as I linked them at her throat, how soft they sang!
Green linnets in a golden nest, they chirped and trembled on her breast,
And, faint as elfin blue-bells, at her nut-brown ankles rang.

I fitted her with morrice-bells that sweetened into woodbine bells,
And trembled as I hung them there and crowned her sunny brow:
"Strike up," she laughed, "my summer king!" And all her bells began to ring,
And *"Tickle your tabor, Tom,"* I cried, *"we're going to Sherwood now!"*

When cocks were crowing, and light was growing, and horns were blowing, and milk-pails flowing,
We swam thro' waves of emerald gloom along a chestnut aisle,
Then, up a shining hawthorn-lane, we sailed into the sun again,
Will Kemp and his companion, his companion of a mile.

At Melford town, at Melford town, at little grey-roofed Melford town,
A long mile from Sudbury, upon the village green,
We danced into a merry rout of country-folk that skipt about
A hobby-horse, a May-pole, and a laughing white-pot queen.

They thronged about us as we stayed, and there I gave my sunshine maid
An English crown for cakes and ale—her dancing was so true!
And "Nay," she said, "I danced my mile for love!" I answered with a smile,
"'Tis but a silver token, lass, thou'st won that wager, too."

I took my leash of morrice-bells, my treble, bass and tenor bells,
They pealed like distant marriage-bells! And up came William Bee
With Georgie Sprat, my overseer, and Thomas Slye, my tabourer,
"Farewell," she laughed, and vanished with a Suffolk courtesie.
I leapt away to Rockland, and from Rockland on to Hingham,
From Hingham on to Norwich, sirs! I hardly heard a-while
The throngs that followed after, with their shouting and their laughter,
For a shadow danced beside me, my companion of a mile!

At Norwich, by St. Giles his gate, I entered, and the Mayor in state,
With all the rosy knights and squires for twenty miles about,
With trumpets and with minstrelsy, was waiting there to welcome me;
And, as I skipt into the street, the City raised a shout.

They gave me what I did not seek. I fed on roasted swans a week!
They pledged me in their malmsey, and they lined me warm with ale!
They sleeked my skin with red-deer pies, and all that runs and swims and flies;

But, through the clashing wine-cups, O, I heard her clanking pail.

And, rising from his crimson chair, the worshipful and portly Mayor
Bequeathed me forty shillings every year, that I should live,
With five good angels in my hand that I might drink while I could stand!
They gave me golden angels! What I lacked they could not give.

They made Will Kemp, thenceforward, sirs, Freeman of Marchaunt Venturers!
They hoped that I would dance again from Norwich up to York;
Then they asked me, all together, had I met with right May weather,
And they praised my heels of feather, and my heart, my heart of cork.

. . . . . .

As I came home by Sudbury, by little red-roofed Sudbury,
I waited for my bare-foot maid, among her satin kine!
I heard a peal of wedding-bells, of treble, bass and tenor bells:
"Ring well," I cried, "this bridal morn! You soon shall ring for mine!"

I found her foot-prints in the grass, just where she stood and saw me pass.
I stood within her own sweet field and waited for my may.
I laughed. The dance has turned about! I stand within: she'll pass without,
And—*down the road the wedding came, the road I danced that day!*

I saw the wedding-folk go by, with laughter and with minstrelsy,

I gazed across her own sweet hedge, I caught her happy smile,
I saw the tall young butcher pass to little red-roofed Sudbury,
His bride upon his arm, my lost companion of a mile.
Alfred Noyes

A Song of Sherwood[1]

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?

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Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublet of the Lincoln green gleaming through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Alfred Noyes

The Three Ships[1]

(To an old Tune)

I

As I went up the mountain-side,
The sea below me glittered wide,
And, Eastward, far away, I spied
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
The three great ships that take the tide
On Christmas Day in the morning.

II

Ye have heard the song, how these must ply
From the harbours of home to the ports o' the sky!
Do ye dream none knoweth the whither and why
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
The three great ships go sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning?

III

Yet, as I live, I never knew
That ever a song could ring so true,
Till I saw them break thro' a haze of blue
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And the marvellous ancient flags they flew
On Christmas Day in the morning!

IV

From the heights above the belfried town
I saw that the sails were patched and brown,
But the flags were a-flame with a great renown
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,

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And on every mast was a golden crown
On Christmas Day in the morning.

V

Most marvellous ancient ships were these!
Were their prows a-plunge to the Chersonese?
For the pomp of Rome or the glory of Greece,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Were they out on a quest for the Golden Fleece
On Christmas Day in the morning?

VI

And the sun and the wind they told me there
How goodly a load the three ships bear,
For the first is gold and the second is myrrh
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And the third is frankincense most rare
On Christmas Day in the morning.

VII

They have mixed their shrouds with the golden sky,
They have faded away where the last dreams die . . .
Ah yet, will ye watch, when the mist lifts high
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Will ye see three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Alfred Noyes

Let Not Love Go, Too[1]

Now the purple night is past,
Now the moon more faintly glows,
Dawn has through thy casement cast
Roses on thy breast, a rose;
Now the kisses are all done,
Now the world awakes anew,
Now the charmed hour is gone,
Let not love go, too.

[1]Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

When old winter, creeping nigh,
  Sprinkles raven hair with white,
Dims the brightly glancing eye,
  Laughs away the dancing light,
Roses may forget their sun,
  Lilies may forget their dew,
Beauties perish, one by one,
  Let not love go, too.

Palaces and towers of pride
  Crumble year by year away;
Creeds like robes are laid aside,
  Even our very tombs decay!
When the all-conquering moth and rust
  Gnaw the goodly garment through,
When the dust returns to dust,
  Let not love go, too.

Kingdoms melt away like snow,
  Gods are spent like wasting flames,
Hardly the new peoples know
  Their divine thrice-worshipped names!
At the last great hour of all,
  When thou makest all things new,
Father, hear Thy children call,
  Let not love go, too.

Alfred Noyes

White Ashes

There was a time
when I wanted to die,
it was long, long ago,
life seemed a fruit
that I had sucked dry
aeons ago.

Now I scarcely dare sleep
lest a moment dart by
when I know not, nor snatch
its blooms as they fly.
And life's a lit coal
with the wind blowing high
stirring the glow.

Gladys Oaks

Corrymeela[1]

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees:
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

[1]From *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* by Moira O'Neill. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers, and the author.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, *colleen dhas,*" I said: the girl she thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

Moira O'Neill

The Return

I'm a black tramp,
And I walk in the damp—
Hear my coming, you honey of a child!
There's the cabin door,
And she's there sure—
O, home once more!
How the rebel music of my heart beats wild!
Hear my coming, you honey of a child!

I know the rocks and the mountains.
But I don't know home:
I know moonrise, I know star-rise,
I know leg-ache, I know heart-ache,
And I know the rocks and the mountains,
But I don't know home!
O, I don't know home!

Sure, I'll peek;
Bime-by I'll speak—
  Hear my coming, you honey of a child!
There's the window-sill,
But ain't all still!
O where's my little Lil?
  Now the awful trumpets of my heart blow wild!
  Hear my coming, you honey of a child!

I have a heart of fondness,
  But I don't know home:
I've seen lone-girls, I've seen lone-men,
I've seen black babes, I've seen fond babes,
And I have a heart of fondness
  But I don't know home!
  O, I don't know home!

Ain't all still!
O Lil, black Lil!
  Hear my coming, you honey of a child!
What, she ain't here?
I've got one fear!
O, after twenty year!
  O, the mighty organs of my heart moan wild!
  You'll never hear my coming, you honey of a child!

O I've got to wander,
  And I'll never have a home!
O, there ain't no star-rise, O there ain't no moon-rise!
O, there ain't no Lil here—just an empty hut here!
O, I've got to wander—
  And I'll never have a home!
  O, I'll never have a home!

James Oppenheim

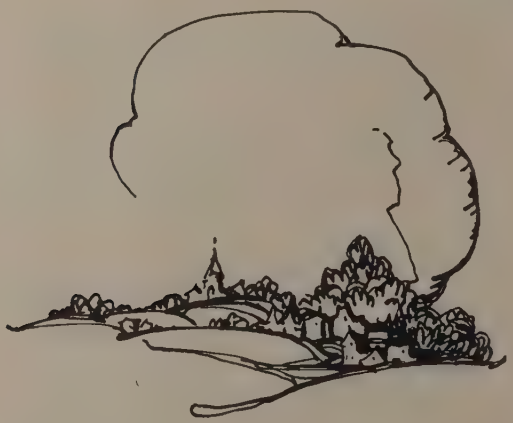
Man's Days

A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin',
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert tomorrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,
One glorious day as'll never fade;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e,
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin':
A li'l low corner o' airth to lie in.

Eden Phillpotts



Duna

When I was a little lad
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell,
Every dawn I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man,
Before my beard was grey,
All to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

The Lions[1]

Her hair's the canopy of heaven,
Her eyes the pools of healing are,
Her words wild prophecies whose seven
Thunders resound from star to star.

Her hands and feet are jewels fine
Wrought for the edifice of all grace,
Her breath inebriates like wine—
The blinding beauty of her face

Is lovelier than the primal light
And holds her lover's pride apart

[1]From the *Complete Poems of J. M. Plunkett*, published by The Talbot Press, Dublin.

To tame the lions of the night
That range the wilderness of his heart.

Joseph Mary Plunkett

A Wave of the Sea[1]

I am a wave of the sea
And the foam of the wave
And the wind of the foam
And the wings of the wind.

My soul's in the salt of the sea
In the weight of the wave
In the bubbles of foam
In the ways of the wind.

My gift is the depth of the sea
The strength of the wave
The lightness of foam
The speed of the wind.

Joseph Mary Plunkett

Poplars

The poplar is a lonely tree.
It has no branches spreading wide
Where birds may sing or squirrels hide.
It throws no shadow on the grass
Tempting the wayfarers who pass
To stop and sit there quietly.

The poplar sees each neighbour tree
Loved by the birds. The oriole
Swings from the elm its home; the bole

[1]From the *Complete Poems of J. M. Plunkett,* published by The Talbot Press, Dublin.

Of the rough oak, above, around,
Hears the woodpecker's rapid sound
As on he works industriously.

The poplar is a slender tree.
It has no boughs where children try
To climb far off into the sky.
To hold a swing it's far too weak,
Too small it is for hide-and-seek.
Friendless, forsaken it must be.

The poplar is a restless tree.
At every breeze its branches bend
And signal to the child, "Come, friend."
Its leaves forever whispering
To thrush and robin, "Stay and sing."
They pass. It quivers plaintively.

Poplars are lonely. They must grow
Close to each other in a row.

Edward Bliss Reed

April Weather

Oh, hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white—ay, white as my love's throat —
The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes,

Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
And Care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win,
For here is April weather.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

Fog

The great ghosts of the town
Up and down,
Each a gray, filmy thing,
Go by.
Sudden a brief, wet sky!—
A file of poplars vague with spring.

Drips the old garden there;
See, its torn edge about,
Scarlet, remote,
Tulip's flare,
The length of one thin note!—
And are put out.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

Ellen Hanging Clothes

The maid is out in the clear April light
Our store of linen hanging up to dry;
On clump of box, on the small grass there lie
Bits of thin lace, and broidery blossom-white.
And something makes tall Ellen—gesture, look—
Or else but that most ancient, simple thing,
Hanging the clothes upon a day in spring,
A Greek girl cut out some old lovely book.

The wet white flaps; a tune just come in mind,
The sound brims the still house. Our flags are out,
Blue by the box, blue by the kitchen stair;
Betwixt the two she trips across the wind,
Her warm hair blown all cloudy-wise about,
Slim as the flags, and every whit as fair.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

The Immortal

Spring has come up from the South again,
With soft mists in her hair,
And a warm wind in her mouth again,
And budding everywhere.
Spring has come up from the South again,
And her skies are azure fire,
And around her is the awakening
Of all the world's desire.

Spring has come up from the South again,
And dreams are in her eyes,
And music is in her mouth again
Of love, the never-wise.
Spring has come up from the South again,
And bird and flower and bee
Know that she is their life and joy—
And immortality!

Cale Young Rice

Swallows

In a room that we love,
Under a lamp,
Whose soft glow falls around,
We sit each night and you read to me,
Through the silence soul-profound.
And black on the yellow frieze of the walls

The swallows fly unchanging;
Round, round, yet never round,
Ranging,—yet never ranging.

We sit and you read, your face aglow,
While amid dreams that start
I watch the swallows
As each follows
The other, swift, apart.
Till oft it seems that your words are birds,
Flying into my heart,
And singing there, and bringing there,
Love's more than artless art.

So never, in lands however far,
Or seas that wash them round,
Shall I see wings along the sky,
But instantly the sound
Of your voice shall come,
And the sky, changing,
Shall be the room we love,
With its lamp-glow—and time-flow—
And happy swallows ranging.

Cale Young Rice

Who Looks Too Long

Who looks too long from his window
At the grey, wide, cold sea,
Where breakers scour the beaches
With fingers of sharp foam;
Who looks too long through the grey pane
At the mad, wild, bold sea,
Shall sell his hearth to a stranger
And turn his back on home.

Who looks too long from his window—
Though his wife waits by the fireside—
At a ship's wings in the offing,
At a gull's wings on air,
Shall latch his gate behind him,
Though his cattle call from the byre-side,
And kiss his wife—and leave her—
And wander everywhere.

Who looks too long in the twilight,
Or the dawn-light, or the noon-light,
Who sees an anchor lifted
And hungers past content,
Shall pack his chest for the world's end,
For alien sun—or moonlight,
And follow the wind, sateless,
To Disillusionment!

Cale Young Rice

The Branch[1]

We stopped at the branch on the way to the hill.
We stopped at the water a while and played.
We hid our things by the osage tree
And took off our shoes and stockings to wade.

There is sand at the bottom that bites at your feet,
And there is a rock where the waterfall goes.
You can poke your foot in the foamy part
And feel how the water runs over your toes.

The little black spiders that walk on the top
Of the water are hard and stiff and cool.

[1]From *Under the Tree* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, New York: The Viking Press, Inc. Copyright, 1922, B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

And I saw some wiggletails going around,
And some slippery minnows that live in the pool.

And where it is smooth there is moss on a stone,
And where it is shallow and almost dry
The rocks are broken and hot in the sun,
And a rough little water goes hurrying by.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

The Worm[1]

Dickie found a broken spade
And said he'd dig himself a well;
And then Charles took a piece of tin,
And I was digging with a shell.

Then Will said he would dig one too.
We shaped them out and made them wide,
And I dug up a piece of clod
That had a little worm inside.

We watched him pucker up himself
And stretch himself to walk away.
He tried to go inside the dirt,
But Dickie made him wait and stay.

His shining skin was soft and wet.
I poked him once to see him squirm.
And then Will said, "I wonder if
He knows that he's a worm."

And then we sat back on our feet
And wondered for a little bit.
And we forgot to dig our wells
Awhile, and tried to answer it.

[1]From *Under the Tree* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, New York: The Viking Press, Inc. Copyright, 1922, B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

And while we tried to find it out,
He puckered in a little wad,
And then he stretched himself again
And went back home inside the clod.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Strange Tree[1]

Away beyond the Jarboe house
I saw a different kind of tree.
Its trunk was old and large and bent,
And I could feel it look at me.

The road was going on and on
Beyond to reach some other place.
I saw a tree that looked at me,
And yet it did not have a face.

It looked at me with all its limbs;
It looked at me with all its bark.
The yellow wrinkles on its sides
Were bent and dark.

And then I ran to get away,
But when I stopped to turn and see,
The tree was bending to the side
And leaning out to look at me.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Water Noises[1]

When I am playing by myself,
And all the boys are lost around,
Then I can hear the water go;
It makes a little talking sound.

[1]From *Under the Tree* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, New York: The Viking Press, Inc. Copyright, 1922, B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Along the rocks below the tree,
I see it ripple up and wink;
And I can hear it saying on,
"And do you think? And do you think?"

A bug shoots by that snaps and ticks,
And a bird flies up beside the tree
To go into the sky to sing.
I hear it say, "Killdee, killdee!"

Or else a yellow cow comes down
To splash a while and have a drink.
But when she goes I still can hear
The water say, "And do you think?"

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

The Hens[1]

The night was coming very fast;
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church
And all the hens were on their perch,

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
A piece of a little purring word.

I stepped inside, waiting and staying,
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around,
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

[1]From *Under the Tree* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, New York: The Viking Press, Inc. Copyright, 1922, B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,
But nothing answered anything.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Miniver Cheevy

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
  Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
  And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
  When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
  Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
  And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
  And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
  That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
  And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
  Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
  Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
  And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;

He missed the mediæval grace
  Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
  But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
  And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
  Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
  And kept on drinking.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Cassandra[1]

I heard one who said: "Verily,
  What word have I for children here?
Your Dollar is your only Word,
  The wrath of it your only fear.

"You build it altars tall enough
  To make you see, but you are blind;
You cannot leave it long enough
  To look before you or behind.

"When Reason beckons you to pause,
  You laugh and say that you know best;
But what it is you know, you keep
  As dark as ingots in a chest.

"You laugh and answer, 'We are young;
  Oh leave us now, and let us grow.'—

[1]From *Collected Poems* of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Not asking how much more of this
  Will Time endure or Fate bestow.

"Because a few complacent years
  Have made your peril of your pride,
Think you that you are to go on
  Forever pampered and untried?

"What lost eclipse of history,
  What bivouac of the marching stars,
Has given the sign for you to see
  Millenniums and last great wars?

"What unrecorded overthrow
  Of all the world has ever known,
Or ever been, has made itself
  So plain to you, and you alone?

"Your Dollar, Dove and Eagle make
  A Trinity that even you
Rate higher than you rate yourselves;
  It pays, it flatters, and it's new.

"And though your very flesh and blood
  Be what your Eagle eats and drinks,
You'll praise him for the best of birds,
  Not knowing what the Eagle thinks.

"The power is yours, but not the sight;
  You see not upon what you tread;
You have the ages for your guide,
  But not the wisdom to be led.

"Think you to tread forever down
  The merciless old verities?

And are you never to have eyes
To see the world for what it is?

"Are you to pay for what you have
With all you are?"—No other word
We caught, but with a laughing crowd
Moved on. None heeded, and few heard.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

The Master

(*Lincoln*)

A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;

He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,

Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Flames

Prisoners in the dark of wood,
Fast in fibred solitude,
Passionate scarlet silken things—
Dancing daggered folk with wings—
Fettered children of the sun
Who would storm the sky and run
Flame-armed, uniformed with light,
Burning day and spurning night,
Exiled and deformed must lie
Locked in wood until they die . . .
Or until the blazing key
Of a match shall set them free;
Then in wild flash and amaze,
Freer for their dungeon days,
Up they quiver integral,
While their cells and fetters fall
Ashes. . . And they leap and run
Upward to their Lord, the sun.
(Pity, pity us who lie
Wooden flames until we die!)

E. Merrill Root

April Rabbit

In lunar pallor a rabbit sits;
He wrinkles his nose to wake his wits
With the fragrance of the lilac night.
His big round eyes are silly and bright;
He wears a delicate fawn-color blouse;
He is brown and quiet as a nesting grouse:
He sits and hides the dainty, pale,
Thistle-tuft of his little tail.

A tiny cloud and its shadows pass
Over the moon and over the grass . . .
Suddenly—listen! a soft pelt-pelt,
Like fairy thunder heard through felt:
A nervous rabbity thump-thump-thump
Out of a moonlit clover-clump . . .
And he's off to his tryst, with his jaunty tail
White as a little cobweb sail.

E. Merrill Root

The Caterpillar

Ah, that I too could go to sleep,
A caterpillar, in the Fall!
And build myself a silken bud,
An oval bud of olive wall!

Then like a tulip bud I'd lie
Unconscious of the frosty earth,
While the sure chemistry of life
Brought me, a stainless flower, to birth.

I'd rest and dream until I woke
In the bright season when earth spills
From seed and bud the open flowers—
The peach blooms and the daffodils.

E. Merrill Root

Sketch

The shadows of the ships
Rock on the crest
In the low blue lustre
Of the tardy and the soft inrolling tide.

A long brown bar at the dip of the sky
Puts an arm of sand in the span of salt.

The lucid and endless wrinkles
Draw in, lapse and withdraw.
Wavelets crumble and white spent bubbles
Wash on the floor of the beach.

Rocking on the crest
In the low blue lustre
Are the shadows of the ships.

Carl Sandburg

Chicago

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

Carl Sandburg

Lost

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

Carl Sandburg

The Harbor

Passing through huddled and ugly walls
By doorways where women
Looked from their hunger-deep eyes,
Haunted with shadows of hunger-hands,
Out from the huddled and ugly walls,
I came sudden, at the city's edge,
On a blue burst of lake,
Long lake waves breaking under the sun
On a spray-flung curve of shore;
And a fluttering storm of gulls,
Masses of great gray wings
And flying white bellies
Veering and wheeling free in the open.

Carl Sandburg

Fish Crier

I know a Jew fish crier down on Maxwell Street with a voice like a north wind blowing over corn stubble in January.

He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing a joy identical with that of Pavlowa dancing.

His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.

Carl Sandburg

Prayers of Steel

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls;
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.

Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue
nights into white stars.

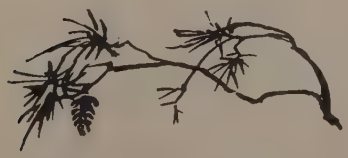
Carl Sandburg

Wind in the Pine

Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry
Of the tossing trees—
Rolling your windy tides across the sky,
And splashing your silver seas
Over the pine,
To the water-line
Of the moon.
Oh, I can hear you, God,
Above the wail of the lonely loon—
When the pine-tops pitch and nod—
Chanting your melodies
Of ghostly waterfalls and avalanches,
Swashing your wind among the branches
To make them pure and white.

Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze,
And your moon's wet-silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind and night,
And leave me clean and cool.

Lew Sarett



Off Rivière Du Loup

O ship incoming from the sea
With all your cloudy tower of sail,
Dashing the water to the lee,
And leaning grandly to the gale,

The sunset pageant in the west
Has filled your canvas curves with rose,
And jeweled every toppling crest
That crashes into silver snows!

You know the joy of coming home,
After long leagues to France or Spain
You feel the clear Canadian foam
And the gulf water heave again.

Between these somber purple hills
That cool the sunset's molten bars,
You will go on as the wind wills,
Beneath the river's roof of stars.

You will toss onward toward the lights
That spangle over the lonely pier,
By hamlets glimmering on the heights,
By level islands black and clear.

You will go on beyond the tide,
Through brimming plains of olive sedge,
Through paler shadows light and wide,
The rapids piled along the ledge.

At evening off some reedy bay
You will swing slowly on your chain,
And catch the scent of dewy hay,
Soft blowing from the pleasant plain.

Duncan Campbell Scott

Ballad of the Dolphin's Daughter

The dreaming ocean
    Stirred in the night
With swift slow breathing
    In the dim starlight

Where the dolphin's daughter
    Floated with the tide,
Her face thrown backward,
    Her arms spread wide,

Her small round breasts
    Gleaming coldly pale
Through a drift of seaweed
    Feathery and frail.

And a ship came looming
    Out of the night;
It touched the dark water
    With red and green light,

And a voice called out:
    "O dolphin's daughter,
Come sail with me
    On the curving water!"

And a voice called out:
    She never had seen
Than how the water trembled
    With red and green.

A thing more stately
    She never had known
Than the huge black prow
    Where phosphorus shone.

A thing more dreadful
She never could wish
Than to leave the safe water
And the smooth fair fish.

But she came in terror,
She came in pride,
And dark arms drew her
Up the ship's tall side.

The ship was floating
On an even keel,
And the smooth hard deck
Had a curious feel

Of something firm
In the restless motion
Of earth and wind
And sky and ocean.

"What is this fish
That swims so high,
Its tall fins reaching
To the thin windy sky?"

Said the dolphin's daughter.
And a dark voice stirred
From the bulk of shadow
That a dim face blurred.

"A thing half magic
And half a living thing,
A belly for treasure,
And for the wind, a wing!"

She felt him coming
Through the shadowy gloom,
And night grew narrow
Like a breathless room;

And as the water trembles
Before a sea-change,
Her cool wet body
Grew warm and strange.

With hurrying words
She broke the spell:
"Where is the treasure
That you hide so well?"

Down into the hold
Peered the dolphin's daughter—
She saw the ship filling
With black sea water

Shining like steel,
Quiet as death;
The sight of prisoned water
Snatched away her breath.

She fled to the prow
To dive back home
Through the deep green water
And the light white foam—

For she loved wild ocean
And the waves' mad thunder:
She looked . . . was frozen
With icy wonder . . . .

The sea from a doomed ship
That none can save
Looks cold as death
And black as the grave.

The sea from a doomed ship
Sinking in the night
Looks darkly evil
And bitterly bright.

The sea from a doomed ship
Leaving light and air
Looks wide as eternity
And deep as despair.

The rats came up
To leap and die;
The king of rats chittered
As he ran by:

"The figure of a mermaid
Stands in the bow;
We never had a figurehead
Here till now,

"We never had a figurehead
Staring at the sea . . . .
Close your eyes tight, rats,
And dive with me!"

And he leapt from the arm
Of the dolphin's daughter
Whose wide eyes stared
At the curving water.

Marjorie Allen Seiffert

The Mountainy Childer

Domenic Darragh walked the land
Wi' a mountainy child at either hand;
They were lean an' long an' big in the eyes
An' terrible hungry for their size.
"Now where did ye pick up *them?*" said I,
"An' you wi' six o' ye're own forbye."
" 'Twas up at the wee red lough," said he,
"That I found the two—or they found me;
They rose an' followed me down the track
An' sure I was feart to drive them back;
They give no tongue an' they're quare to see,
An' I don't know what they *are;*" said he.
"Would they eat," said I, "if I'd give them bread?"
An' Domenic laughed—"Is it eat?" he said,
"They would eat the two of us, heels an' head."
"It might be luck they would bring," said I.
"Och luck!" said he, "there's a week gone by
Since I've been roamin' by hill an' glen
To see could I find the mountainy men
Would take them back to their own again;
But never a one has crossed my way,
An' the childer follow me night an' day,
An' beyond the crack o' a laugh," said he,
"They haven't opened their lips to me.
My corn is ripe an' my turf's to store,
Yet I darena face to my own house door,
For who's to say but there'd ill befall
Wi' the like o' them in the house at all.
I'll be to travel the hills," said he,
"Till I lose the two—or they lose me —
An' och, dear knows when that will be."
I filled his pipe an' I gave him bread,
An' the good word deep in my heart I said
For the help o' one that walked in dread.

An' down the road they went, the three;
While the crack o' a laugh came back to me.

Elizabeth Shane

Grey Birches

We lead the life of desk and book, the life that fails and strives—
But oh! the little leaves of birch that ripple round our lives!

We pore upon the shadowed past, where all is said and done—
But oh! the little leaves of green, translucent in the sun!

We share the anguish of the world, the half-defeat, the fear—
But oh! the little leaves of birch that bring the glory near!

We wait in vain a leader's cry, we fall, exhausted, weak—
But oh! the little leaves of green that do not need to speak!

Margaret Sherwood

The Traveller

I've loops o' string in the place o' buttons, I've mostly holes for a shirt;
My boots are bust and my hat's a goner, I'm gritty with dust an' dirt;
An' I'm sittin' here on a bollard watchin' the China ships go forth,
Seein' the black little tugs come slidin' with timber booms from the North,
Sittin' an' seein' the broad Pacific break to my feet in foam . . .
Me that was born with a taste for travel in a back alley at home.

They put me to school when I was a nipper at the Board School down in the slums,
And some of the kids was good at spellin' and some at figures and sums;
And whether I went or whether I didn't they learned me nothin' at all,

Only I'd watch the flies go walkin' over the maps on the wall,
Strollin' over the lakes an' mountains, over the plains an' sea,—
As if they was born with a taste for travel . . . somethin' the same as me!

If I'd been born a rich man's youngster with lots o' money to burn,
It wouldn't ha' gone in marble mansions and statues at every turn,
It wouldn't ha' gone in wine and women, or dogs an' horses an' play,
Nor yet in collectin' bricks an' bracks in a harmless kind of a way;
I'd ha' paid my fare where I've beat my way (but I couldn't ha' liked it more!)
Me that was born with a taste for travel—the same if you're rich or poor.

I'd ha' gone bowlin' in yachts and rollin' in plush-padded Pullman cars,—
The same as I've seen when I lay restin' at night-time under the stars,
Me that have beat the ties and rode the bumpers from sea to sea.
Me that have sweated in stokeholds and dined off mouldy salt-horse and tea;
Me that have melted like grease at Perim and froze like boards off the Horn,
All along of a taste for travel that was in me when I was born.

I ain't got folks and I ain't got money, I ain't got nothing at all,
But a sort of a queer old thirst that keeps me movin' on till I fall,
And many a time I've been short o' shelter, and many a time o' grub,
But I've got away from rows o' houses, the streets, an' the corner pub—
And here by the side of a sea that's shinin' under a sky like flame,
Me that was born with a taste for travel, give thanks because o' the same.

Cicely Fox Smith

The March

I heard a voice that cried, "Make way for those who died!"
And all the coloured crowd like ghosts at morning fled;
And down the waiting road, rank after rank there strode,
In mute and measured march a hundred thousand dead.

A hundred thousand dead, with firm and noiseless tread,
All shadowy-grey yet solid, with faces grey and ghast,
And by the house they went, and all their brows were bent
Straight forward; and they passed, and passed, and passed, and passed.

But O there came a place, and O there came a face,
That clenched my heart to see it, and sudden turned my way:
And in the Face that turned I saw two eyes that burned,
Never-forgotten eyes, and they had things to say.

Like desolate stars they shone one moment, and were gone,
And I sank down and put my arms across my head,
And felt them moving past, nor looked to see the last,
In steady silent march, our hundred thousand dead.

J. C. Squire

And It Was Windy Weather[1]

Now the winds are riding by,
Clouds are galloping the sky,
And the trees are lashing their
Leafy plumes upon the air;
They are crying as they sway—
"Pull the roots out of the clay,
Dance away, O, dance away;
Leave the rooted place and speed
To the hill-side and the mead,

[1]From *Songs from the Clay* by James Stephens. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

To the roaring seas we go,
Chase the airy birds, and know,
Flying high, flying high,
All the freedom of the sky,
All the freedom of the sky."

James Stephens

The Master Mariner

My grandsire sailed three years from home,
And slew unmoved the sounding whale:
Here on a windless beach I roam
And watch far out the hardy sail.

The lions of the surf that cry
Upon this lion-colored shore
On reefs of midnight met his eye:
He knew their fangs as I their roar.

My grandsire sailed uncharted seas,
And toll of all their leagues he took:
I scan the shallow bays at ease,
And tell their colors in a book.

The anchor-chains his music made
And wind in shrouds and running-gear:
The thrush at dawn beguiles my glade,
And once, 'tis said, I woke to hear.

My grandsire in his ample fist
The long harpoon upheld to men:
Behold obedient to my wrist
A grey gull's-feather for my pen!

Upon my grandsire's leathern cheek
Five zones their bitter bronze had set:

Some day their hazards I will seek,
I promise me at times. Not yet.

I think my grandsire now would turn
A mild but speculative eye
On me, my pen and its concern,
Then gaze again to sea—and sigh.

George Sterling

The Madwoman of Punnet's Town

A swell within her billowed skirts
Like a great ship with sails unfurled,
The mad woman goes gallantly
Upon the ridges of her world.

With eagle nose and wisps of gray
She strides upon the westward hills,
Swings her umbrella joyously
And waves it to the waving mills.

Talking and chuckling as she goes
Indifferent both to sun and rain,
With all that merry company
The singing children of her brain.

L. A. G. Strong

Dallington Church

Clouds all tumbled and white,
Frowning clouds and gray:
Dallington high on the hilltop,
Dallington hears what they say.

"O I have come from the Channel."
"And I from the westward hill

Where Punnet's Town blinks at the sunset
Between a mill and a mill."

"I've showered on field and fallow
Till I'm empty and dry," says one.
"I scowled at the people of Cross-in-Hand,
And was driven away by the sun."

"And I have a hatful of hail."
"And I have a share of sleet:"
"So shall we go sailing to Battle
And rattle it down on their street?"

"O I am primed for a fight,
And if I can find one more
To challenge my path in the heaven
There'll be rumbles and flashes galore."

Clouds all tumbled and white
Frowning clouds and gray:
Dallington high on the hilltop
Dallington hears what they say.

L. A. G. Strong

The Old Postman

Here he sits who day by day
Tramped his quiet life away;
Knew a world but ten miles wide,
Cared not what befell outside.

Nor, his tramping at an end,
Has he need of book or friend.
Peace and comfort he can find
In the laneways of his mind.

L. A. G. Strong

Overflow

Hush!
With a sudden gush
As from a fountain, sings in yonder bush
The hermit thrush.

Hark!
Did ever lark
With swifter scintillations fling the spark
That fires the dark?

Again,
Like April rain
Of mist and sunshine mingled, moves the strain
O'er hill and plain.

Strong
As love, O Song,
In flame or torrent sweep through life along
O'er grief and wrong.

John Banister Tabb

Epitaph[1]

Serene descent, as a red leaf's descending
When there is neither wind nor noise of rain,
But only autumn air and the unending
Drawing of all things to the earth again:

So be it; let the snow sift deep and cover
All that was drunken once with light and air;
The earth will not regret her tireless lover,
Nor he awake to know she does not care.

Sara Teasdale

[1]From *Dark of the Moon* by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

The Flight[1]

We are two eagles
Flying together
Under the heavens,
Over the mountains,
Stretched on the wind.
Sunlight heartens us,
Blind snow baffles us,
Clouds wheel after us
Ravelled and thinned.

We are like eagles,
But when Death harries us,
Human and humbled
When one of us goes,
Let the other follow,
Let the flight be ended,
Let the fire blacken,
Let the book close.

Sara Teasdale

Foreknown[1]

They brought me with a secret glee
The news I knew before they spoke,
And though they hoped to see me riven,
They found me light as red leaves driven
Before the storm that splits an oak.

For I had learned from many an autumn
The way a leaf can drift and go,
Lightly, lightly, almost gay
Taking the unreturning way
To mix with winter and the snow.

Sara Teasdale

[1]From *Dark of the Moon* by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

On the Sussex Downs[1]

Over the downs there were birds flying,
Far off glittered the sea,
And toward the north the weald of Sussex
Lay like a kingdom under me.

I was happier than the larks
That nest on the downs and sing to the sky,
Over the downs the birds flying
Were not so happy as I.

It was not you, though you were near,
Though you were good to hear and see,
It was not earth, it was not heaven
It was myself that sang in me.

Sara Teasdale

Daisy

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

[1]From *Dark of the Moon* by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine:
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face,
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close:
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

Francis Thompson

To a Snowflake

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?

Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
"God was my shaper,
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind:—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

Francis Thompson

My Mother's House

"It's strange," my mother said, "to think
Of the old house where we were born.
I can remember every chink
And every board our feet had worn.

"It's gone now. Many years ago
They tore it down. It was too old,
And none too grand as houses go,
Not a new house, bought or sold.

"And so they tore it down. But we
Could talk about it still, and say
'Just so the kitchen used to be,
And the stairs turned in such a way.'

"But we're gone too now. Everyone
Who knew the house is dead and buried.
And I'll not last so long alone
With all my children grown and married.

"There's not a living soul can tell,
Except myself, just how the grass
Grew round the pathway to the well,
Or where the china-closet was.

"Yet while I live you cannot say
That the old house is quite, quite dead.
It still exists in some dim way
While I remember it," she said.

Eunice Tietjens

Going up to London

"As I went up to London,"
I heard a stranger say—
Going up to London
In such a casual way!
He turned the magic phrase
That has haunted all my days
As though it were a common thing
For careless lips to say.
As he went up to London!
I'll wager many a crown
He never saw the road that I
Shall take to London town.

When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and a thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.
And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorn down

As I go riding, riding
Up to London town.

Halting on a tall hill
Pied with purple flowers,
Twenty turrets I shall count,
And twice as many towers;
Count them on my finger-tip
As I used to do,
And half a hundred spires
Pricking toward the blue.
There will be a glass dome
And a roof of gold,
And a latticed window high
Tilting toward the western sky,
As I knew of old.
London, London,
They counted me a fool—
I could draw your skyline plain
Before I went to school!

Riding, riding downward
By many a silver ridge
And many a slope of amethyst,
I'll come to London Bridge—
London Bridge flung wide for me,
Horses drawn aside for me,
Thames my amber looking-glass
As I proudly pass;
Lords and flunkies, dukes and dames,
Country folk with comely names
Wondering at my steadfast face,
Beggars curtsying,
Footmen falling back a space;—
I would scarcely stay my pace
If I met the King!

If I met the King himself
He'd smile beneath his frown:
"Who is this comes travelling up
So light to London town?"

Riding, riding eagerly,
Thrusting through the throng,
(Travelling light, Your Majesty,
Because the way was long),
I'll hurry fast to London Gate,
(The way was long and I am late),
I'll come at last to London gate,
Singing me a song—
Some old rhyme of ancient time
When wondrous things befell.
And there the boys and girls at play,
Understanding well,
Quick will hail me, clear and sweet,
Crowding, crowding after;
Every little crooked street
Will echo to their laughter;
Lilting, as they mark my look,
Chanting, two and two,
Dreamed it, dreamed it in a dream
And waked and found it true!

Sing, you rhymes, and ring, you chimes,
And swing, you bells of Bow!
When I go up to London
All the world shall know!

Nancy Byrd Turner

Clay Hills[1]

It is easy to mould the yielding clay.
And many shapes grow into beauty
Under the facile hand.
But forms of clay are lightly broken;
They will lie shattered and forgotten
in a dingy corner.

But underneath the slipping clay
Is rock . . .
I would rather work in stubborn rock
All the years of my life,
And make one strong thing
And set it in a high, clean place,
To recall the granite strength
of my desire.

Jean Starr Untermeyer

Autumn[1]

(For my Mother)

How memory cuts away the years,
And how clean the picture comes
Of autumn days, brisk and busy;
Charged with keen sunshine.
And you, stirred with activity;
The spirit of these energetic days.

There was our back-yard,
So plain and stripped of green,
With even the weeds carefully pulled away
From the crooked, red bricks that made the walk.
And the earth on either side so black.

[1]From *Growing Pains* by Jean Starr Untermeyer, New York: The Viking Press, Inc. Copyright, 1918, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Autumn and dead leaves burning in the sharp air.
And winter comforts coming in like a pageant.
I shall not forget them:
Great jars laden with the raw green of pickles,
Standing in a solemn row across the back of the porch,
Exhaling the pungent dill;
And in the very center of the yard,
You, tending the great catsup kettle of gleaming copper
Where fat, red tomatoes bobbed up and down
Like jolly monks in a drunken dance.
And there were bland banks of cabbages that came by the wagon-load,
Soon to be cut into delicate ribbons
Only to be crushed by the heavy, wooden stompers.
Such feathery whiteness—to come to kraut!
And after, there were grapes that hid their brightness under a grey dust,
Then gushed thrilling, purple blood over the fire;
And enamelled crab-apples that tricked with their fragrance
But were bitter to taste.
And there were spicy plums and ill-shaped quinces,
And long string beans floating in pans of clear water
Like slim, green fishes.
And there was fish itself,
Salted, silver herring from the city . . .

And you moved among these mysteries,
Absorbed and smiling and sure;
Stirring, tasting, measuring,
With the precision of a ritual.
I like to think of you in your years of power—
You, now so shaken and so powerless—
High priestess of your home.

Jean Starr Untermeyer

Turn o' the Tide

The tide flows in to the harbour,—
The bold tide, the gold tide, the flood o' the sunlit sea,—
And the little ships riding at anchor,
Are swinging and slanting their prows to the ocean, panting
To lift their wings to the wide wild air,
And venture a voyage they know not where,—
To fly away and be free!

The tide runs out of the harbour,—
The low tide, the slow tide, the ebb o' the moonlit bay,—
And the little ships rocking at anchor,
Are rounding and turning their bows to the landward, yearning
To breathe the breath of the sun-warmed strand,
To rest in the lee of the high hill land,—
To hold their haven ánd stay!

My heart goes round with the vessels,—
My wild heart, my child heart, in love with the sea and the land,—
And the turn o' the tide passes through it,
In rising and falling with mystical currents, calling
At morn, to range where the far waves foam,
At night, to a harbour in love's true home,
With the hearts that understand!

Henry Van Dyke

Stain Not the Sky

Ye gods of battle, lords of fear,
Who work your iron will as well
As once ye did with sword and spear,
With rifled gun and rending shell,—
Masters of sea and land, forbear
The fierce invasion of the inviolate air!

With patient daring man hath wrought
A hundred years for power to fly;
And will you make his wingèd thought
A hovering horror in the sky,
Where flocks of human eagles sail,
Dropping their bolts of death on hill and dale?

Ah no, the sunset is too pure,
The dawn too fair, the noon too bright
For wings of terror to obscure
Their beauty, and betray the night
That keeps for man, above his wars,
The tranquil vision of untroubled stars.

Pass on, pass on, ye lords of fear!
Your footsteps in the sea are red,
And black on earth your paths appear
With ruined homes and heaps of dead.
Pass on to end your transient reign,
And leave the blue of heaven without a stain.

The wrong ye wrought will fall to dust,
The right ye shielded will abide;
The world at last will learn to trust
In law to guard, and love to guide;
And Peace of God that answers prayer
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air.

Henry Van Dyke

Jericho

Jericho, Jericho,
Round and round the walls I go
Where they watch with scornful eyes,
Where the captained bastions rise;
Heel and toe, heel and toe,
Blithely round the walls I go.

Jericho, Jericho,
Round and round the walls I go . . .
All the golden ones of earth
Regal in their lordly mirth . . .
Heel and toe, heel and toe,
Round and round the walls I go.

Jericho, Jericho,
Blithely round the walls I go,
With a broken sword in hand
Where the mighty bastions stand;
Heel and toe, heel and toe,
Hear my silly bugle blow.

Heel and toe, heel and toe,
Round the walls of Jericho . . .
Past the haughty golden gate
Where the emperor in state
Smiles to see the ragged show
Round and round the towers go.

Jericho, Jericho,
Round and round and round I go . . .
All their sworded bodies must
Lie low in their towers' dust . . .
Heel and toe, heel and toe,
Blithely round the walls I go.

Heel and toe, heel and toe,—
I will blow a thunder note
From my brazen bugle's throat
Till the sand and thistle know
The leveled walls of Jericho,
Jericho, Jericho, Jericho . . . . . .

Willard Wattles

"Shaggy"

Them mountains takes a long time to get used to,
And that there Shaggy is especial hard.
I useta feel like when I was a kid
And got sent up to see the Principal—
You know?—Like it knowed all they was to know
In books, or in my head, or anybody's;
And when them clouds would get along it's forrid
It looked so threat'nin' and tremenjous
I'd think, "Oh, Lord! Don't let it mash me! Don't!"

I run away from school in seventh grade,
And wouldn't never go back any more,
I was so skeered. And what a fool I was!
Because when I got big, I got to know him—
The Principal, I mean—and, like you'd guess,
He was the finest friend I ever had.
I got to understand that stren'th and all,
And feel how wonderful it was to bank on;
And seen them frowns that was so turrible
Would only come for cheap stuff, or for fakes.
And when I had a mess to straighten out,
I would just go and set down on his porch,
And hardly need to talk . . . Just settin' there
And feelin' all that stren'th so near and sure,
It made me quiet down, and think things straight.

Some friend! And when he died, I couldn't figger
How in the world I'd get along without him,
And never really did . . .
But now, old Shaggy—
You get me, what I mean? I sure thank God
I made myself bust through that scareyness,
Not run away . . . . You know them Bible words,
"The peace that passeth understandin' "? . . .
Well,
What do I need with churches, or with Bibles
When the long shadders creeps down Shaggy's side?

Whenever life looks like one dark, blind alley,
I just go to the window, and I tell you
It's just like I could take my hand, and stretch it
Acrost ten miles, and put it on the sleeve
Of Shaggy—Can I make you start to see? . . .

Oh, when you get a mountain for your friend! . . .

John V. A. Weaver

The Pigeon-Scarer

Every mornin' I useta watch and wonder,
While all them pigeons was flyin' around his head,
What was he doin' with that, now, fishin'-pole,
Funny and black-like, and the sky all red.

After a while, I thought he must be crazy:
Didn't he know they don't catch birds that way?
But still he done it, and I finely goes
Inta the bird-store, and I asts 'em, "Say,

"That dizzy gink there, 'way up on the roof,
What is he doin'? What's he tryin' to prove?"
They says he was a reg'lar pigeon-scarer,
And has to keep them pigeons on the move.

A pigeon is a lazy thing, you see?
They like to set around, and hate to fly;
But if you let 'em, then they clean forget
How flyin' is, and so get sick, and die.

Now ain't that funny? But I got to thinkin'
How Life is like that. And, you know, it seems
Troubles and things like those is pigeon-scarers,
And pigeons is your soul, or elset your dreams.

If everything goes right, they get all lazy,
And fat, and crawl around all weak and slack;
So then old pigeon-scarer comes along,
And pokes 'em up. And all the stren'th comes back

Into your dream-wings or your soul-wings—see?—
And—whish!—they leave the lazy parts of you
Down on the ground; and up, 'way up they go,
Up where it's clean, and beautiful, and blue . . .

But here's the sad part, when you come to think:
They sneak back to the place he chased 'em from.
Always they get back to the lazy ways—
Always the pigeon-scarer has to come . . . .

John V. A. Weaver

The Fish-Hawk

On the large highway of the awful air that flows
Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight screened
The sorrowful distances, he moved and had repose;
On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned
His steady body in long lapse of flight—and rose

Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,
Up the clear stair of the eternal sky, and stood

Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast,
Widened around him the enormous Solitude,
From the gray rim of ocean to the glowing west.

Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land
Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his throne
Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned
The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown
Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand—

The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,
Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored
Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair
Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her lord
And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,
Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way
Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud Might,
Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey
Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn
The sound of moving winds and waters was; the sea
Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim
Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly . . .
Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.

John Hall Wheelock

The Lion-House

Always the heavy air,
The dreadful cage, the low
Murmur of voices, where
Some Force goes to and fro
In an immense despair!

As through a haunted brain—
    With tireless footfalls
The Obsession moves again,
    Trying the floor, the walls,
Forever, but in vain.

In vain, proud Force! A might,
    Shrewder than yours, did spin
Around your rage that bright
    Prison of steel, wherein
You pace for my delight.

And O my heart, what Doom,
    What warier Will has wrought
The cage, within whose room
    Paces your burning thought,
For the delight of Whom?

John Hall Wheelock

Dutch Slumber Song

The little fields are very green,
And kine the little fields do keep.
Through many channels laid between
        Waters creep.

A stork goes stepping unto nest,
Goes stepping solemn like a king;
And red the west, and in the west
        White gulls wing.

Boats are floating all the night
Down the level waters black,
Boats that left by candle-light
        Have all come back.

They have cut the hay and bound it.
Poled along, the barge lags by.
Lazy duckweed winds around it
Lingeringly.

Fishes squatting in a row
Now have told their latest tale,
Now the flapping mills swing slow,
And words fail.

Good night, little fields so green,
Kine that little fields do keep,
Little country, brave and clean,
Half asleep.

Viola Chittenden White

The Tired Man

I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and dream;
But my wife is on the hillside,
Wild as a hill-stream.

I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and think;
But my wife is walking the whirlwind
Through night as black as ink.

O, give me a woman of my race
As well controlled as I,
And let us sit by the fire,
Patient till we die!

Anna Wickham

Road's End

Some day I shall go to Heaven, and be with my own people;
I shall be a little girl then, silent, with long brown ringlets
And quaint old-fashioned ways, and wondering eyes that are quiet. . . .
In Heaven is an old house, a house that I knew aforetime
(Not the house that I passed last week, so dingy and shrunken,
With the willows cut away, and so little a porch and garden—
Not that pitiful place? *My* house is safe in Heaven.

I shall go up the walk—a long way for little foot-steps—
And climb the steps that are high—steps scarcely made for children—
Passing the vines on the porch, and pulling a leaf as I pass them
From the branch that I always reached to, nearly stripped by my fingers. . . .
They will be waiting for me in the old stiff room by the lamplight
And I shall be quiet a little, so happy, because of returning
Back to the shelter of Heaven: to the old carved wood of the sofa
I had thought burned long ago; and the Parian vase, not broken,
And the faces I never can find found now, and smiling a welcome
Down on my speechless face; their arms will go out to hold me,
And they will say, "What is it? What troubles you, little dear one?"
And I will press more close against the kind arms around me
And tell them; "Only a dream, a dream I have almost forgotten,
Of being in many strange places, and never finding you, never,
Of things I did that were hard, and people who were not patient,
Of being tired, and strange people who praised me or mocked me or hated,
And I was too old for lilacs, or hollowing willow-whistles,
Or hearing voices say gently, 'Ah, well, she is only a child . . .'
A hard and dreary dream!" And the arms will hold me closer,
And I shall feel the kind eyes smile over my head through their glasses

To the other eyes that love me, half pride, half loving amusement;
"She was always a strange little child, with strange little thoughts, our dear one;
It was only a dream, my darling, and dreams are nothing, mean nothing;
You must play in the air to-morrow, and gather us bunches of flowers;
The grapes are purple now; you shall come and help us cut them.
When you went they were only blossoms. You have been too long from Heaven;
You are tired with the traveling here. You must sleep now, and sleep without dreaming."

So I shall lie in my bed with the soft low light above me
And the wrinkled hand over mine with the thin gold ring on its finger,
Hearing her murmured stories of long ago in the farmlands
When she was little as I: till lids fall over my eyes;
And I shall sleep in peace, knowing surely that I shall awaken
In Heaven, always in Heaven! where love is forever and ever. . . .

Some day I shall go to Heaven, and be with my own people.

Margaret Widdemer

The Old Road to Paradise

Ours is a dark Easter-tide,
And a scarlet Spring,
But high up at Heaven-Gate
All the saints sing,
Glad for the great companies
Returning to their King.

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose,
Dusk's an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn
Gay they wind and twist;
The old road to Paradise
Easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battlefields,
Few the roadways wind,
One to grief, one to death
No road that's kind—
The old road to Paradise
Plain it is to find!

(St. Martin in his Colonel's cloak,
St. Joan in her mail,
King David with his crown and sword—
None there be that fail—
Down the road to Paradise
They stand to greet and hail!)

Where the dark's a terror-thing,
Morn a hope doubt-tossed.
Where the lads lie thinking long
Out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again,
Long ago they lost:

Where the night comes cruelly,
Where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed forgotten ones
Whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battlefields
Comes to lead His own:

Souls that would have withered soon
In the hot world's glare,
Blown and gone like shriveled things,
Dusty on the air,
Rank on rank they follow Him,
Young and strong and fair!

Ours is a sad Easter-tide,
And a woeful day,
Yet high up at Heaven-Gate
The saints are all gay,
For the old road to Paradise,
That's a crowded way!

Margaret Widdemer

Outre Mer

I've never visited that land
Of slow sweet things
Beyond the sea;
Her shores with stores of memories rich and grand
Still wait for me;
Yet I need only close my eyes
And I can see
Her honey-colored planets rise in skies
Where day's delight to night still clings,
And shadows falling like a dream
Across some Andalusian stream
That sleeps and sings;

And I can feel the airs that steal
Like heavy bees above some garden wall
Where orange trees stand tall and all
Their gold reveal,
And watch the hours like flowers that bloom and fall
In old Castile.
O loveliness that must be Spain,
Why do you rise for me so plain
And call my fancy so?
Familiar always and all fair—
Is it because once long ago
I had a castle there?

Anne Goodwin Winslow

The Uncommon Man

The feathers in a fan
are not so frail as man;
the green embossèd leaf
than man is no more brief.
His life is not so loud
as the passing of a cloud;
his death is quieter
than harebells, when they stir.
The years that have no form
and substance are as warm,
and space has hardly less
supreme an emptiness.
And yet man being frail
does on himself prevail,
and with a single thought
can bring the world to naught,
as being brief he still
bends to his fleeting will
all time, to make of it
the shadow of his wit.

Soundless in life and death
although he vanisheth,
the echo of a song
makes all the stars a gong.
Cold, void, and yet the grim
darkness is hot with him,
and space is but the span
of the long love of man.

Humbert Wolfe

The Uncommon Woman

When the ancient ape and fish
mould man's spirit to their wish,
when the battle in the brain,
fought and won, is lost again,
when in fear or hate or rage
man disowns his heritage,
when the heart's imagining
plucks the angel by the wing,
and at the first defiling touch
the great white pinions wheel and clutch,
clutch and wheel, and with one great
impulse leave man desolate,
what remains? What prayer, what priest
can stay the empire of the beast?
What new legions can be hurled
into the breach to save the world?
But stay! a lantern in the dark,
and in the night a bugle, hark!
Have hope, my spirit! There appears
down the dark victorious years,
where man has fallen, cool and slim,
the captain God aneled for him.
Her beauty is the clarion
of the new armies sweeping on,

the trumpet-note whose echoes spill
from darkened hill to darkened hill.

And where the broken hosts have reeled
she lifts her courage like a shield,
lifts up her laughter like a sword,
and flings them back, released, restored,
bursting the ultimate night apart
with the artillery of her heart,
and, where the settled clouds were piled,
bearing the morning, like a child.

Humbert Wolfe

Pretty Words

Poets make pets of pretty, docile words:
I love smooth words, like gold-enameled fish
Which circle slowly with a silken swish,
And tender ones, like downy-feathered birds:
Words shy and dappled, deep-eyed deer in herds,
Come to my hand, and playful if I wish,
Or purring softly at a silver dish,
Blue Persian kittens, fed on cream and curds.

I love bright words, words up and singing early;
Words that are luminous in the dark, and sing;
Warm lazy words, white cattle under trees;
I love words opalescent, cool, and pearly,
Like midsummer moths, and honied words like bees,
Gilded and sticky, with a little sting.

Elinor Wylie

The Fiddler of Dooney[1]

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

William Butler Yeats

The Lake Isle of Innisfree[1]

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

[1]From *Poetical Works* of William Butler Yeats, Volume I. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

Song of a Factory Girl

It's hard to breathe in a tenement hall,
So I ran to the little park,
As a lover runs from a crowded ball
To the moonlit dark.

I drank in clear air as one will
Who is doomed to die,
Wistfully watching from a hill
The unmarred sky.

And the great trees bowed in their gold and red
Till my heart caught flame;
And my soul, that I thought was crushed or dead,
Uttered a name.

I hadn't called the name of God
For a long time;
But it stirred in me as the seed in sod,
Or a broken rhyme.

Marya Zaturenska

The Poet

I take what never can be taken,
  Touch what cannot be;
I wake what never could awaken,
  But for me.

I go where only winds are going,
  Kiss what fades away;
I know a thing too strange for knowing,
  I, the clay.

Haniel Long

Notes

Notes

Page 1. Continuity. All things pass, yet Life, directed by the Great Artist, goes on in new forms. While life endures in man or in flower, God's thought lives in it, and out of each death He shapes new beauty.

Page 2. Carrowmore. The world of fairy, the land of youth and eternal beauty, calls the dreamer from a world that is weary and failing. Read the poem for the richness of music and suggestion.

The Hazel Tree. Sacred in Gaelic legend.

Colleen. Girl, maiden.

The Land of Youth. Tir-na-n-og, according to Celtic tradition the land of youth and immortal happiness.

Page 3. Music I Heard. This poem has a serene nobility. The thought is expressed in words that anyone might use in speech, yet notice how effective the simplicity of the words and phrases makes the poem: "Now that I am without you"; "Your hands once touched this table"; "I have seen your fingers hold this glass"; "And in my heart they will remember always."

Page 3. The Cornet. The scene and the people are commonplace. A tired cornet player listlessly watches a vaudeville dancer. Suddenly it is not she whom he sees. Through her, there come to him, from beyond her, youth and spring and fairyland. The cheap scene about him vanishes. "He felt this place dissolving into living darkness, and through the darkness he felt his childhood rise."

Page 4. A Portrait by Hiroshigi. This is based upon a Japanese legend told by Lafcadio Hearn, who knew and loved Japanese

folk-tales. What happens is this: The poet carries home the portrait of a beautiful lady painted by the famous artist, Hiroshigi. He looks at it till he finds that he loves this lady, though he knows she has long been dead. He would die from the sorrow of this hopeless love, but a wise man tells him secrets of magic, and he carries out all the steps of these powerful enchantments, and kneels before the portrait. Then the lady comes to life, and steps down to him, and they live forever together, wonderfully, even after death.

The story seems to be told simply, but see how perfectly the form fits every mood. Notice how the metrical form shifts, sometimes with hurrying syllables that can hardly be scanned. (Compare de la Mare's *The Listeners,* page 89.) Find some of these lines. The poet never forgets he is telling a story, never lets it stop while he describes scenes or writes about feeling. The poem has an odd, quick-slipping fluidity, like flute-music.

Page 5. *Lover.* Used, as in old-time poetry, of the woman (not of the man, as we commonly use it).

Page 7. *Archimage* (är'ki-māj). A great magician, or wizard.

Page 8. The Monk Is Judas. This is from a longer poem, *The Jig of Forslin.* In this poem, Forslin, the central figure, slips, in a half-waking dream, into other men's spirits and sees their lives from within. Suppose that one leaf on a tree were able, being a part of the life of the whole tree, to pass into the life and feelings of any other leaf on that tree. Now suppose that, in the same way (since all human souls perhaps grow out of one universal soul, as the leaves grow out of one tree)—suppose that one soul may slip into the life and feeling of any of its brother souls throughout the whole world and throughout all time. It is in this way that Forslin passes into the life and consciousness of Peter, a young Italian monk who betrays his vows by throwing a kiss to a pretty girl. And this monk, overcome with remorse, passes into the soul of Judas Iscariot, whose kiss was the means of the greatest and most terrible betrayal.

"Now one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the

chief priests, and said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him (Christ) unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him. And lo, Judas . . . came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves. . . . Now he that betrayed him gave them this for a sign, saying, Whomever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus and kissed him. . . . But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?

"Then Judas . . . repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? See thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself." (New Testament, from *Matthew* and *Luke,* combined.)

In reading this poem, notice particularly the changes in tone and manner. The metrical form changes little, but the treatment is greatly varied—now fast, now slow; now plodding, now singing; matching the spirit of the moment. The poem has the quality that makes this poet's work individual, an original mingling of usual and unusual, of everyday and unreal. He gets strange effects through simple means, uniting common words in novel fashions, and soaring suddenly into lyric flights. Sometimes the rhythm is broken, to make a singing passage flash out by contrast.

The speaker in the first lines is Forslin himself. Hardly has he, in the first eight lines, made us feel that each man is one with a million men, before he slips into Brother Peter's soul. Later, on page 12, with the words, "I alone of the chosen few," he enters into the soul of the guilty Judas.

Page 8. *You do not think,* etc. See the explanation (above) of Forslin's part in other men's lives.

The cloister shade. The scene is a monastery in Fiesole (Fyĕ'zo-lā), a city of Italy.

Small Judas petals. The "Judas tree," from which tradition says that Judas hanged himself, is used symbolically throughout the

poem. It is a small tree blooming early in spring with bright, purplish-pink blossoms. See the closing lines of the poem.

Page 9. *Fior de Ginestra.* Flower of the broom, a bright yellow blossom of the European spring.

Page 12. *I alone,* etc. He passes abruptly into the feeling that he has been Judas; he seems to enter the past and the man's guilty soul.

Page 13. *Pharisees.* A Jewish group, hostile to Jesus.

Sanhedrin. The supreme council of the Jews, also hostile to Jesus.

Staves shall blossom, etc. A wonderful lyric passage.

Page 14. *They have climbed the hill they call the Skull.* The place near the city of Jerusalem where Jesus was crucified. The Hebrew name for the hill was *Golgotha* (gŏl'goth-à), and the Latin name, *Calvaria,* from which comes our word, *Calvary;* both are words meaning "a skull."

The earth rocks. Darkness and earthquake are said to have followed the crucifixion.

Page 15. *This blossoming leafless tree.* The Judas tree blossoms before it puts forth leaves.

The poems by Conrad Aiken have marked characteristics. He uses common words about common things, but he sees these common things in new patterns and his imagination soars up in unexpected flights. The rhythms are varied; often the swing is deliberately broken to make the lines following sing out by contrast. His work shows a modern tendency; we not only understand a *meaning,* but we *feel,* more than in some poetry, an impression of mood and color.

Page 15. Moments. The speaker once looked forward to the time when moments of triumph, which came so rarely, would be his continuously. What different truth has time taught him? Why is he contented without "timeless happiness"?

The first four lines and the last six are evenly long, like a quiet prologue and calm conclusion. The lines between are less regular. Why are some so short? Read them aloud, making a longer pause

after each short line. What do these short lines match in the feeling? Do they correspond with breaks in the thought? Are any just for emphasis, to let you think over the line just finished, or to keep you waiting for the new line that is to come? You may find instances of all of these. Note that the gradual lengthening of the lines gives a feeling of coming peace. In the last lines there swells out a note of triumph.

Notice the forceful little touches: "when the stars lean near," "careless, flaming song," "where deathless shepherds lie." What is the thought in "rare and brief as desert flowers"?

What, to you, is the meaning of the last line, "Tears are real tears while we can laugh to-morrow"? Think it out in connection with the lines just before it.

Page 16. *Aeons.* Endless ages.

Page 16. The Buzzards. Buzzards, both English and American (these are English), fly with a soaring, level-winged flight, much like eagles, drifting over the plains below. This poem suggests limitless space. The long lines fit the slow, stately flight. (Compare *The Flight,* page 235, *The Wild Duck,* page 168, *The Fish-Hawk,* page 250.)

Page 17. *Rosy burned the heather.* Heather shows broad spaces of rose-purple blossom.

Page 17. The Great Galleon. The "invincible" Armada from Spain came sailing up the channel to subdue Elizabeth's England. But Drake's ship met them, and defeated by him and by tempest, the ships of the Armada were scattered in every direction, some as far as the north of Scotland. To the west of Scotland, in Tobermory Bay in the island of Mull, one great galleon sank, and there she still lies. There was talk of raising her, but the poet feels that the old Spanish lords and seamen would rather rest undisturbed under the green sea.

Give the lines their full roll and swing. (For the meter, see page 325.) Do you like the repetition of the last line? What other poems have such a refrain? Do you know Poe's *The Raven?*

Our most Christian king. Philip of Spain, who sent out the Armada.

Culverin. An ancient cannon.

Barnacles. Wart-like shellfish that grow upon objects submerged in the ocean.

Conger. A large eel.

Page 18. *Hidalgos of Valladolid* (hĭ-dăl′gōz of Val′ya-tho-leeth″). Noblemen of a province of Spain.

Page 18. Three Things. What made each of the "three common things" significant to the speaker?

Page 19. A Blackbird Suddenly. In what sense is "Heaven my hand" and how can I "touch a heart-beat of the sky"? The first two lines of the second stanza give the poem "wings."

Page 20. The Lost One. Dr. Jekyll (in the famous story, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*) had two selves. Perhaps we have more than two. Are we keeping alive the self that is best and most worth saving?

Page 20. Possessions. What do we treasure that may be likened to the child's spool and piece of string? Why do you find this view of death comforting?

Connoisseur (kŏn-ĭ-sûr′). One who is well versed in a subject, particularly a judge of the fine arts.

Page 21. The Rain-Pool. Why "wary" stars? In what sense do they "come down" to us? What do they bring us?

Page 24. What Is the Spirit? This poem is compressed in thought. Study each couplet, reading it thoughtfully. "Star in clay," "dream within the dust," "song within the dark": how does each phrase fit and explain "spirit"?

As cloudlets down the sky. Think how swiftly and lightly they pass, melting as they go, leaving no trace of their path.

We are our longing. Not what we are, but what we aspire to be —that is how we want those who love us to remember us.

Page 25. *That folded quietness.* Is this defeat, or the peace of victory? And to what new longing (of seraphim) does the soul go on?

Page 25. The View at Gunderson's. The poet selects a strange list of objects. What is he trying to picture?

Page 26. *Gaard.* A Norwegian word meaning the "farmland."

Fjord (*fyord*). A long, narrow bay between mountain walls.

Balsam. The fir-balsam, which we know as a Christmas tree.

Page 27. Tarantella. A *tarantella* is a lively dance. Read the poem to bring out the jump and jingle of the lines. Imagine Spanish castanets clapping. The short lines echo the sense. Why does the break occur after line 28? What change is there in time, in feeling? What difference is there in the way you read these lines? Why?

Tedding. Spreading to dry, as hay.

Page 28. The Rebel. The world in its history has sometimes built up walls against men's freedom and happiness, walls of oppression and pitiless tradition, founded upon "dead men's bones." Against these "walls" there have arisen daring rebels for the right, like Samuel Adams or Patrick Henry. So, in reading this poem, do not think of rebellion against just laws or a country that deserves loyalty, but of rebels who have stood up for the right, who have "battled down proud oppressors" from their seats, to give their land freedom. This hymn may be filled with hate, but it is hate of the noble sort that springs forth, as Carlyle says, in answer to injury to those we love, in answer to wrongs against ideals we worship, in defiance of sins against justice and humanity.

Page 29. "She Wandered After Strange Gods." Suppose you could catch and mount a fairy steed, could master and bridle the

poet's imagination and vision. Would this bring you happiness? Might not the thing you had done bring you only ruin? Might not this wild vision lay waste all your ordered life and wreck the peacefulness of your dreams? Yet, for all the ruin, would you wish that you had failed to win?

What lines and what words give the atmosphere of fairyland and fantasy? Read Keats' poem, *La Belle Dame sans Merci,* and see how the two poems are alike in manner, and in the whole impression. Keats' poem ends,

"And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing."

The "wandering loon" has a strange uncanny cry.

Page 30. The Witch's House. You may not believe in witches. Your great-great-grandfathers did, and the shudder of their belief still stirs in your bones.

Page 31. Resurrection. This poem begins with harsh, hard, ugly reality, a wet, miserable night, mud and slime. Then, like an explosion, leaps up the reaction, the spirit's splendid resurrection. Notice the vivid phrases and word-pictures.

The sky clouds towered, boss on boss of a black shield. Look up the word "boss." What picture do these lines make?

Page 32. *Crossed the run.* Crossed the stream in a hollow.

Page 33. *After speech that flapped like birds.* Why did their speech move slowly at first?

Deus vult. God willing.

The Tower Difficult. The obstacle to be overcome.

Tartary; Trebizond; Alicant; the Topaz Sea. These are all "names of wonder," names meant to suggest wonderful experiences in far-off romantic places. Notice how, at the end, the poem quiets down, with a pleasant weariness, into peace and sleep.

Eh bien (eh byăn′). A French expression translated, in this

case, as "Oh, well . . .," and accompanied, inevitably, by a shrug of the shoulders.

Page 34. Merchants from Cathay. Cathay and Chan and Isfahan suggest wonderful experiences in far-off, romantic places, lands of spices and treasures. Never mind maps. Here come strange merchants pounding along out of the Orient, bringing the marvels of the Arabian Nights. The lilting music of the lines is a little like that in "The Wearing of the Green."

The little comments (*glosses*) at the side, as in *The Ancient Mariner,* give a quaint old-time effect, and make you sure that this is but a fantasy, half nonsensical, and altogether delightful.

Catch. A kind of merry song.

Page 35. *Barbican.* A fortified gate in city walls.

Orfrayes (or orphreyes). Gold embroideries.

Page 36. Mid-Ocean. The sea never looks so wide as when it is perfectly calm. The meter is a little like that of the poem preceding, but the effect is different. Why?

Page 37. *We've crossed it.* "It" is the equator.

Page 37. Mad Blake. William Blake, an English poet (1757-1827), had a spirit in advance of his age. His genius was as erratic and perplexing as Poe's. His mind was of so visionary and excitable a type that it came close to the border line of sanity, but what a sense of delight this power to see visions must have brought him! What does the writer of this poem envy him? If a man saw truth denied to those about him, would he not seem insane, at least to them?

A treeful of angels. Blake's biographers record many such visions. (The place, Peckham Rye, is of no importance.)

The tiger's mighty heart. This refers to Blake's poem *The Tiger,* which you should not miss reading.

The asides of God. God's meditations addressed to Himself, referring, of course, to Blake's very human depiction of the Deity.

Pandora-box. If you do not know the story of Pandora, look it up in a collection of tales of mythology.

Page 38. John Winter. What ails John Winter? Follow this story of struggle between love for home and love for the sea.

Page 41. A New Hampshire Boy. "Again, the devil took him (Christ) up into an exceedingly high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them, and said unto him, all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

What temptation do cities and their opportunities for wealth and power set before the soul? What price must one pay?

Monadnock. A mountain in New Hampshire. As the poet stands there, with the world spread below, he thinks of that other exceedingly high mountain and of the devil's offer.

Page 42. A Passer-By. This poem combines a modern spirit with words slightly reminiscent of an earlier period. What does the ship look like? Where is it going? In what sense has the prow's line "a nostril curve"?

Page 42. The Fair Brass. Such reclining representations (effigies) of brass are common in ancient English churches. They are placed where they are trodden upon by those that pass. Some have great artistic beauty. Note the compression and force of the short stanzas and short lines.

Page 45. The Soldier and **Oh! Death Will Find Me, Long Before I Tire.** These two poems have a special significance because the man who wrote them died in the World War. A man of remarkable charm and of unusual talent, Brooke looked forward to the possibility of death with a dignity that makes these poems a fit elegy for him and for his comrades. The patriotism and the love are not patriotism and love as we commonly know them. They get depth and intensity from the sense of imminent death.

Notice the combined dignity of feeling and naturalness of the words: "One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind blowing," "Most individual and bewildering ghost," "And turn and toss your brown delightful head." Compare *Music I Heard* on page 3.

These poems are called "sonnets," a form which is discussed on page 332. Of what type is each of these sonnets? Why is the type chosen for each fitted to the aim and character of the poem? Compare them with other sonnets in this book.

Page 46. *Stygian tide.* Pertaining to the river Styx, which, in Greek mythology, had to be crossed to enter the land of the dead.

Page 46. The Old Vicarage, Grantchester. This poem was written in Germany, before the World War. Note the trivial, intimate recollections, the sort that are most real to one who is far away.

Grantchester has its own opinion of its neighbors, of Cambridge, and Royston, and Ditton, and the rest. And Brooke, in far-off Germany, likes to run over all the old sayings that tell how much better his own town is. Each old place-name and old jest delights, yet hurts, for with it comes the thought, "It is all going on . . . *there,* and I am here!"

Du lieber Gott! (Du leeber Gott). Thou dear God.

Page 47. *Temperamentvoll* (tem-per-ä-ment'fol). German for "high-spirited."

Where das betreten's not verboten (däs bā-trā'tĕns . . .fer-bō'tĕn). An English-German mixture meaning "where there are no (German) 'no-trespassing' signs."

Naiad. Waternymph.

Faun; Goat-foot. Forest deities of the ancients.

Cambridge is associated with Byron ("his ghostly Lordship"), who swam the Hellespont, and with Chaucer and Tennyson.

Page 50. *Anadyomene* (ăn'a-dī-ŏm'e-nē). Venus rising from the sea.

Page 51. A Song of Living. Some are so weary of life that they are willing to die. In this poem we hear from one who has

lived fully and so wonderfully that she has gained all that life has to give, and now she faces death with no sorrow.

Page 51. Night Is the Time! Why is night wonderful? The sounds and the sights are the same as those of day, but there are spaces and silences for reflection. Notice how each couplet (pair of lines) makes a compact bit of intense thought.

Page 55. Honeycomb. The meter has an odd, African, hovering quality, like negro music. "Yo baby" means "the girl you love."

Think over the good things the singer is imagining. Read the poem with a negro intonation, making all of the consonants soft and musical. Compare *The Return,* page 198.

Why is the whole poem enclosed in marks of quotation? Who is represented as speaking?

Page 56. The Ships of Yule. Feel the rich association of words and names: *amulets, Samarcand, sandalwood, elephants, ivory* and *Zanzibar.*

Fundy. A bay on the coast of Nova Scotia. (Bliss Carman was a Canadian.)

Page 60. A Vagabond Song. The long lines with shorter lines between give a swift motion. In what sense can the scarlet of the maples "shake" one "like the cry of bugles"? In what sense do asters look "frosty" and "like a smoke upon the hills"?

Bliss Carman's poetry is delicate, dreamy, almost misty, yet vigorous in feeling. Notice how soft and smooth and musical it is, how one glides from line to line. There is always the spirit of open air and wavering light.

Page 62. Magari. The theme is from a Provençal (South of France) folk-song, *Magali,* by Mistral. The lover pictures his loved one in many images, and tells how he will win her in each.

Work out the idea in each stanza. (The Provençal song is set to a graceful melody.)

Page 63. Spanish Johnny. This is a recollection of childhood on the southwestern (Mexican) border. What two sides has Johnny's character? What is meant by "the night before he swung"? What is meant by "before the Road came in"? What "road" changed the old Southwest, in the nineteenth century?

Page 64. The Palatine. Once Rome ruled the world. The palace of the Caesars stood on its Palatine hill. The poem tells of the messenger who brings to far-off Britain (already conquered by the Saxons) the news that Rome and Caesar have passed away. But why should happy farm lads, in their far-off land, grieve for that?

Page 65. "Grandmither, Think Not I Forget." What do you think has been the story? What understanding has it brought?

Willa Cather is best known as a novelist. She has written few poems, but they have intensity and a vivid sense of reality. Read her novel, *My Antonia,* a story of pioneers on the western plains.

Page 68. Lepanto. The author of this poem, Gilbert K. Chesterton, is among the most brilliant of modern English writers. He has written many essays, some stories and fantasies and plays, besides a number of poems. Many people consider *Lepanto* one of the most remarkable poems written by a contemporary author. Vachel Lindsay's well-known poem, *The Congo,* recalls this rhythm.

The sea battle of Lepanto was fought in 1571, when Shakespeare was young. In this battle, Don John (or Juan) of Austria, a minor and unhonored son of royalty, was in command of the forces that fought off the Mohammedan peril threatening Europe. This "nameless" prince won a glorious victory, delivering Christendom and crushing the Turkish forces. The battle is interesting historically because it was the last encounter on a large scale of

fleets of galleys, and because it is called "the last Crusade." A more detailed account of the battle of Lepanto will be found in an encyclopedia. It will be noticed that the poet has elaborated upon the historical aspects of the conflict in this stirring ballad. Do not pay too much attention to the historical references, for you may miss the finest thing about the poem, its glorious rhythm and triumphant trumpet-call, "Don John of Austria shouting to the ships!" Read it all aloud and bring out the roll and rhythm.

The metrical form is the irregular, varied, four-beat type explained on page 325. Make feet (groups) not on a basis of *two* syllables, but of *four:*

Not Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
but Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds.

And the short lines have the same number of heavy accents, rolled out slowly. The shortest lines (in pairs) may be combined into one long line:

Vivat Hispania, Domino gloria.

In other lines, one finds such effects as:

Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums

"Strong gongs" and "torchlight" are what the Romans would have called "spondees," feet of two long syllables.

The Soldan of Byzantium. An old title for the Sultan of Constantinople. The fleet of the Turks had sailed up the Adriatic, endangering Venice, the "Lion of the Sea."

The Pope has cast his arms abroad, etc. Pope Pius V was instrumental in uniting the forces of Europe against the Turks.

The shadow of the Valois. Henry III of France.

Golden Horn. The harbor of Constantinople.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard. Here we catch clearly the drum-beat of the rhythm that throbs through the poem.

Tuckets. Flourishes on the trumpet.

Love-light of Spain—hurrah! Shout out these lines.

Page 69. *Mahound.* Mohammed.

Houri. A nymph of the Mohammedan paradise.

Azrael; Ariel; Ammon. Angels and spirits of oriental mythology.

Solomon. In oriental legends, a mighty magician, master of genii and evil angels.

Giaour (jour). A word applied by Turks to unbelievers, especially Christians.

Page 70. *Kismet.* Fate.

Richard; Raymond; Godfrey. Leaders of the Crusades.

Iberia. Spain.

Alcalar. A town in Spain.

St. Michael. The saint, according to legend, appeared on a mountainous island off the coast of Cornwall.

Domino gloria. Glory to the Lord!

King Philip's in his closet. Philip of Spain waits fearfully, plotting against his enemies.

Page 71. *The Pope was in his chapel.* The Pope watches in anxious vigil to learn the fate of Christendom.

Page 72. *Vivat Hispania!* Long live Spain!

Cervantes. Cervantes, who took part in this battle, later wrote *Don Quixote.*

Page 74. To Francis Ledwidge. See the poems by Francis Ledwidge in this volume (page 149). Do you find in them the man praised here? What did the man described in this poem love and look for in life?

Page 75. Three Thoughts of My Heart. Hilda Conkling is the daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, three of whose poems are

included in this volume. She wrote *Three Thoughts of My Heart* (and the two poems that follow) when a child.

Page 78. Juan Quintana. A poem of the arid Southwest. Madness is treated not from the tragic side, nor the hideous side, nor is it made pathetic or comic. One merely understands how old Juan feels. Suppose you were illustrating the poem. What picturing details do you find to put into your illustration? Which details make his madness plain?

Juan Quintana (Hoo-an' Kin-tah'nah).

Muchacho (moo-tchah'tchō). A boy.

Page 79. Babel. The builders of the tower of Babel aimed, and built, too high, and their tower came toppling down. The poem suggests the extension of the idea to more than literal building, to all who plan too high. And if one's own ambitions have failed, one can understand and honor the work of others whose towers stand.

Lecturns. The tables on which the construction plans were spread.

Gaping of a buttress. The meaning is that things were "giving 'way." It was time to escape.

Campaniles. High towers.

Gizeh. The great pyramid.

Wall of China. One of the gigantic achievements of builders, begun in 214 B.C.

Page 80. The Bon Homme Richard. The *Bon Homme Richard* (named in honor of Franklin) was the ship in which John Paul Jones won his great sea-fight off Flamborough Head (on the coast of Yorkshire, England), in the War of the Revolution. The ship was so injured in the battle that Jones and his men changed over to the ship they captured, leaving the *Bon Homme Richard* to sink. The poet feels that the lost ship, a monument to so great a victory, should be raised and preserved.

The body of John Paul Jones was removed, long after his death,

to Annapolis, Maryland. Some of Perry's fleet (those ships with which he won the "Battle of Lake Erie" in the War of 1812) were salvaged, and the dead of the *Shannon,* the British ship that defeated the American *Chesapeake* off Boston in the same war, were honored.

Nathalia Crane is, like Hilda Conkling (page 75), a young writer. But this poem shows no sign of immaturity; it is firm and strong, with a magical use of words.

Winches. Windlasses, for hoisting weights.

Carronades. Short, light cannon.

The Dogger. A great shoal in the North Sea, where the ship lies.

Djinns. Supernatural beings, the sort one finds in the *Arabian Nights.*

Page 82. The Happy Child. The child and the man walked through the same world, yet the things they saw and heard and felt were totally different. Why? Read Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,* stanzas v, vi, vii, and viii, and see how he expresses the same idea, that people as they grow older lose childhood's power to see and enjoy. An appreciation of poetry can help to keep this power.

Page 82. Trees. What do the people all look for in the city? What does the author look for? Why does he prefer his tree, and what does he get from it?

Page 83. Strong Moments. When is one most himself? Those moments are not when he is engaged in idle pleasures, but when his heart is deeply stirred by pity for others. These are life's "strong moments."

The four poems by this author are much alike, all colored with his personality. What are his characteristics? What type of mind has he? What interests him in life? What do you think of his manner of expression? Does it suit his purpose?

Page 84. Souls. We do not see much sign of "shining soul" in most people we meet, in street-cars, for instance. But behind "dull and foolish" faces go souls "clad in gorgeous things," radiant with Eternity.

Page 85. Tartary. Compare *Merchants from Cathay,* page 34.

Page 86. Sam. Through this fantastic tale you catch the mystery of the sea stirring under moonlight. Sam's vividly painted picture of "wallowing, moon-flecked waves" and such unschooled phrases as "solitudinous sea" and "that there lonely bay" make the story seem very real to us.

Note the hurrying, uneasy lines, such as "Would dance and come tumbling into the moon." See the note on *The Listeners,* below, where we find this same individual quality.

Page 87. Alone. The meter has an odd catch, and the words make up a delicate harmony. Should this poem make you pity yourself because you will some day be old, or make you understand and sympathize with old people you know?

Page 88. Rachel. This is a glimpse of two lives, going on together, but years apart in age. She sings to her boy of hope, to herself of memory.

Page 89. The Listeners. Someone rides up to the door of a lonely house, by moonlight, and halts and calls, and waits for an answer. Within the haunted house are listeners, strange presences, that keep silence. The rider goes away. This poem seems a symbol of the many things in the world that we do not understand. The long lines, with their hurrying syllables, give an uncanny atmosphere.

If anyone offers you a "rational" explanation of this poem, do not take it too seriously. To explain a poem like this is as futile as to cut a hole in a drum to find out what makes the noise!

Walter de la Mare has an unusually vivid and fanciful imagination and a manner that is light and delicate and spiritual. His poems move in an atmosphere of fairyland and magic. If you like these poems, look for more of his work.

Page 91. Distance. What does the writer care about in this picture she is painting? What interests her? Why is the poem called "Distance"? Who are far away? From what?

Page 92. There's a Sound of Drums and Trumpets. Here is a poem aggressively modern in form. The author omits capitals and punctuation. What do you think he hopes to gain by this peculiarity? Is it a mere whim? Might not "Run run run" feel faster than "Run, run, run"? See how he describes, by snatching bright bits of fact, "the glittering brass band," "nose against the glass," "white and yellow cakes," "blue striped tunic." Try to find out how his descriptions resemble some very modern paintings, those by Matisse, for instance.

Page 93. Rain Slants on an Empty Square. Why does the poet use *slants?* Why not merely *falls?* The difference gives you a secret of vividness in art. In what land or what sort of land is the scene laid? Note all the details and then see what part, or parts of the world they fit. Would this poem describe New York, or Chicago, or Boston?

Page 94. The Song of the Bow. This poem recalls the days of Robin Hood, when every English lad could draw a good bow, and when English archers laid low the pride of French chivalry. Conan Doyle, the writer of the poem, has written novels describing those days. Read his *Sir Nigel* and *The White Company.*

The rhythm is strong, manly, and energetic. Notice the effective repetitions, of *bow, wood,* and *yew-tree,* for instance. A spirit of patriotism runs through the poem.

Yew-trees. A European tree, cultivated especially in church

yards; its heavy, fine-grained wood is prized for cabinet work, bows, etc.

Goose-feather. A device made of a goose-feather, used to "rifle" the arrow and make it fly straight.

Mark. What "mark" over-sea is meant? In what sense do bow-strings "harp"?

Page 95. *Dale.* Valley. *Fell.* Rocky hill.

Page 95. Songs. I. This first song begins by telling that you cannot catch the reflected star or the color of the hillsides. To what idea (in the third stanza) does it lead? What is the lover unable to capture? Why not?

II. How is the thought different from that of the first song?

III. In what lies the wonder of the thrush's song? What do the last two lines mean?

Page 96. And This Vast Shadow, Night. The poem sings of night in open, lonely country, the sky black and immense and mysterious, all the blacker for its stars. Why does the poet say that this vast shadow, Night, "purrs"? The meter used here, the third line of four feet, the rest of three, is one that becomes jingly unless handled with skill. Notice how the writer manages here to keep the effect rich and strong and dignified.

Page 97. Nunc Dimittis. Compare this poem with *A Song of Living,* page 51, or with Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar,* which is not in this collection.

Nunc dimittis. The beginning of the hymn, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." From *Luke* 2:29.

Page 98. Harbury. This reminds one of Kipling's *Last Chantey,* where the old mariners complain, in their sealless heaven:

> "Must we sing forevermore
> On this windless, glassy floor?
> Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea."

The meter is the irregular meter (on the basis of four syllables

to a group) that we have already noticed. (See pages 325-26.) The number of syllables in each foot varies greatly. Give each line four strong accents, and let the rest of the syllables take care of themselves.

See how the rhythmic effect changes to fit the thought. Why is line 10 so short and slow and heavy?

The following specimen lines have their accents indicated:

The wind upon their faces, the salt upon their lips.
ı | ı ı ı ı | ı ı | ı ı ı |
The women-folk of Harbury have eyes like the sea.
ı | ı ı ı | ı ı ı | ı ı ı |
My three sons wait for the Judgment Day.
ı | ı | ı ı | ı |

Page 99. Lullaby. This poem was written by a negro poet. Do not try to make it "funny"; it is not funny, although it is playful and humorous. Read it with a soft negro accent and tone, bringing out all the tenderness and kindliness.

Page 101. The Teacher. What effect has the teaching on the three boys? Notice the Irish turn given to line three of the second stanza.

Do you know the stories referred to: the Trojan horse, the youth Endymion, the Aulian maid (Iphigenia)? If not, read them and see how they affect you.

Page 102. Steamers. Steamers are big steel structures, run by machinery, carrying commonplace goods. That is one view. The poem gives us another, yet every detail is absolutely faithful to the facts. Look at such bits of truth as "like black plunging dolphins with red bellies"; "flapping their propellers," as these pitch up out of water; "their iron sides glisten," wet and shining; and "green hissing water."

Maestoso. Majestically. This, like the direction for a musical

composition, indicates the manner in which the poem should be read.

Red bellies. Steamers are painted red below the water line.

Page 103. *Stays.* The rigging that holds masts and funnels.

Chrome. What color is this? How can you explain its use here?

Page 103. *Stays.* The rigging that holds masts and funnels. like motion. This is also like the direction for a piece of music. Read the poem to bring out this undulating effect.

Page 104. The King o' Spain's Daughter. Why is the girl of this daydream vision made a "king's daughter," and why is *Spain* chosen? Do we need to know anything about the actual king of Spain and his daughters?

Page 105. After Apple-Picking. One might call the poem "Autumn." What does the speaker mean by the "pane of glass" he skimmed from the drinking trough?

Page 106. The Tuft of Flowers. The significance of the poem lies in the last two lines. In what sense would the scythe "whisper"?

Page 108. Mowing. Imagine yourself mowing as he was, laying the tall, rich grass (the "swale") in rows. What has this poem in common with the poem before it?

Page 109. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening. What is the picture and what is the mood that the poem gives?

What characteristics are common to all of these poems by Robert Frost?

Page 110. The Fairies Have Never a Penny to Spend. There are always a few skeptical folk who think it "silly" to talk about fairies. Fairies may never have lived in the real world, but they have lived so long and so vividly in the beliefs of our forefathers

that they are a part of our inherited life. They stand for an ideal world of youth and daintiness and eternal beauty.

Page 112. Past. What is the meaning of the line, "The clocks are chiming in my heart"? What change does the chiming of clocks indicate? Why is their chiming a "cobweb" chime? Is the tone of the poem despairing, gloomy, resigned, or melancholy? Which words would characterize it best? What is the meaning of "anon" at the end of the line before the last in the second stanza? What is meant by saying that "the stars have twinkled, and died out"? What is ended? What does the poet mean by "vine-leaf ghosts"?

Page 113. Magic. A Colorado nature-picture. In what are the cedars like "hags"?

Page 113. Ploughing. Select the words that do most to bring out the character of the prairie life. This poem and the poem above are by a poet who came from the West and writes of it. Perhaps you have read some of his prose.

Page 114. The Green Inn. What is God's Green Inn?

Page 116. To Arcady. What does the poet mean by Arcady? Where is it? How can one find it? The Arcady of most poets is an enchanted land of love and eternal spring.

Page 116. Ploughman at the Plough. What is the meaning of the ninth stanza? In what sense are these the "only verities"? How long have there been ploughmen? What does the ploughman do for you? What would be meant by calling his work "elemental"?

Page 117. *Everest* (in the Himalayas) is the highest mountain in the world.

Page 118. The Little White Cat. The mother cat finds her kitten drowned, and talks of her grief as a human mother would. What phrases make the picture vivid?

Pusheen bawn. Irish (Gaelic) for "little white cat."
Her keen. Her death-wail.
Page 119. *Deeshy.* Decent.

Page 119. Not Dead. Compare with the poem, *Music I Heard,* page 3. Both are simple and true. Does this poem seem as sincere to you? What lines and what words give you David's character?

Page 120. The Kings. What battle must all men fight through life? Against what? What, then, do "the terrible kings" stand for? Isn't there a hint of the battles fought in *Pilgrim's Progress?* Is winning all we fight for? Who judges, in the end, whether we have fought a good fight?

Page 121. Orisons. An *orison* is a prayer. How does this boy show his spirit of worship? Where is the scene? A *rite* is a ceremony. What feelings does his rite (his orison) express?

Page 125. The Man He Killed. This poem recalls the theme of Lowell's famous lines (Bigelow Papers, Number One):

"Ef you take a sword an dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

Page 128. Ducks. Here is a poem that tells truth lightly. Section I gives us a real, yet idyllic picture. Section II takes two words from the third line, *beautiful,* and *comical,* and justifies both. Section III considers, in playful wonder, why God makes ducks.

Page 130. Circe. Homer tells of Circe in the *Odyssey.* (Pronounce her name *Sir-see.*) She was an enchantress on a lonely island at the far end of the sea. With her wand and magic cup she turned the men who landed on her island into lions and leopards and wolves. But Odysseus, though he drank of her

cup, she could not transform. He sailed away, unconquered. Was it not natural she should come to love this man who resisted her spell, and to wish him back? Notice how the poem brings out the beauty of the island and the hopelessness of her love.

In what sense is the poem a tragedy? Might one make a tragic play of the story? Have you ever read the story of Queen Dido, as told in Vergil's *Aeneid?*

Why do most of the lines begin with small letters? See the note to the poem *There's a Sound of Drums and Trumpets,* on page 92.

What in the poem takes hold upon your imagination? Which pictures are clearest?

Page 132. The Old Magic. Notice the pathetic effect of the short last line in each stanza. The meter is the lilting four-syllable form we have met in so many of the poems in this collection.

Page 133. Eve. Everyone knows the story of Eve and the Serpent. It has been treated in all tones, from the gravest to the gayest. In this poem we find it treated in a tone of tender lyric fantasy. Read the poem so as to bring out all of the delicate playfulness of the metrical form. The story centers about Eve, "frightened, motherless girl"; Adam never enters this fairy paradise.

How is the form like that of Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armor?* In what is it entirely, and amusingly, different?

What was "the Blasphemous Tree"? Who met "under the hill" and rejoiced? Why?

Page 135. Love in the Winds. For the form of this poem (it is a *sonnet*), see page 332.

Page 136. The Song the Oriole Sings. Look up a picture of an oriole. What makes this poet value the oriole's song so highly? Is there any song or sound that means as much to you? William Dean Howells was a famous novelist; have you read any of his prose work?

Cottonwood. A name given to several species of poplar trees.

The Miami. A river in Ohio (where the writer of the poem once lived).

Cope. A priest's vestment.

Seraph. A heavenly being.

Page 138. The Sense of Death. Through what experience has the poet passed? What difference has it made in life? The poem tries not merely to tell about this difference, but to make you *feel* it. Notice the constant repetition of the words "since I have felt the sense of death." How can the dark make one see? How can death give one life? Have you had any experience that helps you to understand this poem?

Page 138. Reality. Do not make up your mind that this is an ugly poem because it begins with ugliness. The second stanza gives us the truth as the poet sees it. This stanza is inspiring and helpful to remember.

Page 139. Trees. Don't think this "merely poetry." Learn to see trees, their poise and grace and balance. The best way to study trees is to draw them, and you can find them even in the city. Each tree, you will find, has its own individuality.

Page 140. The Dykes. This poem has a double meaning, one on the surface, the other easy to find. The men in the poem live on "made land," reclaimed from the sea by their fathers, who have built *dykes,* or sea-walls, to keep the sea out. They neglect these and fail to strengthen them and keep them whole. Then comes the storm, driving before it the sea, a storm tide with great waves. The sea mouths and bays along the wall. The sun sinks in an "ominous sunset," "an evil ember bedded in ash." The cattle are frightened. Still the water rises, galloping breakers "nine-fold deep." And there is the picture of the men ringing the alarm bells, "each with his rope between his feet and the trembling bells above."

What else does the poem mean? Are there not other enemies

than the sea, human enemies, who may come roaring and battling against our country? Did not such a storm (after Kipling wrote this poem) break upon England (1914-1918) and nearly wreck its "dykes," the walls of men and ships that English fathers had left?

Page 142. The Song of the Dead. Part I. Explorers and pioneers perish. Others follow and build a new land. Think how true this is of America. Who are some who perished that you might read here in comfort?

Line 9, *Hear now the Song of the Dead!* introduces a new turn in the poem. The music changes. Feel the little halt and hesitation just before the end of each line: it hints the pathos of defeat. "We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town."

Toward the end, a new music awakens, like trumpets, with the words, "Follow after." It subsides again into funeral music, but the sense of triumph remains.

East. The Orient. *West.* Canada. *South.* Australia and Africa.

Warrigal. The Australian wild dog.

Kloof. A mountain gorge.

Wolverine. An animal native to the northern forests of North America, noted for its greed and cunning.

Page 143. *Our Lodge.* In what sense can the great company of English seamen and ocean adventurers be called a "lodge"?

Part II tells of sea-power and its cost. Think of all the lives of Englishmen lost from the days of Drake to the World War.

The line, "If blood be the price of admiralty," is repeated twice in the second stanza, three times in the last. See how this brings out, increasingly, the grim fact of the cost.

Why is the gull called "sheering"? Think how he flies.

Ducies. Far-off islands in the Pacific.

Swin. A bank off the mouth of the Thames.

The Golden Hind. Francis Drake's ship, in which he made his great voyage. Where did he sail? What did he explore?

Page 144. The Miracles. By the poem *Trees,* page 139, we were reminded that we get so used to trees that we fail to see their beauty. In the same way, we get used to all sorts of amazing things, miracles that are all about us, and accept them as matters of course. The cable carries messages over the bed of the sea. The ocean liner is an astonishing structure that man has built with steel and flame to fight his way through the waves. The everyday railroad train dashes its fiery headlong way across a continent. No wonder the poet is impatient of "little" men who miss all the wonder of these miracles, because they are so absorbed in buying and selling.

What new miracles have come into the world since this poem was written? Try to describe their wonder vividly.

Feel the rhythm of the verse. It has exactly the time, "click-*click* along, click-*click* along," of a hurrying railroad train.

The Lost Atlantis. The cable rests on the "dumb" under-sea levels where legends place the mythical, sunken island of Atlantis.

Page 145. *I stayed the sun,* etc. Navigators take an observation of the sun when it is directly overhead, in order to determine their position.

I read the storm. By barometer and storm-theory the navigator understands where the storm-center is and how the winds will blow, and alters his course to take advantage of them.

I sent Lightnings. A telegraph message is really a flash of (tamed) lightning.

Page 146. The Galley-Slave. This is one of the poems Kipling wrote when he was in India, where he had been in government service. The poem deals, figuratively, with his leaving that service, giving up his oar in the "galley" of the Empire. It has the marks of his best later poetry, with modern characteristics emerging. Observe the vivid compressed pictures, the seizing upon strong common words, and the use of a swinging ballad meter. This meter may be read in either of two ways, in single feet of two syllables, or in double feet of four, but the swing of the line clearly inclines to the latter, a form of which Kipling made much later.

Like *The Dykes,* the poem has a double meaning. And, just as in *The Dykes,* the figurative picture, the imagined life on the galley, is worth reading for itself.

The sea-pictures are especially vivid: "The white foam spun behind us," "We snatched her through the water," "The sunwash on the brine," "And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-knives in their teeth."

There is little decoration; the poetry lies in the thing said, in the way it is felt and told. There is a splendid manly spirit.

Galley. Any large fighting ship driven by oars, the oars manned by slaves fettered to their benches and urged by the lash. Galleys were used in ancient days, but the poet borrows the word for a later time.

Sweep-head. The handle of the long "sweep" or oar.

Yawed and sheered. Swung from her course as she went through rough seas.

Page 147. *Half-mast; rocket-flare; top-men.* The "galley" seems to have become more of a frigate, or three-deck battleship of Nelson's day.

Orlop. The lower deck, where the galley-slaves were kept.

Raffle. The tangle of line and spars where masts have been carried away by shot or shipwreck.

Page 149. The Sister. What is the answer to the question at the end? What is the general spirit of the poem?

Page 152. The Poet. The poet lives in his own world of high imaginings. He can make it what he will.

> "The mind is its own place and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."—*Milton.*

Romany. Gypsy. The roving spirit defies its prison.

Page 152. The Dawn. This poem tells how the Roman poet, Vergil, made poetry dawn upon the heart of an American boy. How few young students of Latin realize that Vergil is one of the

world's greatest and most magical of poets! The poem is dedicated to a sympathetic friend.

Oriole. See the poem on page 136.

Page 153. *Tityre, tu patulae.* The opening words of Vergil's first Eclogue, a song in praise of the peaceful reign of Augustus. The first lines read, in full,

> Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,
> Silvestrem tenui meditaris musam avena
> Nos patriae finis et dulcia linguimus arva;
> Nos patriam fugimus; tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
> Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

Literally translated, these lines are:

Tityrus, you, reclining under the beech-tree's spreading shelter,
Dream on your slender oaten flute a song of the woodland,
We are leaving the bounds of our native land and its sweet ploughed fields:
We are leaving our native land:—while you, O Tityrus, at ease in the shade,
Make the woods round you reëcho your song of your fair Amaryllis.

The boy's need to look up words doesn't spoil the magic; it merely delays the full revelation, each word, as he looks it up, proving one more golden "key" to the treasure chest. Many a student of Latin has seen no adventure in "linking the noun to its kin, binding the verb to its man." This may show you a glimpse of a thrill you have missed, "watching the words become phrases and phrases grow into verses," like watching the image come out, bit by bit, on a photographic film. Have you made *your* study of Latin poetry an adventure?

See how the boy identifies the poet's tree with his tree, the poet's bird with his oriole, the poet's Amaryllis with his Bessie. Vergil has given him a vision of the poetry in his own life.

Page 154. *Loving the Greek in man's soul.* Vergil was a Roman, but his love of beauty had come to him from Greece. If you know nothing directly of Grecian poetry, remember that in at

least half of the poetry you read you get some flash of its reflected light.

In its verse form the poem imitates the elegiac verse of the Greeks and Romans. Lines 1, 3, 5, etc., are like the lines in Longfellow's *Evangeline* (in dactylic hexameter). Lines 2, 4, 6, etc., differ from these in having a pause in the middle of the line; in the first half of each of these lines (before the pause), and also at the end of the line, the accented syllable is not followed by a light syllable. (See pages 322-24.) This meter, while not that used by Vergil in the poem quoted, is associated with classical poems dealing with shepherd life.

Page 155. The Harbour. *Sea-wrack.* Seaweed and such things, drifted ashore.

Wexford. The southeastern corner of Ireland.

Page 156. *Colloguing.* Talking together.

The Angelus. The bell for evening prayer. (See Millet's picture by this name.)

Page 156. To Tim. The poetic language in which Tim is addressed here does not dim our mental picture of him. He is a realistic small dog, with a fondness for fighting and chasing rabbits. What, from the point of view of the poet, is wonderful and almost humiliating in the dog's attitude?

Alchemy. The mediæval chemical science which had for its chief object the changing of lead to gold. How does the dog's love affect his idea of his mistress?

Page 157. The Spires of Oxford. During the World War, Oxford was almost deserted. Many of its students who went off to fight never came back.

Colleges. The units which make up the university.

Quad. The quadrangular inclosure, or court, surrounded by the college buildings.

Shaven lawns. Suggesting close-clipped smoothness.

Page 158. *God rest you, happy gentlemen.* Quoted from the old Christmas carol, *God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen.*

Page 158. Spring, the Travelling Man. Spring is like a "travelling man"; this does not mean a commercial traveler, but a man making his way north, as spring travels from south to north in our country, every year.

Brake. Thicket.

Gorse. A thorny bush with yellow blossoms.

Fraughan. A whortleberry (American huckleberry) bush.

Page 159. The Flower-Fed Buffaloes. One thinks first of buffaloes as huge, ugly, hairy animals, not at all in connection with flowers. But think of them grazing on the flowery prairies (like Stevenson's cow that "eats the meadow flowers"). And then think how they, and the Indians that hunted them, and even most of the flowery prairies themselves, are now of the past. Be sure to get the haunting music that lies in these lines. What has become of the Buffaloes, the Blackfoot Indians, and the Pawnees?

Page 160. Dead Men Tell No Tales. The title is a grim old excuse for "disposing of" people who had learned one's secrets. This poem takes the words in a lighter sense. How does this poet interpret the proverb? Why does he think it untrue? What tales told by "dead men" have you enjoyed? What novels, what stories, what poems?

Jongleurs. Old time minstrels.

Page 160. Patterns. Amy Lowell is regarded as one of the most modern of recent American writers. Study her use of short lines, her way of building up an impression by little sharp touches.

In what age does the speaker live? Find the answer in her "stiff, brocaded gown," "powdered hair," "patterned garden paths."

The story steals out between the lines. You feel the increasing suffering, even agony, under the rich brocade, the grim fact of the letter: "As I read it, . . . the letters squirmed like snakes." You share her sorrow, proud and restrained: "I stood upright too, held rigid to the pattern." "Christ! What are patterns for?"

What is the form of the poem? It has rhyme, but the metrical

form is irregular, following the turns of thought and feeling. Look at the first nine lines. Why does each line end where it does? Read the lines, pausing at the end of each. Sometimes the form and rhyme tie lines into groups (lines 2 and 3, for instance, and 4 and 5.) Sometimes the pause at the end of a short line makes it significant and makes its last word important (line 22, "And I weep"). Observe the effect of a sudden change to another length of line and a new tune (line 37, "What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown?").

Page 164. Apology. What transfigures her life with joy? Does this joy seem overdone? Is it impossible to overdo perfect happiness?

"A flaming nebula rims in my life." What "word" do you suppose is meant in the line before the last? Why is her joy so hard to conceal?

Page 165. Quod Semper. *Quod Semper* is Latin for "as ever," "as always." The same "weary, southern" wind that blows now blew over Babylon ages ago. Men and women and young folks like us lived there. Now they are gone. . . . And we, in our turn . . . Read the poem aloud for the haunting effect of the repetition, the long swing of the lines, and the magic of the refrain.

Page 166. Voices of the Air. To hear these voices, you must be far from the city. Have you known and felt the perfect silence of lonely country? What are these "voices" that one hears out of such silence?

Page 167. The Man with the Hoe. This poem was inspired by a painting by Millet, which shows a stolid, labor-dulled peasant toiling in the field. What has happened when peasant laborers have suffered without hope until they became desperate? This condition has not existed in our own country, but what happened in France? In Russia? Can life be so managed as to leave each toiler rest and hope and inspiration? The poem was published in 1899; have there been changes in conditions for the world's toilers since that time? What conditions still need a remedy?

This poem is in "blank verse," the form used by Milton and Shakespeare. It contains noble and memorable lines: "The emptiness of ages in his face"; "Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox"; "Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?" What do you like in each of these lines, in its thought, in its sound? What harmonies and similarities do you notice in vowels and consonants? What letters are used repeatedly in one line?

Page 168. *A protest that is also prophecy.* A prophecy of what? What does this "dread shape" portend? What must kingdoms and kings do to escape the evil day?

Page 168. The Wild Duck. This is a strange poem. The wild ducks that pass so suddenly and swiftly, "eager, eager, flying," are not merely birds; they symbolize the longing of the soul, the call of far places, the mystery of living. The quiet farm ducks cannot understand; they are disturbed, like prosaic souls at the passion of the poet, at the call of this wild voice that passes.

The rhyme is irregular. The rhythm gives the impression first, of restless excitement; next, of swift level flight to a far goal; last, of a lonely land of mystery.

Read more of John Masefield's poems. He is among the most original of English poets of today.

Page 169. Cargoes. We have pictured three stages of commerce by sea: first, the quinquireme of Nineveh, then the Spanish galleon and last, the modern "tramp" freighter, the ugly little iron steamer that wanders the sea picking up cargoes where it can.

Quinquireme. An oared ship of ancient days, with five rows (or banks) of oars on each side.

Nineveh. The ancient capital of Assyria.

Ophir. An ancient land (unlocated) from which treasure came.

Galleon. A sailing vessel of the fifteenth century and later, often built with three or four decks.

Moidores. Portuguese coins.

Page 173. The Travel Bureau. Compare this with *The Ticket Agent,* page 148. In what are the ideas alike? How are

they different? Which poem, in your opinion, brings out more clearly the idea common to both poems? Which would you prefer to keep in memory? Why?

The Taj Mahal (Tázh Mä-häl′) *at Agra.* Can you find a picture of this beautiful tomb, which has been called "the most splendidly poetic building in the world"?

Kashmir's Vale. The valley of Kashmir is part of the Indian native state of Kashmir (or Cashmere). Its beauty is celebrated in Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh.*

Sevilla. A province in Spain. *Fiesole* (Fyĕ′zo-lā). A city in Italy.

Fjords (fyords). The narrow inlets from the sea, with high rocky banks, along the coast of Norway.

Page 173. God and Apple Pies. This poem is not irreverent, merely surprising. The Salvation Army, in the World War, was wise; it did not preach religion to men with empty stomachs. It fed them with good American doughnuts and apple pies.

Charge, Chester, Charge! From Scott's *Marmion.*

Forward, the Light Brigade! From Tennyson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Now who will stand at either hand And keep the bridge with me? From Macaulay's *Horatius at the Bridge.*

Page 174. The Bride. What in her husband's character has driven this girl to take flight over the hills? Read Browning's *My Last Duchess,* or his *Flight of the Duchess.*

Page 176. Dog. Compare this poem with *To Tim,* page 156. Do not overlook the many vivid phrases, such as "The four-legged brain of a walk-ecstatic dog"; "sending a little look to us behind"; "the lovely taste of bone"; and "the bed-delicious hours of night."

Page 179. Let Me Live Out My Years. Achilles (who was given a choice) preferred a short life of glory to a long life of ease. Which would you prefer? Why? Just how does this poet wish to meet death? Do you feel as he does?

Page 180. "He Fell Among Thieves." This is the story of how a man faced death. The young man has come out to northern India from his English home. He has been betrayed by hillmen on the Afghan border, men he had trusted. He has killed five of them before they could overpower him. Now he must die, at sunrise. He sits, and waits, and thinks. His life passes before him. When the moment comes, he rises calmly and meets death, praying with upraised eyes to the "glorious Life" behind the sunrise.

The young man is the first speaker. The men demand blood for the blood of their comrades whom he has slain in self-defense. As he looks back at his life, just what does he see?

Feel the heroic "lift" in the last eight lines. There is not a hint of fear, only worship and trust and spiritual triumph.

The Yassin river and the Laspur hills are on the Afghan border. Can you tell why the title is enclosed in quotation marks?

Page 181. Drake's Drum. Sir Francis Drake was the English commander who defeated the "Invincible Armada." This was the enormous fleet sent by Spain to crush England in 1588, when Elizabeth was queen. Drake died far from England and was buried at sea, as sailors are buried, in his hammock weighted with round-shot. Some say he promised that if the men of England should ever need him, they need only beat upon his drum and he would come again and drive off their enemies.

The language is the dialect of Devonshire. The poem is in the irregular four-syllable meter that we have seen often in this collection of poems. Read it with a strong swing, and great spirit.

Plymouth. The English Plymouth, for which the American town was named, was the port from which Drake sailed.

Hoe. Promenade or "bowling green."

Yarnder lumes the island; Drake's Island. An island in the middle of the harbor. Ships anchored near it.

The Sound. Plymouth Sound (or harbor).

Page 182. Messmates. Compare this with the same poet's *Drake's Drum.* That rings out with pride and patriotic spirit.

This has, rather, pathos and sympathy. There is a rich long roll to the lines, especially to the last four in each stanza.

The Trades. The trade winds that in the tropics blow one way month after month.

Page 183. The Barrel-Organ. The meter is (except perhaps for the little lyric interlude after the second stanza) much as in *My Companion of a Mile,* and *Sherwood,* which follow. There is, in places, an inner rhyme: "And you shall wander hand in *hand* with love in summer's wonder*land.*" In what other poems have you found instances of this?

The little snatches of song near the end are clearly suggested by airs played on the organ.

Kew is almost a part of London, ten miles up the river, which is a clean, clear river there, with trees over it. An Englishman goes "down" to any place away from London.

Page 188. The Companion of a Mile. Will Kemp, champion morrice-dancer, danced from London to Norwich, nearly one hundred miles, with his drummer and attendants. Every town he passed through sent out local dancers to keep him company. Sudbury is a little village, about half way. What is told here may never have happened, yet it *might* have happened. How vivid a picture this is of Shakespeare's England and youth and spring!

The meter is the four-syllable sort we have already met. Read it in a light, quick manner, to fit the thought of dancing. See how full the poem is of delicate echoes and hidden rhymes and repetitions. Read the last stanza slowly, bringing out all of its meaning.

Tell the story of the poem. How would it differ if told from the point of view of the butcher? What difference would there be in the spirit of the ending? What happened between Kemp's passing and his return?

Morrice. An ancient dance. The dancers were fitted with sets of differently-tuned bells that made music as they danced.

Tabor. Drum.

When cocks were crowing, etc. Why is the line so crowded?

Page 190. *Hobby-horse.* Used in rustic revels, with the morrice-dance.

White-pot. A sort of custard pudding associated with rural festivals at the time of the story.

Malmsey. A kind of wine.

Page 191. *Angel.* A coin.

They made Will Kemp, etc. They gave him, as we should say, "the keys of the city."

Page 192. A Song of Sherwood. Sherwood Forest was the home of Robin Hood and his band. (Read their story: find out about all the characters named in the poem. Read Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood.*) Each time spring comes to Sherwood, they seem to come back with it. To those who have often read of them, they seem more real than many people seen without interest every day. The meter is in the same singing irregular verse as the poem before it, though this poem has a different swing. See if you can tell in what this difference lies. Notice how the choice of words keeps up a suggestion of dreamland and fairyland, an atmosphere of the romantic past.

Laverock. The lark, climbing the "golden steep" of the sunrise sky.

Page 193. *Fairy grass-rings.* Rings of dead grass, supposed to have been trodden by dancing fairies.

Friar Tuck. The "pious hermit" with whom Richard supped in *Ivanhoe.*

Page 194. The Three Ships. This is written in the style of old songs. It is based on the story of the Three Wise Men who brought gifts to the child Jesus, precious gifts from far-off lands.

Do not imagine modern ships: these are of the ancient sort, with high bows and sterns and great deep-hued sails.

The refrain, "On Christmas Day in the morning," suggests old-time carols. This is a song as well as a poem.

Page 195. *Chersonese* (ker'so-nēz). The ancient name for

the peninsula between the Dardanelles and the Aegean Sea, by which the seekers for the Golden Fleece (in old Greek legends) sailed toward the Black Sea.

Page 195. Let Not Love Go, Too. This is one of the loveliest songs in our language. Read it softly and musically. It would be hard not to memorize this poem. Bring out the solemn thought in the last stanza, when you read it.

Page 197. White Ashes. Have you seen a camp-fire almost dead, till a wind rises and blows the embers into new flame? Notice the modern form of the poem, without capital letters. Is the effect slow or fast, or different in the two parts?

Page 197. Corrymeela. *Gossoon.* Lad.
Colleen dhas. Sweetheart.
Shaugh wid Andy Feelan. A "good time."

Page 198. The Return. The negro wanderer comes home to find his home gone. Read the poem as an unschooled southern negro would speak it, with more dialect than the spelling indicates.

"Ah have a haht o' fondness,
But Ah don' know home—
O, Ah don't know hŏme."

Be careful not to make it comic. The poem is full of tragedy and pathos, with a strange primitive undercurrent of longing. Put this feeling into your reading.

There is a wonderful touch of negro spirit in "Now the mighty organs of my heart blow wild," which reminds one of negro "spirituals." Read the last lines softly and sadly.

Page 200. A Man's Days. This poem is simple, but packed with meaning, for it mentions all of the great essentials of life. It is written in south-of-England dialect.

Gert. Great, as used in *Lorna Doone.*

Page 201. The Lions. This poem was written by a poet who died in the struggle for Irish freedom, and it is typical of Irish

mystical poetry. You cannot understand it fully, but you feel the wonder of all the beauty of eyes and face, and the mystery of love's power to tame the lions that range our hearts. The last two lines are worthy of Blake at his best.

Page 202. A Wave of the Sea. This mystical poem hints and shadows deeper truths than it knows how to speak. Our souls are part of All That Is. We share the nature of sea and wind and wave, and have a sense of their secrets and their power.

Page 202. Poplars. The "lonely trees" of this poem are the tall, slender, Lombardy poplars. Why does the poet call them lonely?

Page 204. Fog. This is more modern in key than much of this poet's work. What modern characteristics does it show, in verse form, in style, in feeling? What is the speaker doing, and where is she, as she sees the pictures? Explain the meaning of the poem as you would to a friend who found it hard to understand. Just what pictures does it show you?

Page 204. Ellen Hanging Clothes. Miss Reese has written many more poems that you will enjoy reading. This one is like a painting, a sunny, domestic, "back-yard" picture, with poetry and beauty in it. The poetry is not artificial. Everything said is true and real and simple. Notice how many of the words are of one syllable. This is a sonnet, though it is free in form. (See page 332.)

Page 205. The Immortal. Why does it seem so fitting to celebrate Easter (the symbol of immortality) in the springtime?

Page 205. Swallows. The swallows are pictured on the wall. But later, the sight of swallows will bring back the pictured birds, and all that went with them. Will the thought make the poet sad?

Page 206. Who Looks Too Long. What is it that lures men from home to wander, never satisfied? In "gray, wide, cold," and "mad, wild, bold," dwell on each word and notice the effect.

Page 207. The Branch. This poem, and the four which follow, were written by a poet who can make us see through a child's eyes. Notice how simply the poems are written, and how vividly each paints its picture. In "The Branch," what lines do you think are the best and the most vivid?

Branch. A term used, in some parts of the United States, to designate a small stream, or creek.

Page 209. Strange Tree. Suppose you were a timid child going home alone, and it was growing dark, and you came suddenly upon a "different kind of tree!" Try to see the tree as the child would see it. What bits of description help you most? Do not miss the picture in the last two lines.

Page 211. Miniver Cheevy. Just what is the matter with Miniver Cheevy? A fine and sincere person might echo Miniver's sentiments, and remain admirable. See if you can define what is strange about Miniver. The name seems to fit the man. Why?

Page 212. Cassandra. Cassandra was a daughter of Priam, king of ancient Troy, which the Greeks besieged and burned. Cassandra had the gift of prophecy, but with it, since she had offended a god, the curse that she should never be believed. Therefore, though she foretold to her fathers and her famous brothers, Hector and Paris, the fall of their city, and warned them how this might be avoided, no one heeded her.

In this poem, the author is pointing out dangers that menace his own land and age, evils that threaten from within, and he represents the speaker as trying in vain to make the "laughing crowd" heed his warnings.

Are the things pointed out true of our country? If they are, what should we do to avert their evil? Is it unpatriotic to point out to your fellow-countrymen errors that, in your opinion, may lead only to ruin?

Apart from the practical meaning of the poem, be sure that you feel and enjoy the dignity and power of each stanza. Observe

especially stanzas 5 and 6. The poet avoids adornment. The poetry is not superadded, but is in the thought itself, thought vibrating with suppressed feeling.

Page 214. The Master. Some Englishmen and some Americans jeered, when Lincoln first came before the public, at his ungainly figure, his oddities, his rusticities, at what seemed his limitations. Gradually they found out that the limitations were in themselves and learned the true measure of this man.

Cryptic. Enigmatical, puzzling.

Laconic. Saying much in few words.

Olympian. Godlike.

Inept. Unskilled. *Icarian.* Icarus learned to fly, but flying too near the sun, fell to his death.

Perigee. That part of the orbit of the moon nearest the earth.

Titan. Superman.

Page 216. Flames. The flames lie prisoned in the wood until a match sets them free, just as something restless lies imprisoned in us. Suppose that this should never get free, until death!

Page 217. April Rabbit. Don't miss the descriptive vividness of "Like fairy thunder heard through felt.". What is meant by "lunar pallor"?

Page 218. Sketch. This poem and the five which follow are characteristic of Carl Sandburg's work. His subjects are simplicity itself, common things seen or heard. The words are not unusual, though they are novel in their combinations. The strength lies in the sincerity and truth of the poems.

Suppose you wrote these poems in prose form. (They have almost no regular meter.) What would be lost? As you read the poem aloud, pause at the end of each line. Notice how each line, set off by the pause, is given meaning and the poem is given a

clearer pattern. Try other divisions of the line. Do they fit the sense and spirit as well as those given? Why, or why not?

Page 222. Off Rivière Du Loup. The scene is in Canada, by the St. Lawrence, where ships from the deep sea sail inland among farms and fields. Do not think of a little sailing vessel, a yacht or coasting-schooner, but of an old-time sailing ship, with square sail above sail, three tall masts. (See pictures of old frigates and clippers.)

Page 223. Ballad of the Dolphin's Daughter. The dolphin's daughter is, of course, a mermaid. She has never seen a ship. No wonder she takes it to be a fish, "that swims so high." Its solid deck seems strange. Is the mysterious voice that answers her human, or that of some spirit of the ship? She looks down into the hold and sees that it is filling with cold, black water. Yet she dares not jump back into the sea, for, seen from the deck of a sinking ship, the sight of the water numbs even a mermaid's heart. So there she stops frozen with terror, like a figurehead, while the rats plunge past her into the sea.

The form is in regular stanzas, but free in meter. There is not so much a meter as a "lilt" or swing in the lines. Bring out two (sometimes three) accents to a line, and give a wavelike motion to the rhythm.

Page 226. *The rats came up,* etc. It was an old belief that rats always would plunge into the sea from a ship about to sink.

We never had a figurehead, etc. The figure of a mermaid was often carved as a figurehead and placed just under the bowsprit of a ship.

The curving water. The use of this phrase in two places seems to lay stress on the rounding surface of the wide sea.

Page 227. The Mountainy Childer. It isn't mere mountain children that Darragh has caught. These are something far worse, the "little people," "fairy folk." If you are wise, "you'll be leaving

the likes of them alone." What lines suggest their fairy nature?

Lough. Irish for *loch* or lake.

Page 228. The Traveller. This tramp has poetry in his heart.

Bollard. A rounded iron post to which ships are made fast.

Board school. A charity school where slum children are given a grammar school education.

Page 229. *Salt-horse.* A sailor calls the meat served on ships salt-horse. You can guess why.

Perim. An island near the entrance to the Red Sea, with, naturally, a hot climate.

The corner pub. The public drinking house, or saloon, on the corner.

Page 230. And It Was Windy Weather. What do the trees seem to want to do? Does the poem make you feel their longing? What lines do most to make you feel this spirit? Why do you think the last line is repeated?

Page 231. The Master Mariner. Here is a picture of a grandfather and grandson. Go over, one by one, the differences in their habits, their lives and their character. What is meant by "unmoved," in line 2? What is the idea in the phrase "the lions of the surf"? What "fangs" lay under them, waiting for ships? What would the grandfather think of his grandson?

Anchor-chains. The chains make a loud noise when anchors are raised or "let go." This would be music to the old sailor.

Shrouds. The lines that steadied the masts.

Running-gear. The lines that raised and trimmed the sails.

Page 232. The Madwoman of Punnet's Town. The mad old woman can teach us something. She is so free and happy as she goes striding, umbrella in hand, over the windy hills. Go out on the lonely hills on a windy day and go walking along over the ridges, and laugh and wave your stick. You can be as happy.

Page 234. Overflow. Don't read this merely with the eye. That is easy to do, as the words are spaced. Remember that a poem is written to be *heard*. Read it aloud, slowly, with a long pause after every short line, opening out the thought as you would cut open the pages of a book. Few poems are more compact in thought.

What are *scintillations?*

Page 235. The Flight. Notice the difference between the two stanzas. Why "stretched on the wind"? Compare *The Wild Duck,* page 168, *The Buzzards,* page 16, or *The Fish-Hawk,* page 250.

Page 236. On the Sussex Downs. The scene is in Sussex, southern England. What is the story, as the poem tells it?

Weald. Land that was once wild.

Downs. Smooth, rounded, grassy hills.

What are the characteristics of the five poems by Sara Teasdale? In what are they alike? What impression do you get of her character, of her view of life, of the mood in which she writes? Does she use many words to express her thought? Is the meaning of her poetry easy to understand?

Page 236. Daisy. This is the work of that mystical, spiritual poet who wrote the wonderful religious poem, *The Hound of Heaven.*

Page 238. To a Snowflake. This poem is more typical of Francis Thompson's work than *Daisy.* His style is rich, almost stiff with embroidery, like the vestments of the church of which he was so fond. Feel the swiftness and excitement of the rhythm. Catch a snowflake on a dark cloth and study it closely, and wonder whence it came and how mere frozen water can take on such beauty. Then you will realize what the poet means by saying, "Thou couldst never have thought me!" The first ten lines ask a question; the rest of the poem gives the answer.

Devisal. Power to devise or plan.

Filigree. Delicate jewelry made of silver wire.

Page 239. *Argentine.* Silvery, from the Latin word for silver, *argentum.*

Lust. Delight.

Surmisal. Guess or conjecture.

Insculped. Carved or engraved, as by a sculptor.

Page 240. Going Up to London. Suppose the real London isn't what you have dreamed. Your dream is as real, to you. Your imagination has built up a thing that will live as long as you live and remember.

Page 245. Turn o' the Tide. As the tide turns, the little vessels at anchor turn with it, pulling at their anchors, pulling upstream as it runs in, down stream as it runs up, their bows turned against the current.

The form is complicated. In each stanza the long second line sounds like a "refrain," a long musical parenthesis, read in a different, half-chanting tone. In each, the last line is significant and full of serious meaning, to be read slowly and thoughtfully.

Page 245. Stain Not the Sky. What would winged spirits of the air have thought, in the Great War, of what men made of their calm blue heaven? What line most tellingly rebukes with quiet beauty man's ugly invasion?

Page 247. Jericho. "Now Jericho was straitly shut up. . . . And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho. . . . Ye shall go round the city once. This shalt thou do six days. And the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow the trumpets. . . . And all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat. . . . And they took the city." (*Joshua,* 6:1-20.)

Compare the negro "spiritual":

"Joshua fit de battle ob Jeri-co,
Jeri-co! Jeri-co!

Joshua fit de battle ob Jeri-co,
And de walls come tumblin' down. . . .
De lamb ram horns began to blow,
Trumpets began to soun',
Joshua commanded de chillun to shout,
And de walls come tumblin' down."

This poem, like many others, has a deeper significance than its surface meaning. It tells of more than the fall of an actual Jericho. There are walls, not of stone, against which we must march, and which we must summon with our trumpets. Against what walls did Patrick Henry sound his summons?

Why is the sword "broken," and the bugle "silly"? Must not Joshua's army have looked "silly" to the men of Jericho, until that last long blast on the trumpets?

Page 248. "Shaggy." This is a distinctively American poem, just "plain talk" from a fellow who's been sitting and thinking a while. In what is "Shaggy" like the school principal? What lessons has the speaker learned from both? What have both meant to him? In what sense can a mountain be a friend? Could you come to feel that way about a hill, or a tree, or a river? Explain why.

Page 249. The Pigeon-Scarer. There is a deep under-meaning in this poem. Is the thought too deep for so unschooled a speaker, or is he the sort that learns philosophy without books? What good does scaring the pigeons do them? What scares *us* and keeps us "on the move"? Why do our souls need scaring?

Page 250. The Fish-Hawk. This poem doesn't merely tell about the fish-hawk. It starts with him and sails off upon wide sweeps of thought. What is meant by saying he "reposes upon" and "leans upon" the wind? Feel the great flow of the wind in the first lines. What other poems in this book give similar pictures of flight? Why do the long lines fit the feeling?

Page 251. The Lion-House. What has the lion in common with a man's soul? Watch the grim, restless creature pacing his

"dreadful cage." See how the poem brings out his "prisoned strength." In what "cage" is man confined? Are we free of the bounds of space and time and circumstance? Do we never walk restlessly, even raging, against our limits? Feel the compressed force in the picturing words: "Some Force goes to and fro in an immense despair!" "Trying the floor, the walls." An *obsession* is one mastering idea that fills the mind. The lion has become an embodiment of one idea. What is it?

Page 253. The Tired Man. One understands why the man in the poem feels as he does. Would every woman want that sort of man for a husband? What in the poem makes us sympathize with the wife?

Page 256. The Old Road to Paradise. In happy youth it is easy to miss the narrow road that leads to Paradise. But from martyrdom and heroism it runs wide and clear and unmistakable straight up to Heaven's gate. This is the consolation of the man who died on the field of battle. Notice how this poem of the World War makes that consolation shine out.

Page 257. Outre Mer. This poem has irregular lines, but it is full of rhyme. Look for the extra hidden rhymes within the lines: "her shores with stores," etc. The sequence of sounds is unusually harmonious. The last lines have a sudden surprising turn of thought. Of course you know the expression "a castle in Spain."

Page 258, 259. The Uncommon Man and **The Uncommon Woman.** These two poems appear at the close of a volume of poems reflecting upon the problems of man's life. These are the summit and conclusion, the consoling vision of the best in us. In *The Uncommon Man,* words could hardly bring out more strongly man's frailness, his ineffectiveness, the brevity of his life. And yet how triumphantly it brings out his greatness of spirit and final victory! The thought is amazingly compressed. In what sense

can man "bring the world to naught," and "make time the shadow of his wit"? What, in the two closing lines, leaves so strong a sense of triumph?

In *The Uncommon Woman,* woman is represented as man's deliverer. She helps him battle down the "ape and fish" in his ancestry. When the "beast" in his nature drives the angels from him, she fights by his side and brings him victory.

Aneled. Anointed, as one is "anointed King."

Page 260. Pretty Words. Find words that seem to you examples of each kind described here. All the words bring out the mood and tone wanted. The only difficult word is *opalescent* and no other word would do just what it does. What does it mean?

This is an Italian sonnet, so-called because the definite rhyme-pattern which it follows was brought to England from Italy. Work out the rhyme-plan of this poem and compare it with that of other sonnets in this volume.

Page 261. The Fiddler of Dooney. The two priests do their good work, and the fiddler does his. Why is he so sure St. Peter will be good to him?

There are all sorts of ways of saying that people like to dance to music, but could it be said better than in the line "Folk dance like a wave of the sea"?

Don't look up the geography. The place is in western Ireland. The name *Mohar'abuiee'* should be pronounced to fit the swing of the line.

Page 261. The Lake Isle of Innisfree. This does not differ greatly from the other poems of longing for Ireland, except in the personal quality of its writer. Compare it with the poems by Eva Gore-Booth, Moira O'Neill and Winifred Letts on pages 117, 197, and 155. Do you find lines excelling in vague music and haunting suggestion?

Page 262. Song of a Factory Girl. The poet has known the factory and tenement life of which she sings. Other poems have

given the same idea of going out into nature for help and comfort and strength. A poem by Sidney Lanier, beginning "Into the woods my Master went," has much the same thought. In much of Wordsworth's poetry one finds the same feeling. And in the beginning of Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal,* one finds it in:

"Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mount strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea."

The Psalmist says, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Can you find other poems with this theme?

Page 263. The Poet. In what sense is every line true of a poet? In what sense does he take "what never can be taken," and touch "what cannot be"? What poets have done this in poems in this book? In the last lines, the writer means that he, mere mortal "clay," knows things too strange for man to know.

Why do you think this poem was taken from its logical position in this book and set here at the end?

Modern Poetry

The poetry of today is different from that of fifty years ago. Those aspects in which modern poetry is distinguished from the poetry of our great-grandfathers are apparent to anyone who cares to look for them. There are certain tendencies which, beginning a century or more ago with Wordsworth and Coleridge, have ever since directed the general course of changes in poetic taste.

Modern poets try, as Wordsworth tried, to put their message into words not used by poet after poet. Modern poets choose subjects, not from any one field, but from all, even the humblest. They follow no traditions, as such, and care little whether what they are doing has been done before. They try new forms, experiment with novel meters, and return to forgotten forms which they restore to life. They do all of these things with one aim, to give the reader their message and feeling. They aim rather at the man who may be moved by their work than at a critic who may approve it.

A modern poet selects his words for their effect. He avoids such words as poets once preferred, words that were supposed to be in themselves "poetic." He does not believe that he can make poetry by heaping together such words as *blithe* and *gloaming* and *eftsoons* and *yore,* or by using *thou* for *you* or *hath* for *has.* The modern poet feels that a poet must say what he has to say in his own way, as simply as it can be said. If he is to use novel words, he must find them for himself. The chief strength of the poetry of today lies in its use of common words in new groupings. The poet is wholly aware of the subtle power of words, of their color and overtone, of the suggestions that play over the surface of their meaning. Look for evidences of this in the poems you read.

Modern poems do not fall into established types and classes. In former days, a poem could be readily classed by its form as an "epic" or an "elegy" or a "pastoral," as a "song" or an "epistle."

Today a poet puts his work into the form that best suits his subject. And he need not ask whether his subject be proper for poetry. He may write of a flower, a sunset, a girl, or a mountain lake, but he is just as free to write of a subway train, a Coney Island crowd, or a battered tin can, if he can make it readable. We ask only whether he makes us share, willingly, an experience that is worth sharing. Does he lay hold upon all the little touches that make moments of deep feeling so memorable, and give, just as he felt them, those moments in all their intensity and beauty? The modern poet tries to do these things.

Our modern verse does not evade ugly facts that lie in its path to truth. We realize that beauty, if it is to take vital hold upon us, must be based upon reality. Before we can accept the poet's picture of the shining ideal, we must be sure that he sees, and looks beyond, all the ugly facts that shut it from us. The blossoms of his vision must be rooted solidly in the earth we tread.

As you read the poems in this book, you will naturally take note of the differences between writers, and you will find groups of writers whose work is similar. You will notice those who avoid regular meter; Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg, for example. Some poets seem especially fond of colorful, significant words, caring not so much for the thought conveyed as for the pictures and sensations these words flash before the reader. Others fashion compact, little stanzas of intense feeling. Also, you will find poets straying out of their groups. A poet may try a method of expression or a form that he has never used before, and the result may be the finest poem he has ever written. The best way for you to study tendencies in poetry is to notice such characteristics as those mentioned, and when you find them in several writers, compare those writers for other resemblances. At first, consider chiefly the individual manner of each writer. Find the poets whose work pleases you most, and read other poems by them in other collections or in their complete works. After such reading, you will be ready to study groups and "schools of poetry," if you wish.

Some modern poems are hard to understand. Often these contain only the simplest words, but they are difficult because the

meaning is packed into a few words, leaving much to be guessed. Thus arises what is called the "impatience" of poetry. Too many words weaken the meaning, so the poet uses the fewest words he can to suggest his meaning, leaving it to the reader to follow if he is able. In none of the poems in this book is the meaning so difficult that you cannot arrive at it by careful reading.

Some of the poems in this book are by American writers, some by British. This makes it natural to expect national differences. But these differences are not so great as one might think. You may be less at home with the Englishman's cottages and nightingales, flocks of sheep and moorlands purple with heather, than with the American poet's familiar scenes, but the human feeling in poetry is not changed by geographical boundaries. There are differences in language, but these lie more in the language of business and of slang than in the strong, simple words used in poetry. To both Englishmen and Americans, the English language is a common heritage. Suppose you try, as you read the poems of each writer who is new to you, to judge by the tone and character of the poem from which side of the Atlantic it comes. Then turn to the list of writers and see whether or not you are right. Think over your reasons for your decision.

Use the help of your friends and of your teacher freely. If another person likes a poem in which you see nothing to like, get him to explain to you why he likes it. His explanation may open a door that will let you share his enjoyment. Perhaps all he will need to do will be to read the poem aloud to you. Very often, one who knows and loves a poem can make another feel, just by his reading, what the poem means to him. You may yourself teach others to like the poems that you like best. In all of your study, remember this: A poem is not a thing to be "learned about." It is to be read and appreciated and enjoyed. Nothing can take from you the power to enjoy poetry, not poverty, nor old age, nor blindness, nor loss of those you love.

In case a poet interests you deeply, so that you want to know about the man himself, you will find, in any good library, books that will help you to understand the man through his poems, and

to understand the poems through what you can learn of the man. Such study may bring disappointments. The poet whose work you idolized will prove to have been human, like us all, with faults, errors, imperfections. But you will come to see him as a friend, brought nearer and understood as you understand those you know and love.

The poets whose work you will read here are live and active men and women. A poet of today makes no effort to "look like a poet." He is satisfied if his verses are true poems. Few great poets have lived far away from life in a world of books. The poet whose work has fire is one who loves life, who enters with eager interest into the world's activities and mingles with people. He would not love poetry so much if he did not love life more.

The Form of Poetry

Poems are written in *verse*. Just how is verse different from the everyday form of speech, called *prose,* the form used in this sentence?

Do not answer that verse is rhymed. Much of the best verse is without rhyme. The difference lies in something else, in *rhythm* and *meter*. We must understand just what these terms mean.

To do this, examine a passage written in prose, a sentence from W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions:* "The sun was sinking behind the forest, its broad red disc still showing through the topmost leaves; and the higher part of the foliage was of a luminous green, like green flame, throwing off flakes of quivering fiery light; but lower down the trees were in profound shadow."

Read this passage aloud and notice how it sounds. Some syllables, you will see, are louder than others. These syllables we speak of as accented. Some words are accented more than their neighbors because of their meaning or of their grammatical importance, as *sun* and *part* and *light*. And in any word of more than one syllable, one syllable is always louder than the others, like the first syllable in *sinking* and in *forest*, and the last syllable in *profound*. We can mark these louder sounds with an accent

or we may show the difference in accent by vertical lines (| |), the longer line showing the stronger "accent."

Now in reading the passage aloud, you will find that the louder sounds fall with a certain regularity, but with no definite pattern.

"The sún was sinking behind the forest, its broad red disc still showing through the topmost leaves; and the higher part of the fóliage was of a luminous green, like green flame."

To make *verse,* we take these syllables, these separate sounds, some heavy, some light, and arrange them to make a pattern. To do this we place them, as in music, so that the louder sounds come at equal distances. Even in prose there is a certain regularity, but to make verse, the pattern must be more clearly marked.

The simplest arrangement is one in which the heavier and lighter sounds come by turn. Let us make such an arrangement, the lighter sound first. Then we shall arrange these pairs of sounds in groups of five.

The sún was sinking low behind the forest;
And through the topmost leaves its broad red disc
Was showing still; the higher fóliage
Like green flame, luminous, was throwing off
Bright flakes of fiery light.

This arrangement gives us verse. This particular form with pairs of syllables, light and accented, the light syllable first, is

called *iambic;* the line, because it has five such groups (which are usually called *feet*), is called a five-foot line (or *pentameter*). This particular form when used without rhyme, as above, is called *blank verse.* You find it in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* and in Shakespeare's plays. (See Markham's *The Man With the Hoe,* page 167.) Try turning the rest of the prose passage into the same form, or write a few lines of your own upon the same pattern.

There are many possible patterns. Let us try another, putting the accented sound first and using only four pairs, or feet, to the line.

Sinking low behind the forest
Dropt the sun; its disc broad, shining,
Still among the topmost branches
Showed, and still the highest treetops
Green and luminous were gleaming.

Lines with pairs of this kind, the accented syllable first, are called *trochaic,* and the line is called a four-foot line (or *tetrameter*). This form is used in Longfellow's *Hiawatha.*

One can easily change a *trochaic* movement into *iambic* by placing an unaccented syllable before it and cutting off the unaccented syllable at the end.

Sinking low behind the forest

becomes

And sinking low behind the wood.

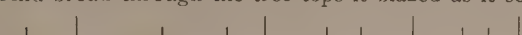
The difference between *iambic* and *trochaic* is not a difference in the nature of the foot so much as a difference in the swing or

movement of the line. (For this reason, some students of verse like to regard all groups, or feet, as beginning with the accented syllable, and to name the general movement of the line *iambic* or *trochaic* according to the beginning and the prevailing swing. One does this in music, where unaccented notes at the beginning are regarded as parts of an incomplete measure.)

The really important difference to notice is the one between groups of *two* syllables and groups of *three,* for it causes a great variation in the effect. Let us change our lines to a group of three syllables:

Over the forest was sinking the sun

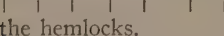
And broad through the tree tops it blazed as it set.



Now, just as a line of two-syllable groups can begin with a light syllable (*iambic* movement) or can begin with an accented syllable (*trochaic*), so a line of three-syllable groups can begin either with the accented syllable or with one or two unaccented syllables. We can have this line:

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and

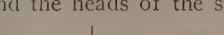
the hemlocks.



Or we can have such a line as:

And the heads of the steeds and their headgear of war

and their corseleted breasts.



The first is called *dactylic;* the group (|ıı) is a dactyl, like the word *terrible.* The second is called *anapestic;* the group (ıı|) is an anapest, like the word *nevermore.* (Strictly, there is a third group, with a long, difficult name, formed with one light syllable before the accent and one after, but the distinction is unnecessary here.)

As was said above, the important thing is to find out whether the verse is in groups of two syllables or in groups of three, or of

the two mixed. The mixed forms are very common; in fact, it is seldom that one finds only groups of three syllables. The effect of the combination is often very spirited. Take, for example, the following:

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow and plain,
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

Here we have lines of four accents mixing groups of two syllables and of three syllables. (As a light syllable precedes most lines, we might call the general movement *anapestic.*) Tap out the rhythm of the lines on the table-top and see how lively it is.

Those are the forms most commonly met with, though, of course, we find them in many different combinations. You will be interested in trying to classify the poems in this collection, first as two-syllable groups or three-syllable groups, or of the two mixed. (A few three-syllable groups among lines chiefly of two-syllable groups would hardly classify the lines as "mixed.") When you have determined whether the poem belongs to the two-syllable or the three-syllable group, you can decide whether the general movement of the poem as a whole is *iambic* or *trochaic, dactylic* or *anapestic.* For instance, *The Rain-Pool,* page 21, is of two-syllable groups and *iambic* in movement. So is *The Rebel,* page 28. *Walking at Night,* page 126, however, is mixed, but its general character and movement is *anapestic.* The same is true of *The Dykes,* page 140.

You will find, in looking over the poems, a considerable number that cannot be accounted for by either grouping of syllables. Modern verse has turned to some new forms and has revived some old

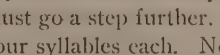
rhythms. One of these is increasingly common in modern poetry, and will be found in a number of poems in this collection. Turn first to a poem that illustrates it, *Merchants from Cathay*, page 34. The first lines run:

"Their heels slapped their thumping mules; their fat chaps glowed.
Glory unto Mary, each seemed to wear a crown!
Like sunset their robes were on the wide, white road.
So we saw those mad merchants come dusting into town."

Before analyzing this, let us look at some simpler examples of the same sort. Take these lines:

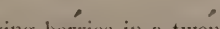
"There was a simple maiden and her name was Alice Brown;
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town."

At first sight you might read this as *iambic* in seven feet. But this division into feet does not seem quite right. This verse belongs to another family, verse made up of feet of four syllables. Try reading it according to the following accents:



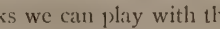
This is too simple a rhythm to use in studying *Merchants from Cathay*, however. We must go a step further. The ballad of Alice Brown gave us feet of four syllables each. Now we can vary feet of this sort more than any other kind of grouping, keeping the accented syllables equally far apart, and stressing them. You know the air of the song, *John Brown's Body*. Take a line that will fit it:

A boy was picking berries in a twenty-acre lot.



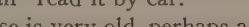
Now let us see what tricks we can play with this, yet never change it so that we cannot sing it to the tune.

A boy was picking berries in a big, wide lot.



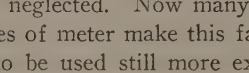
A boy picked berries in a very wide lot.

A boy was picking berries in a *wide* lot (hold the word *wide*)



You can make up any number of such variations. Make more from this line, or start some lively nonsensical line of your own and vary that, singing it out to the tune. Now, with this in mind, let us try *Merchants from Cathay.* It will be much like this:

Their heels slapped their thumping mules; their fat chaps glowed.
Glory unto Mary, each seemed to wear a crown!
Like sunset their robes were on the wide, white road.
So we saw those mad merchants come dusting into town."



Try to get, as you would in music, the swing and spirit of this form. Then you can "read it by ear."

This form of verse is very old, perhaps as old as any in English, though it was long neglected. Now many poets use it, although not all of the studies of meter make this fact clear. As this type of verse is likely to be used still more extensively, you will do well to study it. For other examples in this book, see *The Great Galleon,* page 17; *Honeycomb,* page 55; *A Vagabond Song,* page 60; *In Service,* page 154; *Quod Semper,* page 165; *Drake's Drum,* page 181; *The Companion of a Mile,* page 188; *Song of Sherwood,* page 192; and *The Return,* page 198. It is rather to be suspected that this meter has a way of slipping into some verse that poets intended to make regular. Watch for it, and learn to use it yourself.

(Teachers and advanced students may consult Sidney Lanier's *Science of English Verse,* Chapter VI.)

A reader may ask, "How can I tell where the accented syllables are to come? How can I tell whether a group is of three syllables,

or of two, or of this four-syllable group?" This question is hard to answer, because the poetry of almost all poets is full of irregularities and exceptions. Sometimes one finds an *and* or an *of* where the pattern of the line requires a strong accented syllable, or one finds an energetic word that demands a strong accent, though it stands just where the pattern of the line calls for no accent at all.

Look at the line:

"A thing that grieves not and that never hopes."

And is supposed to get an "accent," but if you make it as loud and strong as *grieves* or the first syllable of *never,* the effect is absurd. As a matter of fact, you should sound the *and* lightly and quickly, and, keeping in mind the usual pattern of lines in this poem, you must make up a variation that steals the accent from *that* and throws it far ahead of its place upon *not.* So the pattern, which would regularly be ¦ ˘ ¦ ˘ ¦ ˘ ¦ ˘ ¦, becomes actually ¦ ˘ ¦ ¦ ˘ ¦ ˘ ¦

Similarly, at the beginning of a line of iambic pentameter, you will often find, not a light syllable, but one with a strong accent.

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he stands."

¦ ˘ ¦ ˘ ¦ ˘ ¦ ˘ ¦

Here the accent has been moved ahead, as in syncopation in music, and comes a beat too soon. Read the line regularly, without regard to sense, with the accent on *by.* Then read it with the accent upon *bowed* and you will feel just what has been done. This "irregularity" is so common that it might be called regular.

The only way to find how to read such lines is by making a compromise between the strict pattern and the variation used in the line, and enjoying, as one enjoys the same effect in music, the struggle between the two.

Sometimes one line can be read in two ways. The line,

"Watching their starry flocks graze through the sky,"

for instance, might be read in four feet of three syllables, or in five feet of two. Now, there is one way to know how the poet meant such a line to be read; read the lines before and after, and

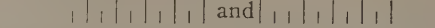
make the line that puzzles you fit the tune that fits these. In this case, the line before is

"There may be worlds where deathless shepherds lie,"

And the line following is

"Pastures of lotus in the fields of space."

And these are clearly to be read



So we take the second of the two ways given above.

(This and the line before it have the "irregular" beginning mentioned above.)

In music, when you have learned to read the symbols, it is easier to find the time meant by the composer. Different kinds of notes give you the length for each sound, and the division into measures shows the accent. In poetry you have to guide you only the natural accent of the words, and you cannot always be sure what this is. Your best guide is, as in the case above, the rest of the poem. If a line troubles you, start back and read the preceding lines; often, when you reach it, the difficulty will have vanished. If your ear and your idea of the rules of meter disagree, trust your ear, or ask a friend whose ear for rhythm you trust more than your own. A thorough knowledge of all there is to know about verse would settle the problem, but your ear and your natural instinct for rhythm are surer guides than a half-knowledge of rules.

Music, if you have studied it, can help you greatly in the study of poetry. It will help you to see why feet of a different number of syllables may be interchanged, or mixed. Regard the syllables as notes, and the feet as measures, and many puzzling rhythms will be made clear.

Besides these types of verse which have been mentioned, you will find in modern poetry many irregular forms, ranging from mildly novel variations of usual forms to lines without meter and practically without rhythm. The unmetrical and unrhymed verse

(sometimes, however, strongly rhythmical) is called *free verse,* or *vers libre.* In such verse, especially in extreme examples, without rhythm, the division into lines is based entirely upon the division and balance of the thought, or, in some cases, upon emphasis. For examples of this, see *About My Dreams,* page 76; *There's a Sound of Drums and Trumpets,* page 92; and *Patterns,* page 160.

We could make an approach to free verse out of the prose passage given on page 320. For instance:

> The sun
> Was sinking behind the forest,
> Its broad red disc
> Still showing through the topmost leaves;
> And the higher part of its foliage
> Was of a luminous green,
> Like green flame,
> Throwing off flakes of quivering fiery light;
> But lower down
> The trees were in profound shadow.

But this lacks the balance and harmonious grouping that one would find in artistic free verse. Study those listed and imitate them and see what laws of grouping and emphasis they follow.

This form is in a way new, for it has lately become popular. In another sense it is old, for in it, or in a form nearly related to it, were written the great poetic books of the Hebrews—the Psalms and the Book of Job. A form of this sort was used by Walt Whitman.

Between these extremes and regular verse there are all imaginable varieties. Look at *Moments,* page 15; *Tarantella,* page 27; *Steamers,* page 102; *Circe,* page 130.

You will find in these and others more forms made by the poet to fit his purpose. Here is the one question to ask of the form of modern verse: Does the poet's verse form suit and carry out his purpose? Do not decide that a poem is faulty in form until you have found out what the poet is trying to do. Do not blame him for breaking the rules of the game until you find out what game he is playing. Try to understand what the poet is trying to

do, and read his verse aloud so that your reading will do justice to his intention.

If you would go further with the study of verse, do not give too much importance to the kinds of feet and their names. To study verse in the modern spirit, attend more to the tune, the lilt and rhythm of the line, or, if the verse holds to a strict pattern of sound, to observing just what this pattern is, and just how it may be varied to suit the feeling and thought.

You have now the general principles of verse. With these in mind, you may read verse with understanding, and even write it. The best of all ways to understand just what a poet is doing and why he does it, is to imitate his verse yourself. The writing of poetry of your own may never bring you fame, but it will bring you the power to enjoy and appreciate the art of the great poets, as no one can do who has not written verse.

Remember, however, that no mere mastery of verse can make a poet. To write excellent verse, you need far more than correctness. You must have control of your instrument, so that your verse will say what you mean. You must not be led along helplessly to say whatever the meter or rhyme calls for. And to write verse as a poet writes it you must be able to make the form of the lines match and echo the meaning and spirit of what you say. Any diligent, intelligent person can write correct verse, but to write true poetry, one needs much more than correct form.

However beautiful it may be, verse is but the body of poetry, and great poetry must have not only a body but a mind and a soul. Do not fail to appreciate the beauty of form, but use it to penetrate to the spirit. In the world that poets make, beauty of form and beauty of spirit are made one.

Stanza Forms

Groups of lines are joined together to form what are called stanzas (sometimes spoken of as "verses"). Some of these are regular and are commonly used; others are made by the poet to suit his immediate purpose and have no regular form.

The simplest and one of the most common is the *couplet,* a pair of lines set off by thought, by spacing, and by punctuation. Merely rhyming lines in pairs does not make a couplet, in this sense. One would not say that there are couplet stanzas in *Resurrection,* page 31, or in *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester,* page 46. But look at *Joys of the Road,* page 57, or *Harbury,* page 98, or *I'll Build My House,* page 122. See how in each of these the division emphasizes the thought in each detached section, requiring clear division of the idea and enforcing compressed expression. Look for more like these.

The four-line stanza is even more common. Sometimes it is made up of two pairs of rhymed lines, two couplets united. Sometimes the second line rhymes with the fourth; this is the most common rhyme plan. In some four-line stanzas, the first line also rhymes with the third line. In *Music I Heard,* page 3, the second and fourth lines rhyme; in *The Witch's House,* page 30, the first and third rhyme also. Look for other examples of this style.

A common four-line stanza, with this rhyme system, is the so-called "ballad stanza," so named from the fact that it is common in narrative folk-songs. (It was used in Coleridge's *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.*) Usually, its first and third lines are of four accents (either iambic or mixed), its second and fourth of three. See *The Rose,* page 73, or *Daisy,* page 236; you will find others in this book.

In some poems, a stanza almost identical with the "ballad stanza" is printed in two long lines, so that instead of two lines of four accents and two of three, we find two long lines of seven accents. Examples of this form are *The Dykes,* page 140, and *The Galley-Slave,* page 146. The poet writes the poem in this form to lay stress on the longer swing of the united line. Imagine these poems printed in four shorter lines and compare the effect.

From these simple forms, one can build up complicated patterns. You will find many variations in this book. In some poems the stanza plan is very elaborate; for example, in *Overflow,* page 234, or *Apology,* page 164. In certain poems, such as *Night Noises,* page 101, or *The Tide,* page 103, one finds repetition of words or of

whole lines. This is like the effect the singers of old folk-songs, or of negro "spirituals," get by repeating a line for a refrain or a burden. See *The Return,* page 198, or *Jericho,* page 247.

Certain longer stanzas have structure of a fixed sort and rules of their own. An ambitious student may look up *ottava rima* and the *Spenserian stanza.* The set form most often found in this book is the *sonnet.* This is a poem of fourteen lines in five feet, or groups, of iambic movement. It is a form especially suited to serious meditation. Two forms are commonly used, the Italian and the Shakespearean. The strict Italian form is divided into two parts, the octave, of eight lines, and the sestet, of six. See *The Soldier,* page 45, *Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn,* page 151, or *Pretty Words,* page 260. The Shakespearean form is really three four-line stanzas, with alternate rhyme, concluding with a couplet, though it is often printed without any break between stanzas. For examples of this form see *Oh! Death Will Find Me, Long Before I Tire,* page 45, and *Love in the Winds,* page 135. Look up other sonnets and try writing in this form yourself. Try sonnets of both kinds and see which you prefer.

Just as a poet chooses the meter and rhythm which best suits his purpose, so he chooses the stanza which best suits his form and his message. Try, in studying each poem, to see what his purpose is and how the selected form helps to realize it.

Biographical Notes

"A. E." (See Russell, George William).

Aiken, Conrad (1889–). Born in Savannah, Georgia; educated at Harvard. Lives in Sussex, England. Author of *Nocturne of Remembered Spring, The House of Dust, The Jig of Forslin,* and *The Charnel Rose.*

Allen, Hervey (1889–). Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Collaborated with Du Bose Heyward in writing *Carolina Chansons.* Author of *Earth Moods and Other Poems.*

Armstrong, Martin (1882–). British writer of poems, short stories, and novels. Associate literary editor of *The Spectator,* 1922-24. Has published *The Buzzards and Other Poems* and other volumes of verse.

Aston, John. British poet, contributor to *The Spectator.*

Auslander, Joseph (1897–). American poet, teacher, and critic. Author of *Sunrise Trumpets,* and *The Winged Horse* (in collaboration).

Baker, Karle Wilson (1878–). Born in Little Rock, Arkansas. Married Thomas Ellis Baker, of Nacogdoches, Texas, where she now lives. Author of *Blue Smoke.*

Bates, Herbert (1868–1929). Born in Hyde Park, Massachusetts. Educated at Harvard University. Professor of English, University of Nebraska. Head of English Department, Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, at time of his death. Wrote *Songs of Exile, The King's English.*

Bates, Katharine Lee (1859–1929). Poet, editor, translator, writer of stories. Born in Falmouth, Massachusetts. Professor of English at Wellesley College from 1891 to 1925. Professor emeritus from 1925 to 1929. Author of *Sigurd, America the Beautiful, Fairy Gold,* and *The Retinue.*

Beach, Joseph Warren (1880–). Born at Gloversville, New York. Professor at University of Minnesota. Author of *Sonnets of the Head and Heart, The Comic Spirit in George Meredith, The Method of Henry James*

Belloc, Joseph Hilaire Pierre (1870–). British novelist, biographer, essayist, and poet. Born in France. *Collected Poems* published in 1923.

Benét, Laura. Born in Fort Hamilton, New York. Lives in New York City. Author of *Adventure* and *Fairy Bread.*

Benét, Stephen Vincent (1898–). Born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; now lives in New York City. Brother of William Rose Benét. Author of *Heavens and Earth, Tiger Joy,* and *John Brown's Body.*

Benét, William Rose (1886–). Born in Fort Hamilton, New York. Educated at Yale. Associate editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* Author of *Merchants of Cathay, Moons of Grandeur, The Falconer of God.*

Binyon, Laurence (1869–). British poet, playwright, and authority on oriental art. Deputy Keeper in British Museum of sub-department of Oriental prints and drawings. Lowell lecturer in the United States, 1912 and 1914. Author of *England and Other Poems,* and *The New World.* Plays produced: *Sakuntala, Boadicea.*

Bishop, Morris G. (1893–). Born in Willard, New York. Assistant professor of Romance languages at Cornell University. Author of *A Gallery of Eccentrics.*

Bridges, Robert (1844–). British poet and essayist; was appointed Poet Laureate in 1913. Graduate of Eton and Oxford. Studied and practiced medicine; retired from medical practice in 1882. Lives in Oxford. *Poetical Works* published in 1913; *October and Other Poems* in 1920; and *New Verse* in 1925.

Brooke, Rupert (1887–1915). British poet, killed in the World War. Was sent in 1915 to the Dardanelles; died on a hospital ship at Skyros in the Aegean. Poems published in collected edition.

Burr, Amelia Josephine (1878–). Born in New York City; educated at Hunter College in New York City. Lives in New Jersey. Author of *Life and Living, The Silver Trumpet,* and *Hearts Awake.*

Burt, Maxwell Struthers (1882–). American novelist, short story writer, and poet. Born in Baltimore, Maryland. Graduate of Princeton University; studied at Oxford. Lives in North Carolina and on his Wyoming ranch. Author of *In the High Hills* and *Songs and Portraits.*

Bynner, Witter (1881–). Poet and playwright. Born in Brooklyn, New York; lives at Santa Fé, New Mexico. Phi Beta Kappa poet, Harvard, 1911, and University of California, 1919. Instructor in English, University of California, 1918–19. Author of *Grenstone Poems,* and *Caravan;* has made translations of Chinese poetry.

Carman, Bliss (1861–1929). Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Lived in the United States from 1889 until his death. *Songs from Vagabondia* (with Richard Hovey) is his best known volume of poetry. Poems have been issued in a collected edition.

Carpenter, Rhys (1889–). Poet and archaeologist. Born in Cotuit, Massachusetts. Received the degree, Ph.D., Columbia, 1916; M.A., Oxford University, England, 1914. Professor of archaeology, Bryn Mawr, 1918—. Director of American School of Classical Studies at Athens since 1927. Author of *The Sun-Thief, and Other Poems, The Land Beyond Mexico.*

Cather, Willa Sibert (1876–). American novelist. Born in Winchester, Virginia. Educated at the University of Nebraska. Associated with *Pittsburgh Daily Leader, McClure's Magazine.* Author of *O Pioneers, My Antonia, Death Comes to the Archbishop,* and other novels, and *April Twilight,* a volume of poetry.

Chalmers, Patrick Reginald. English banker, man of letters, landowner. Lives in Oxfordshire, England. Author of *Green Days and Blue Days, A Peck of Maut, Pipes and Tabors,* and *Pancakes.*

Chesterton, Gilbert Keith (1874–). British journalist, critic, lecturer, essayist, and poet. Author of *The Wild Knight and Other Poems* and *Poems* (1915) in which "Lepanto" was published.

Cleghorn, Sarah Norcliffe (1876–). Born in Norfolk, Virginia; lives in Manchester, Vermont. Author of *Portraits and Protests.*

Colum, Padraic (1881–). Irish dramatist and poet. Born in Longford, Ireland. One of the founders, with W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory, of the Irish Theatre movement. One of the founders of the *Irish Review,* 1911. Came to the United States in 1914 to lecture. Lives in New Canaan, Connecticut, and Dublin, Ireland. Author of *Wild Earth,* a collection of poems, collections of Hawaiian folk lore, and other works.

Conkling, Grace Hazard (1878–). Born in New York City. Educated at Smith College. Associate professor of English at Smith College. Author of *Afternoons of April* and *Wilderness Songs.*

Conkling, Hilda (1910–). Born at Catskill-on-Hudson. Daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling. Author of *Poems by a Little Girl* and *Shoes of the Wind.*

Corbin, Alice (Mrs. William P. Henderson). Born in St. Louis, Missouri. Lives at Santa Fé, New Mexico. Was the first assistant editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.* Collaborated with Harriet Monroe in compiling an anthology called *The New Poetry* (1917). Author of *The Spinning Woman of the Sky* and *Red Earth.*

Crane, Nathalia (1913–). Born in New York City. Wrote *The Janitor's Boy* and *Lava Lane* before she was twelve years old.

Dargan, Olive Tilford. Born in Kentucky. Lives in North Carolina. Educated at the University of Nashville and at Radcliffe College. Author of *Semiramis and Other Plays, Path Flower,* and *The Cycle's Rim.*

Davies, William Henry (1871–). British poet. Born in Monmouthshire, England; spent several years as vagabond in America. Lives in London. Author of *The Hour of Magic* and *Secrets.*

Davis, Fannie Stearns (Mrs. Augustus McKinstry Gifford) (1884–). Born in Cleveland, Ohio; now living at Pittsfield, Mass. Graduate of

Smith College. Author of *Myself and I* and *Crack o' Dawn.*

De la Mare, Walter (1873–). British poet. Born in Charlton, Kent, England; now lives in London. Author of *Peacock Pie, The Listeners, Motley and Other Poems,* and other volumes of verse and prose.

Deutsch, Babette (Mrs. Avrahm Yarmolinsky) (1895–). Born in New York City; now living at New Rochelle, N. Y. Graduate of Barnard College. Author of *Banners* and *Honey out of the Rock.*

Dos Passos, John (1896–). Born in Chicago, Illinois. Now lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. Educated at Harvard University. Author of *Three Soldiers, A Pushcart at the Curb,* and *Manhattan Transfer.*

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan (1859–). British novelist, physician and exponent of spiritualism. Knighted by the Crown, 1902; Educated at Stronghurst and Edinburgh University. Practiced as doctor at Southsea, 1882–90; travelled Arctic Regions, West Coast of Africa, and other countries. Author of *Sherlock Holmes, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The White Company, History of Spiritualism,* and *Songs of the Road.*

Dresbach, Glenn Ward (1889–). Born in Lanark, Illinois; now living there. Author of *The Road to Everywhere, In the Paths of the Wind, Cliff Dwellings and Other Poems.*

Drinkwater, John (1882–). British poet and dramatist. Author of *Tides, Seeds of Time,* and *Abraham Lincoln, a Play.*

Driscoll, Louise (1875–). Author and lecturer. Born in Poughkeepsie, New York; lives at Catskill, New York. Author of *Metal Checks,* which won a prize offered by *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* in 1914.

Dunbar, Paul Laurence (1871–1916). American negro poet. Born in Dayton, Ohio. Worked at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893; later in the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C. Author of *Lyrics of Lowly Life, Lyrics of the Hearthside,* and *Lyrics of Love and Laughter.*

Feeney, Leonard (1897–). American poet and essayist. A priest of the Society of Jesus. Author of *In Towns and Little Towns.*

Fletcher, John Gould (1886–). Born in Little Rock, Arkansas. Educated at Harvard University. Lives in London. Author of *Fire and Wine,* and *The Tree of Life.*

Foster, Jeanne Robert (Mrs. Matlack Foster) (1884–). Born in Johnsburg, New York; now living in New York City. Library editor of *Review of Reviews,* 1910–22. Author of *Wild Apples,* and *Neighbors of Yesterday.*

Frost, Robert (1875–). Born in San Francisco, California; lives in Vermont. Poet in residence, University of Michigan, 1921–1923. Fellow

in Letters, University of Michigan, 1925–26. Author of *A Boy's Will, North of Boston,* and *New Hampshire.*

Fyleman, Rose (1877–). British poet, lecturer, and singer. Born at Nottingham. Author of *Fairies and Chimneys, The Fairy Flute,* and *Eight Little Plays for Children.* Contributor to *Punch* since 1916.

Galsworthy, John (1867–). English writer of novels, plays, essays, and poems. Educated at Harrow and at Oxford. Author of *The Forsyte Saga, Old English, Justice,* and many other novels and plays.

Garland, Hamlin (1860–). Born in Wisconsin. Farmed and taught school in Wisconsin and Dakota. Began literary work in Boston. Author of poems, essays, stories and novels about the Middle West. Author of *Main Travelled Roads, A Son of the Middle Border,* and *A Daughter of the Middle Border.*

Garrison, Theodosia (Mrs. Frederick J. Faulks). Born at Newark, New Jersey. Lives at Short Hills, New Jersey. Author of *Joy o' Life, The Earth Cry,* and *The Dreamers.*

Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson (1878–). British poet. Author of *Daily Bread, Fires,* and *Livelihood. Collected Poems* published in 1926.

Going, Charles Buxton (1863–). American chemical engineer and poet. Born in Westchester, New York, and educated at Columbia University. Lives at De Bruce, New York, and Cassis-sur-Mer, France. Author of *Star-Glow and Song.*

Golding, Louis (1895–). British novelist, essayist, traveller and lecturer. Born in Manchester, England; educated at Oxford. Author of *Poems,* and *Prophet and Fool.*

Gore-Booth, Eva (1871–1926). Irish poet, born at Sligo, Ireland. Author of *Poems, The Sorrowful Princess,* and *The Sword of Justice.*

Graves, Alfred Perceval (1846–). Irish poet and leader in the Irish literary renaissance. Born in Dublin, Ireland, and educated at Dublin University. Home Office Clerk and Private Secretary 1869–75. H. M. Inspector of Schools 1875–1910. Founder of the London Educational Councils. One of the Founders and Member of the Executives of the Folk Song Society and of the Irish and Welsh Folk Song Societies. Editor-in-Chief of *Every Irishman's Library,* Author of *Songs of Killarney,* and *Irish Songs and Ballads* in collaboration with Sir Charles Villiers Stanford.

Graves, Robert (1895–). Irish poet, son of Alfred Perceval Graves. Author of *Fairies and Fusiliers,* and *Country Sentiment.*

Guiney, Louise Imogen (1861–1920). American poet. Born in Boston. Lived in England after 1901. Author of *A Roadside Harp* and *Patrius.*

Guiterman, Arthur (1871–). Author of humorous and serious verse. Born of American parentage in Vienna. Lives in New York City. Best known volumes, *The Laughing Muse, The Mirthful Lyre,* and *Ballads of Old New York.*

Hall, Amanda Benjamin (Mrs. John Angell Brownell) (1890–). Born in Hallville, Connecticut. Lives at New London, Connecticut. Author of *The Little Red House in the Hollow* (fiction), and *The Dancer in the Shrine* (verse).

Hardy, Thomas (1840–1928). British poet and novelist. Author of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and other novels and *The Dynasts,* a book of verse.

Hare, Amory (Mrs. James Pemberton Hutchinson) (1885–). Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Author of *Tossed Coins, the Swept Hearth,* and *The Olympians and Other Poems.*

Harvey, Frederick W. (1888–). British poet. Author of the poem, *The Bugler,* and collections of poems, *Gloucestershire Friends* and *Farewell.*

H. D. (Hilda Doolittle) (1886–). American poet, living in London. Born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Married Richard Aldington, English poet, in 1913. Author of *Sea Garden.*

Hinkson, Katharine Tynan (1861–). Irish novelist, dramatist, and poet. Author of *New Poems, Flower of Youth,* and *Late Songs.*

Hodgson, Ralph (1871–). Born in Northumberland, England. In 1924, lectured on English literature at Sendai University, Japan. Author of *Eve; Babylon; Time, You Old Gypsy Man,* and other poems.

Howells, William Dean (1837–1920). American author and editor. Born at Martins Ferry, Ohio. Litt.D., Yale, 1901, Oxford, 1904, Columbia, 1906. United States Consul to Venice, 1861–1865. Author of *Life of Abraham Lincoln, The Rise of Silas Lapham, A Little Girl Among the Old Masters,* and *A Boy's Town.*

Hoyt, Helen (Mrs. L. W. Lyman) (1887–). Born in Norwalk, Connecticut. Educated at Barnard College. Lives in St. Helena, California. Associated with *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse.* Author of *Apples Here in My Basket.*

Hubbard, Maude Alicia (Mrs. J. Warner Brown). American playwright and poet. Graduate of Park College, Parksville, Michigan. Lives in Tientsin, China.

Kilmer, Joyce (1886–1918). Born in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Educated at Rutgers College and Columbia University; worked as teacher and editor. Killed in action in the World War. Author of *Trees and Other Poems,* and *Main Street and Other Poems.*

Kipling, Rudyard (1865–). British poet, novelist, short story writer. Born in Bombay, India. Winner of Nobel prize for literature in 1907. Author of *Plain Tales from the Hills, Just-So Stories,* and *Barrack Room Ballads,* as well as many other volumes of verse and prose.

Leamy, Edmund (1889–). An American poet born in Dublin, Ireland; the son of an Irish poet of the same name. Now lives at Piermont-on-Hudson, New York. Author of *My Ship and Other Verses,* and *Moods and Memories.*

Ledwidge, Francis (1891–1917). Irish poet, killed on the Flanders front during the World War. Author of *Songs of the Fields* and *Songs of Peace.*

Le Gallienne, Richard (1866–). Poet, essayist, and critic. Born in Liverpool, England; now lives in Connecticut. Author of *The Lonely Dancer* and *The Junkman and Other Poems.*

Leitch, Mary Sinton (Mrs. John David Leitch) (1876–). Born in New York City. Studied at Smith College and Columbia University. Formerly inspector of women's prisons in New York State. Lives in Lynnhaven, Virginia. Author of *The Waggon and the Star, The Unrisen Morrow, The Coming of the Cross* (historical pageant).

Leonard, William Ellery (1876–). Born in Plainfield, New Jersey. Studied at Boston University, Harvard and Columbia, and at Goettingen and Bonn, Germany. Since 1906, professor of English in the University of Wisconsin. Author of *The Vaunt of Man* and *Tutankhamen and After.*

Letts, Winifred (Mrs. W. H. Foster Verschoyle) (1887–). Irish novelist, playwright, and poet. Served as a nurse during the World War. Author of *Songs from Leinster,* and other volumes of verse.

Lindsay, Nicholas Vachel (1879–). Poet and artist. Born in Springfield, Illinois. Author of *The Congo and Other Poems, The Chinese Nightingale,* and *Collected Poems.*

Long, Haniel (1888–). Born in Rangoon, Burma. Teacher in the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Author of *Poems.*

Lowell, Amy (1874–1925). Born in Brookline, Massachusetts. Author of *John Keats; Sword Blades and Poppy Seed; Men, Women and Ghosts;* and *What's O'clock.*

Lyttelton, Lucy (Mrs. C. F. Masterman). English poet. Author of *Lyrical Poems.*

Mansfield, Katherine (pen name of Mrs. John Middleton Murry) (1891–1923). English writer of short stories and poems. Born in New Zealand. Author of *Bliss and Other Stories* and other volumes of prose.

Markham, Edwin (1852–). Born in Oregon City, Oregon. Lives in Staten Island, N. Y. Author of *The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems, Lincoln and Other Poems, The Shoes of Happiness,* and *The Gates of Paradise.*

Masefield, John (1874–). British poet and dramatist. Born in Shropshire, England. Went to sea when a boy and spent years in wandering about the world. Served with the Red Cross in France and Gallipoli during World War. Author of *Salt-Water Ballads, The Everlasting Mercy,* and *Good Friday and Other Poems.*

McCarthy, Denis Aloysius (1870–). Born in Ireland. Associated with *The Herald* of Boston. Lecturer on literary and patriotic topics.

Millay, Edna St. Vincent (Mrs. Eugen Boissevain) (1892–). Born in Rockland, Maine; lives at Austerlitz, New York. Educated at Vassar. Author of *Renascence, Second April, A Few Figs from Thistles, The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems, The Buck in the Snow,* and lyrics for *The King's Henchman,* an opera.

Mitchell, Ruth Comfort (Mrs. William Sanborn Young). Born in San Francisco. Lives at Los Gatos, California. Author of *The Night Court* and *Narratives in Verse.*

Monro, Harold (1879–). British author, editor, publisher and bookseller; born in Brussels. Founded The Poetry Bookshop in London in 1912. Author of *Strange Meetings, Children of Love,* and *Real Property.*

Morton, David (1886–). Born in Elkton, Kentucky. Professor of English at Amherst since 1924. Author of *Ships in Harbour and Other Poems* and *Verse.*

Neihardt, John G. (1881–). Born in Sharpsburg, Illinois. Lived among the Omaha Indians for six years, studying their customs and history. Appointed Poet Laureate of Nebraska, 1921. Professor of Poetry, University of Nebraska, 1923. Literary editor, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* 1926– . Author of *The Songs of Hugh Glass, The Song of Three Friends, The Quest,* and *The Song of the Indian Wars.*

Newbolt, Henry (1862–). English lawyer, editor, essayist, and poet. Author of *Admirals All, The Island Race, Songs of the Fleet,* and *Songs of Memory and Hope.*

Noyes, Alfred (1880–). English poet and critic. Educated at Oxford. Lowell lecturer in the United States, 1913. Exchange professor at Princeton University, 1911–14. Author of *Forty Singing Seamen, Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,* and many other poems. Poetry is in collected edition.

Oaks, Gladys (Mrs. Bjorn Bjornson) (1899–). American poet. Author of *Nursery Rhymes for Children of Darkness* (not a juvenile).

O'Neill, Moira (Mrs. Nesta Higginson Skrine). Born in County Antrim, Ireland, where she now lives. Author of *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* and *More Songs of the Glens of Antrim.*

Oppenheim, James (1882–). Born in St. Paul, Minnesota. Lives in New York. Settlement worker and teacher in New York City from 1901 to 1907. Author of *Songs for the New Age, War and Laughter,* and *The Mystic Warrior.*

Phillpotts, Eden (1862–). English novelist. Born in Mount Aboo, India. Lives in London. Studied for stage but abandoned dramatic career. Author of *Brother Man, As the Wind Blows,* and many novels and plays.

Pickthall, Marjorie L. C. (1883–1922). Born in England. Lived in Canada during most of her life. Writer of poems and short stories. Her poem "Duna" is widely known in its musical setting.

Plunkett, Joseph Mary (1887–1916). Irish poet. Executed by British after Easter week rebellion in 1916.

Reed, Edward Bliss (1872–). Born in Lansingburgh, New York. Assistant editor of *Yale Review* since 1911. Author of *Sea Moods* and *English Lyrical Poetry.*

Reese, Lizette Woodworth (1856–). Born in Maryland. Lives in Baltimore, where she was formerly a teacher in the Western High School. Author of *A Handful of Lavender, A Quiet Road, Spicewood,* and *Wild Cherry.*

Rice, Cale Young (1872–). American poet and dramatist. Born in Dixon, Kentucky. Graduate of Harvard University. Author of *Nirvana Days, Many Gods, Earth and New Earth,* and *Wraiths and Realities.*

Roberts, Elizabeth Madox (1887–). Born in Kentucky. Graduated from the University of Chicago in 1921. Author of *Under the Tree* (a book of verse), *The Time of Man,* and other novels.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington (1869–). Born in Head Tide, Maine. Lives in New York City. Author of *The Man Against the Sky, The Three Taverns, Merlin, Lancelot, The Town Down the River,* and *Tristram.*

Root, E. Merrill (1895–). Born in Baltimore, Maryland. Lives in New England. His first book, *Lost Eden,* published in 1927.

Russell, George William ("A. E.") (1867–). Irish poet, painter, and student of economics. Editor of *The Irish Statesman,* 1923. His collections of poetry: *Homeward, Songs by the Way, The Earth Breath and Other Poems,* and *Collected Poems.*

Sandburg, Carl (1878–). American author and folk song recitalist. Born in Galesburg, Illinois. Served in the Spanish-American War. Author of *Slabs of the Sunburnt West, Chicago Poems, Smoke and Steel, Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years.*

Sarett, Lew (1888–). Born in Chicago, Illinois. Woodsman, guide, and United States ranger in the northwest several months each year for sixteen years. Lecturer on Indian life and literature. Professor in Northwestern University School of Speech since 1921. Author of *Many, Many Moons, The Box of God,* and *Slow Smoke.*

Scott, Duncan Campbell (1862–). Canadian poet. Deputy Superintendent General, Department of Indian Affairs, Canada. Hon. Secretary Royal Society of Canada, 1910–1921; President, 1921. Married Belle W. Botsford, American violinist. Author of *The Magic House, Labor and the Angel,* and *New World Lyrics and Ballads.*

Seiffert, Marjorie Allen. Born in Moline, Illinois. Educated at Smith College. Author of *A Woman of Thirty,* and *Ballads of the Singing Bowl.*

Shane, Elizabeth (a pseudonym). Irish writer born in Ulster. Studied violin in London. Author of *By Bog and Sea in Donegal.*

Sherwood, Margaret (1864–). Novelist, essayist, poet. Graduate of Vassar College; professor of English at Wellesley College since 1912. Author of *The Upper Slopes.*

Smith, Cicely Fox. Born in England. Lived in Canada for several years; now living in England. Author of *Small Craft, Sailor Town,* and other volumes of sea poetry.

Squire, John Collings (1884–). British essayist, editor and poet. Editor of *The London Mercury.* Author of *Poems: First Series* and *Poems: Second Series.*

Stephens, James (1882–). Irish poet and novelist. Born in Dublin, Ireland, where he now lives. Author of *The Crock of Gold, Irish Fairy Tales, Green Branches,* and *Reincarnations.*

Sterling, George (1869–1926). Born in Sag Harbor, New York. Moved to California in 1895. Author of *A Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems, The House of Orchids and Other Poems,* and *Lilith, A Dramatic Poem.*

Strong, Leonard Alfred George (1896–). British poet, teaching near Oxford. Author of *Dublin Days, The Lowery Road,* and *Eight Poems.*

Tabb, John Banister (1845–1909). American poet, priest and teacher. A professor of English in St. Charles College, Maryland, for many years. Friend of the poet, Sidney Lanier, whom he met during the Civil War.

Teasdale, Sara (Mrs. Ernst B. Filsinger) (1884–). Born in St. Louis, Missouri. Won the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1918. Author of *Love Songs, Rivers to the Sea, Flame and Shadow,* and *Dark of the Moon.* Editor of *The Answering Voice* and *Rainbow Gold,* collections of poetry.

Thompson, Francis (1857–1907). English poet. Author of the poems *A Fallen Yew* and *The Hound of Heaven* and of the collections *Sister Songs, New Poems,* and *Selected Poems.*

Tietjens, Eunice (Mrs. Cloyd Head) (1884–). Born in Chicago, Illinois, where she now lives. In 1917–18, was war correspondents in France for Chicago newspaper. Was associate editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.* Traveled in interior China. Author of *Profiles from China, Profiles from Home,* and *Body and Raiment.*

Turner, Nancy Byrd (1880–). Editor and poet. Born in Boydton, Virginia. Editor on staff of *Youth's Companion,* 1916–1922. Author of *Zodiac Town,* and *Magpie Lane.*

Untermeyer, Jean Starr (1886–). Born in Zanesville, Ohio. Author of *Growing Pains* and *Dreams Out of Darkness.*

Van Dyke, Henry (1852–). American essayist, poet and minister. Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Educated at Princeton. Clergyman for twenty-one years. Was United States Minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg, 1913–1917. Lives at Princeton, New Jersey. Author of *Music and Other Poems; The White Bees and Other Poems; The Golden Key; Chosen Poems;* and many other volumes of prose and poetry.

Wattles, Willard (1888–). Born in Boyneville, Kansas. Graduated from the University of Kansas. Professor of literature and journalism, Rollins College. Author of *Sunflowers: A Book of Kansas Poems,* and *Lanterns in Gethsemane.*

Weaver, John V. A. (1893–). American poet, novelist and dramatist. Born in Charlotte, North Carolina. Educated at Hamilton College and Harvard University. Literary editor of *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle,* 1920–24. Author of *In American, Finders,* and *To Youth.*

Wheelock, John Hall (1886–). Poet and editor. Born in Far Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y. Graduate of Harvard. Studied in Germany. Author of *Dust and Light, The Black Panther, The Beloved Adventure,* and *The Bright Doom.*

White, Viola Chittenden. American poet, born in New York state and educated at Wellesley College. Lives in Brooklyn, New York. Author of *Horizons* and *Blue Forest.*

Wickham, Anna (Mrs. Patrick Hepburn) (1884–). English poet,

born in London, where she now lives. Author of *The Contemplative Quarry* and *The Little Old House.*

Widdemer, Margaret. Poet and writer of novels and short stories. Born in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Lives in New York City. Author of *Factories, with Other Lyrics; The Old Road to Paradise; Ballads and Lyrics.*

Winslow, Anne Goodwin (1875–). Born in Memphis, Tennessee. Now lives in Raleigh, Tennessee. Author of *The Long Gallery.*

Wolfe, Humbert (1885–). English writer of prose and poetry. Born in Italy. Author of *Kensington Gardens, London Sonnets, The Unknown Goddess,* and *Cursory Rhymes.*

Wylie, Elinor (Mrs. William Rose Benét) (d. 1928). Born in Rosemont, Pa. Author of *Nets to Catch the Wind, Black Armour,* and *Jennifer Lorn.*

Yeats, William Butler (1865–). Irish poet and dramatist. Leader of Irish literary renaissance. Born in Dublin, Ireland. Associated with the Irish National Theater. Author of *The Wind Among the Reeds, The Wild Swans at Coole,* and *Later Poems.*

Zaturenska, Marya (Mrs. Horace Gregory) (1902–). American poet. Born in Kiev, Russia. Student at Valparaiso University, Indiana; graduate of the University of Wisconsin in 1925. Lives in Long Island City, New York.

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LOST AND INJURED BOOKS MUST BE PAID FOR.—The number of pieces lent is given on notification postal and borrowers are held responsible for this number unless notice of shortage or error is sent immediately upon receipt of package.

BOOKS MUST NOT BE MARKED, MUST BE KEPT CLEAN, AND CORNERS OF LEAVES MUST NOT BE TURNED DOWN.

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